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THE COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR

VOLUME XI

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THE
COMPLETE WORKS
OF
WALTER SAVAGE
LANDOR

EDITED BY
T. EARLE WELBY

VOLUME XI



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HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY

EXHIBITED IN LETTERS AND MEMOIRS COLLECTED BY
THE LATE J. J. PIDCOCK RAIKES, ESQ.; AND NOW FIRST
PUBLISHED BY HIS NEPHEW, SIR RODNEY RAIKES,
WITH SEVERAL MATERIAL ADDITIONS

(*Monthly Repository*, 1837-1838; now first reprinted.)

PREFATORY MEMOIR

THAT the Editor of these pages is professionally no literary man, would be evident of itself. A publisher, in fact, was desirous of printing them in quarto, with a great accumulation of other matter, prefixing a brief account of the author's life. Although the scheme was laid aside, the reader shall not be deprived of what information a grateful nephew can present to him, in regard to that worthy man.

James Jeffery Pidcock Raikes, (or Raykes, for sometimes the name has been spelt with the *i* and sometimes with the *y*), Esq., of Cranbourn alley, was the eldest son of Benjamin Tobias Raikes, Esq., of the same residence, who married the daughter and sole heiress of Samuel Gamaliel Rodney Pidcock, Esq., of True-Blue House, on the north-east coast of Newfoundland. In the conscientious discharge of his professional duties he often reflected that perhaps a Wolfe or an Abercrombie had become immortal by merely having looked into his father's window; and that the fine arts had been aided in rising to their present stupendous height by the encouragement he gave to the more eminent painters of trumpets, drums, cannons, cars of victory, and triumphal arches, destined to reward at Christmas, and upon other solemn occasions, the younger portions of human society. He used to defend the dignity of his artists by demonstrating, to every unprejudiced and unsophisticated mind, their superiority over Rubens and Raphael, and one whom he would not name out of delicacy, inasmuch as a drum or trumpet, to say nothing of a car of victory or a triumphal arch, is a nobler

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basis of glory than a yard or even a bale of canvas, and that there resulted from either of them a greater, a more genuine, and a far more extensive delight.

The juvenile age of Mr Pidcock Raikes was distinguished by no eccentricities of genius ; his themes were by the best judges declared to be superior to his verses. Indeed, when he was of age and thought of settling, he suspected from his natural modesty, that the affections of a distinguished lady in Lombard street, (no other than the daughter of the great Mr ****) were gained by a rival through the means of some more felicitous expression in the verses handed to her. He retired from the contest with a clear conscience, and resolved to lead a single life. When he had acquired a competency, the sum, namely, of one hundred thousand pounds, part invested in India stock, part in the Three per cents., he retired from business ; and having been honoured with great part of a bow (as he believed) by Louis XVIII., who was passing through the city to remount the throne of his ancestors, he resolved, when affairs were firmly settled, to sojourn a few years in France. As is customary with persons of his rank in society, he was presented at court there, on his first arrival ; and the only mortification he experienced was upon the very event from which he anticipated unmingled joy. Lord Stuart de Rothsay did not hear him, when, after announcing Mr Pidcock Raikes, he said emphatically, though in a whisper, "*the gentleman who brought the live turtle in his carriage.*"

A sort of coldness between him and his Majesty sprang up from this omission, although he gave as his reason for going so soon into Italy the washiness of French wines. It is well known among his friends, that he carried a powerful antidote in his own excellent port and incomparable sherry, and had suffered as much in England from green peas and broad beans, as ever he encountered in France from the most animated, straight-forward, and upright hostility of champagne. We may surmise then, on this one occasion, that his sincerity was, to a certain point, affected by his delicacy.

It is beyond all controversy that, on the eleventh day of June, 1824, he crossed Mount Cenis with his suite, the same notification being engraven on the eternal granite of that mountain. And here it must be observed that he was by no means an ostentatious man, and that he never entitled himself *Grand Esquire*, as some Italians entitled him, nor *Milord*, neither of which are to be found in the

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inscription, but simply Esquire, in letters which cannot be mistaken. He was of so liberal a disposition, and so constantly in the habit of giving encouragement,—words which were for ever upon his lips—that when he contemplated an immortal work, he consulted at an expense of about one hundred pounds, more than twenty of those gentlemen who had formerly been in his employment, whether he should entitle it Journey, Journal, Tour, Travels, Rambles, Reflections, View, Sketch, or Thoughts; and whether, if *Thoughts*, which pleased him most, he should call them *Scattered* or *Succinct*.

To proceed in the delineation of his character. It has been remarked, that dispassionate as an observer, and modest as an orator, he never questioned the authority of older or of richer men than himself, and that he preferred the opinions of even those under him, to his own. Speaking of the ancients, he said feelingly, “We know all we can ever know about ’em: they are dead and gone: and I am surprised that gentlemen should quarrel and dispute over their coffins: I do not think it the thing by any means. He must be a very queer random man who fancies he cannot get hot enough with the politics brewed in his own country, but must e’en take a mouthful of Greek and Roman. Whether one or other of ’em wrote this or wrote that, how does it concern us? Why so nice then, and so punctilious? Are we at the quarter sessions? Are we before any justice of the peace? I hate a contradictory and litigious spirit, and would rather give a crown for a book that nobody stirs about, than three-and-six-pence for one that sets people by the ears.”

He was formerly member of a Pitt-Club, but having been cheated at Rome by a defender of faith and legitimacy, a noble who received three thousand crowns out of the million sent by our lamented Minister in order to excite the people to revolt, he was so incensed as to declare he was firmly of opinion that the money had been distributed among the greatest scoundrels under heaven. This language would have given great offence to the noble had it been uttered while any more *scudi* from the same quarter could fall within his grasp: as it was, he calmly replied, “Pazienza, Signore! He says what is possibly true. But that which was distributed in our country by the unsparing hand of your immortal Minister, under the cognizance and with the participation of the French police, was distributed among the scoundrels who *did* want it; while that which was distributed in yours, by the same inexhaustible munificence,

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was distributed among the scoundrels that did not." Upon which Mr Pidcock Raikes turned to his secretary, Mr Stivers, and declared he would strike out his name with his own hand. It pleased Providence to decree otherwise. On the fourteenth of May, 1831, at a quarter-past three, about twenty minutes after the termination of his dinner hour, he was seized with an apoplectic fit, and though no fewer than three leeches were in the course of the night applied to his abdomen, the original seat of the disorder, as four physicians of the five declared, and although they ordered him early in the morning a hot bath of olive oil, as they had done with similar success in the case of the Grand-Duke Ferdinand, he departed this life in the olive oil bath precisely at six A.M. aged fifty-four years and two months. His mortal remains were conveyed from the shores of Italy to the family vault, according to his last will and testament, which, together with a list of illustrious names in both Houses of Parliament (taken from his books), will, if the public voice should imperatively demand it, be appended to a future volume, together with a fac-simile of his hand-writing. The chief mourners of the distinguished defunct were his late secretary, J. J. Stivers, Esq., and the editor of these his papers, in regard to which nothing very interesting remains untold, excepting this one anecdote. Finding, at the decline of life, that he could not probably much surpass the efforts of his predecessors in the classical land of Italy, he devolved his own glory on his humbler friends, and, it appears, would have patronized rather than have appropriated the two volumes. After many erasures in the title-page, which is usually the most difficult part of a book and the thread upon which hang its destinies, we find fairly written and standing forth triumphantly what is now printed in it, of which he himself is certainly the author.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—In Paris, as I told you, the houses are all roof; in Genoa one can discover neither tile nor chimney. They are higher than our church-towers, and the gentry live at the very top. You may imagine it to be a melancholy thing to have no other view than of heaven. But the sky above the city of Genoa looks like the fair and cheerful mother of the lusty mountains which are as blue as so

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many blue-beards; and the sea itself at some distance from the shore is just as if you had dipped your pen in it after a scrawl, it being of so dark a complexion. In England, the clearest sky is between a hedge-sparrow's egg and a basin of starch: here you might recover soiled silk stockings with it, if you could get at it. And I never saw a Coventry garter of a deeper blue than the face of old ocean, (as Dibdin in his whimsical way used to call it), where he has those big blustering Alps to keep him in countenance. And although he swells with burly pride as he elbows and jostles the ship, he very good-naturedly the next moment shews you a specimen of his stock, his dolphins, that look like so many sunset heavens, and those other queer fish, like my lord's good stories, being without head or tail, rolling round and round eternally, and tumbling in the manner of tumbler pigeons, but as huge as a wherry, and yet as active and lightsome as a boarding-school Miss at her holiday's ball or a buxom and blithe young widow, just come to that title, unfolding her glossy handkerchief, ready to hear the condolence (I think they call it) of her dear kind friends.

Happy creatures! Salt water is the element of both until they are taken, and then the fish is the first to change colour.

I remain, (A word to the wise) My dear Lady, Your obedient and dutiful old servant,

JACK JEREMY STIVERS.

[The merit of Mr John Stivers seems to have been felt and acknowledged by personages of the highest distinction. Hence he was permitted to write with something like familiarity by his noble correspondent, none of whose letters, however, are destined to enrich our collection.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

FOR the soul of me I cannot see any reason, my dear lady, why you should say you are a little angry with my reflections on the sex. The department of it I had under my eye was the widow department. Surely you cannot be jealous. But I know not how it is, every woman I have ever met with, of every sort and description, stands up for the sex, and would send to the devil nearly all who belong to it. You are as devout to the holy word, sex, as we are to the thousand little idols that represent it.

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Well, since you command me, I will keep for the future to the description of scenery and character, *and not talk odiously*. I wrote my first letter the first day we came ashore, since which I have seen so many things, I am bothered and bewildered, and know nothing about 'em. No matter, you find them in books. Master has eight or nine, all telling the same story in the main and all contradicting in the particulars. I am fond of seeing matters with my own eyes : I am active and think it no trouble. I don't want dry skulls for spectacles.

Genoa is said to lie at the foot of the mountains : she appears to me to be treading on their toes. There are the ridges, both in the city and out for miles together, over which you can neither ride nor walk with any comfort. There are some few carriages in the place ; but every horse has at least one broken knee. This seems so natural and so necessary an infirmity, that you would almost feel inclined to believe that the beasts were born with it. Tiresome work for walkers (I should have said *pedestrians*, but forgot myself) in hot weather. Nothing but up and down, up and down ; and that won't do for ever, you know. The air is the only good thing going, and this the people do all they can to spoil. You must go a mile out of the gates to get a mouthful of prime quality. They have forts all over the country from the sea-beach to the summit, standing as close as old Nat's pointers, when they back in the stubble. I wonder who the devil the gunners can contrive to shoot at : they must have poor sport.

As I admired the sea in my last, and the sky too by daylight, I am now for the stars. They in this country are of another cut and fashion from what they are in London. In London they make themselves scarce for the most part, and are the only things in the place that don't much like to be looked at. To say the truth, they are little worth the trouble, they look so squinty and surly. But here in Italy they are as bright as your ladyship's eyes in their best manner, or as the plate at your ladyship's table, when honest Jack Stivers had the polishing of it : and they wink and play with one another like spring kids.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

I CAN'T deal and won't deal with master. He wants materials ; and I am to be on the look out—the *key-weeve*, as the Frenchmen call it. And what the devil ! (God forgive me !) do you think he calls materials ? Why, scraps of paper, to be brought to him every night with “ my view,” as he calls it, “ of things and events.” He said to me, “ Stivers ! I contemplate a very considerable work. Every man differs from every other man ”—Here he opened first one great volume and then another, and after reading a little proceeded offhand—“ not only in his own view of society, but in his recital of events.” Again he paused, threw his spectacles up to his forehead and looked at me. I said nothing : he went on. “ Remarks, I see, do not make much impression on you ; but you have very considerable versatility and originality. What you collect for me, and what you express in your own manner, I shall put into proper form, contracting your eccentricities and rounding your periods. I myself shall point out many things to your inexperience ; as you must remember I did in the square of the Carousel, near the Thuilleries, the first time you attended me to that royal residence.” Now, my lady, you may be curious to hear what it was he pointed out to me : and as I never balked you, I will not balk you now. The story is worth a pound note.

We saw upon the iron-railing some posts with gilt cocks upon 'em. Master pulled the string, and stopped the carriage, and said to me,

“ Stivers ! did you ever hear a cock-and-bull story ? ”

“ Yes, sir,” said I, “ but for the love of mercy don't let 's have one now. Many and many a one have I gone through under my Lord C. ; enough to last any man for life.

For the love of God, sir, let the carriage go on, or this wind will blow us over the rail.”

“ Do you mind a little dust ? ” said master.

“ Sir,” said I, “ they say a bushel of March dust is worth a king's ransom : surely a thousand bushels are blowing about for that worthy king's yonder. It seems as if he was to be paid for by weight : here is enough of it to smother all the cocks and bulls in Christendom. If rain should fall upon my new hat, there would be mud over and above to build a row of cottages.” *

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“Never mind, I insure it,” said he, “to its full value. Hear ; listen ; put your head towards the glass : I will eat the whole down. Cocks represent the French, bulls the English. Histories relating to the wars and treaties of large nations are properly called *cock-and-bull* stories, and by degrees all stories that turn out to as little account as these wars and treaties, are called by the same name.”

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[Let us hope that Mr Stivers added from his own fancy all the words from “and by degrees” to the conclusion. Certainly Mr Raikes was incapable of treating either his heroic ancestors or his equally brave contemporaries with such disrespect. By these wars and treaties we have reached the pinnacle of human glory ; and by the inscrutable designs of Providence, the treaties led us infallibly to wars and the wars to treaties,—an advantage which no other country ever experienced in the same degree. To attribute it to chance, if not impious, is malicious. The prudent men who were appointed to watch over our welfare, saw before them,

A mighty maze, but not without a plan,

at every turn of which was an embryo general, and at the end a national illumination, with prayer and thanksgiving.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

I HAVE made it up, since you say it would be better for me. Indeed, I began to think as much, and never had any quarrel at all with him. The very day after he had talked of my being on the look out, he gave me three crowns for encouragement. I could do no less than sit down and write what I heard in a livery-stable. Here is a copy of it :—

“I heard today, sir, that His Majesty the King of Sardinia, who has no more right they tell me to be King of Genoa, than I have to be King of Jerusalem (which is one of his kingdoms, by the bye, and none of mine), has resolved to cut his heir off with a shilling ; and to give all the mountains and chesnuts, all the monks and nuns, all the hogs and goats (the next things in number and quality), all the folks and soldiers, all the mules, asses, oxen, and horses, to the Emperor of Austria,—to say nothing of a vast quantity of stone

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walls." My master put it down directly in his big book. He also put down at the same time, in his account-book, one crown and a half for half-a-dab of butter.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

FROM FLORENCE.

WE had hardly got to this place, Florence, when my master sent me to the post-office for letters, and I saw flying from a string one of those fine paintings which make Italy so celebrated. It represented to the life a glorious conjurer and all the people round him. There is an older piece on the same subject in a church at Genoa, but not so much to the life. In the old miracle the lookers-on are not half so much in earnest, nor the conjurer neither; for there are women and boys in the corner who are looking at you, and not at the juggler. Either he or the painter could not be doing his best. I clapped my master's letter into my pocket, and ran off to make enquiries for this Signor Goldini who kept the theatre that was advertised. An old priest told me that *she sballied*,* *she* meaning *me*, and *sballied* that I was off the scent. He then informed me that the juggler was the egregious Signor Matteo Tullio Astilio Giuseppe Pancrazio, and that he *made fanaticism and fury in Italy*. "My lady," said I to myself in English, "that is rather your trade than his." But these expressions are among the elegancies of the Tuscan tongue, which they tell me are "unarrivable" and "unpayable." I often thought that I myself have some elegancies of the latter kind. The old fellow was fond of chat, and told me that Signor County Alfieri was made of another "*paste*" than Avvocato Goldoni; a fresh elegance of our new tongue there; and that he had known him and had even dined at the next house, and that he was so great a man that the Countess of Albany had married him, and had done every thing but acknowledge the marriage, and at last had broken his heart for him. Ladies often do this when they find a tender one, for they are as apt to try it, as they are to try a thread before they sew with it. The old priest said, that she did it in part by giving him too highly seasoned dishes for his dinner, and in part by giving him a Frenchman for his rival. Now he hated the French, said the priest, and indeed he hated every body who did not

* *Ella sbaglia.*

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hate every body else, and did not much like him who did. "He must have been a hearty dog, parson!" said I, "for those who like every one, have no heart at all. They are cats, said my uncle the fish-monger, and a sturgeon in the same keg; they are satans that look as blandly and as lovingly at an old sinner as at Eve." Lord! if I have not got my master's letter in my pocket to this blessed day!

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[Mr Stivers in this letter is at once remarkable for his levity and repentance. The tragedies of Count Alfieri are said to be replete with the effusions of democracy; and if there is any truth in the report that he was in favour with the Countess of Albany, and hated the French, the probability is that she wished to cure him of his French principles by what Mr Stivers, mistaking the learned gentleman's expression, calls a French rival; as holding the finger to the fire is a remedy for the burn.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

WE have been at Florence ten days, and a wonderful place it is. There is not a straight street, nor a square square, in the whole of it. If the men were bigger, I should suppose that the ladies took their curvature from their habitations, as their minds do from their bodies; they are so diminutive, wry, and wriggling. I have conversed with about fifty English and forty Italian servants. It has been intimated to all of them, that it will be allowed them to enjoy an honest liberty (that is to rob their masters) if they behave well. I found on enquiry (for the whole subject is interesting) that behaving well consists in giving true and complete information to the police of everything that occurs in the family. As their newspapers contain no scandal, no elopements, no crim. cons., the curiosity of the heads of the police must be satisfied with washier fare. You would wonder to see with what delight they listen to an account of the dishes served at table, the squabbles of masters and mistresses, a box on the ear, a bottle thrown across the table, or prayers read to the servants by the master of the family. A good deal of money is spent in Florence by the English, and the city is hardly less enriched by the number of forks, spoons, rings, watches, brooches, and necklaces, put into circulation by the servants, chiefly the Italians; but the same

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freedom of action is allowed the English and other foreigners, on displaying the same merits. This public spirit is much encouraged by what is called here the hierarchy of the police. Be pleased to direct to me at the Palazzo Maraschini. A palace here is different from a house, by having a barn-door for the entrance, and room enough for horses and mules to stand against the staircase.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

[If Mr Stivers had not been represented to us as a person of strict sobriety, we, reading this letter, should entertain some suspicion of his being fuddled.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

AND a pretty set of nobles they are ! Why, Pitt made better ! However, I have found out in Florence what I never should have found out in London : everything has its meaning. I always thought as much. Counts come from *counting-house*, *Marquise* from *marker*. They are desperate hands at cards and billiards all over Italy : and because master would not sit down and have his pocket picked, they chose to *set* him down, and lower than I approved of. My own honour was touched through master's, and if he lost a step, I lost one. Therefore I made him lift up his head among them. I told them he did not require to be called milord ; and that he was *Grand Esquire*. They asked me whether he really was born in London, or only at some castle in the provinces. I caught at the castle, but stuck fast to it, and put it in Cranbourn alley. No Englishman I find is esteemed in Italy, unless he was born in the metropolis. This is much to my taste, for I was whelped in the thickest of it. They are as curious about birth as they ever were, but in another and more reasonable way. Knowing that they all are doubtful in regard to fatherhood, they transfer the enquiry from the person to the place, while in regard to the date of any one's birth they do much as the ancient Romans did in their computation. These, I heard a learned man say, reckoned by the *consulship* ; the modern by the *cavaliership*. There is, however, one slight difference : they say " he was born the year after this or that young gentleman was his mother's *cavaliere*."

I was thought a knight in disguise because I was born in St

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Giles's. Had I been born in the best room of Windsor Castle, with the Black Prince's banner waving above my cradle, I should have excited no emotion, but in raising up the shoulder. Being London-born—*veramente di Londra, città capitale*—I was so very high, that every one would make me higher. *Sant' Egidio! scusa, signore, Sant' Egidio è un altro. Lei vuol dire San Giacomo. La corte stà lì: non è vero?* I am come to the end of my Italian, but you have it neat and genuine.

I remain, &c. &c. &c.

[" *Why, Pitt made better!* " To be sure he did, Mr Stivers. He ennobled those gentlemen who had the greatest stake in the country, and some few (too few indeed) of those honourable men, whose houses rose from commerce. These were the great supports of the nation in all her difficulties. Without them in vain would the immortal Minister have attempted to carry on a war of twenty years; and never would the people of England have displayed their strength and fortitude, in supporting a heavier weight of debt than all the nations of the world united could endure.]

Among the English here in Italy, whom I could wish to see at my table in Cranbourn alley, is Lieutenant Arthur Cockles, third Lieutenant of His Majesty's ship *Leopard* in Lord Howe's grand engagement on the first of June, and promoted to the rank of second lieutenant soon after the taking of Copenhagen. The grandfather of Mr Cockles was ensign in the battle of Minden, in which he lost his life, aged fifty-four years; and, in consequence of his bravery and regularity, the eldest of his eight children, Roger Cockles, was admitted into the army at somewhat under the regulation-price of commission, and had the honour to be slain at Bunker's Hill, leaving an only son Arthur. The royal favour did not desert the family: on the contrary, this young man was patronized to such a degree that he rose to the rank of lieutenant at an age when his grandfather and father had been but ensigns; in a word, when he scarcely had completed his fortieth year of service and fifty-first of life; a period when the mind and body are just attaining their full perfection. Although Mr Cockles has much the appearance of being a quiet and unambitious man, he is reported to have displayed on several occasions the most impetuous bravery; and I myself have observed in him some slight (I say slight) indica-

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tions of discontent. Mr Cockles * was always a loyal man, as we properly call those who love their king above all other blessings ; and yet he thought it hard, he said, to have seen, in the various ships in which he had served, every junior in each put above him ; some who were not born when he entered the service, others whom he had instructed and loved, and who were removed to vessels newly built or newly taken, that, to use his own expression, “ fresh cubs from lordly kennels, litter after litter, might start from the same hatchway, and leap over him.” Being a good accountant, and having learned Italian and Lingua Franca from a sailor of Lord Hotham’s fleet in the Mediterranean, he offered his services to several mercantile houses at Leghorn, on his reduction to half-pay. But one merchant said he could not in his conscience give him a higher salary than it had pleased his Majesty to give him after forty years’ service ; another, that he could not think of a clerk dining at his table ; that clerks must be clerks, and that gentlemen must be gentlemen. This was an elderly Scotchman, who lately married the daughter of a woman he kept for many years. On leaving the house of this exemplary person, who had the fortitude, in spite of ill habits, to exchange an irregular life for a regular one, a Turkish merchant then accidentally present, having liked his look and admired his calmness, came after him and addressed to him the following words in the most polished Tuscan :—

“ Sir, I congratulate those who have exercised the military profession so many years as you have, and who retire from it so sound in health, as to be capable of other and better occupations, and I venerate those who are likewise so sound in mind as to show a readiness to undertake them. In Turkey we have no distinctions, but from the services we render our country. The most powerful man in Constantinople, after the Sultan, was waiter at a public bath, and if he behaves ill, may return to it. I think I heard you say that your lodgings are at the inn. My house is cool and spacious. As I give no credit to the Christians of this city, whether Greeks, Jews, † or English, and deal chiefly with the Armenians, I

* The Editor thinks himself at liberty to write the name at length, although the letters composing it are covered with asterisks in the MS.

† Strange oversight in so careful a writer as Mr Raikes, unless it was the error of the Turk.

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employ no book-keeper. When I may happen to want one, I will request the favour of your assistance. Allow me then, as a military man, to offer you my quarters; as a merchant, to provide for your table; and as a friend, if you believe a Mussulman can or ought to be one, to enjoy the situation of your purse-bearer."

The lieutenant grasped his hand, and gazed upon his placid countenance, but stood speechless. Sidi Dahr, such was the Turk's name, understood the real cause of his emotion, and added with greater animation, "Grant it me, grant it me for life." The lieutenant was induced to accept the quarters, and to accompany his benefactor. On my first visit I found them extremely cleanly, being covered with mats of coloured reeds, but containing little furniture. In the bed-room, instead of a mattress, there was an enormous cushion of morocco-leather filled with wind like a football, but not to such a degree as should spoil the level of the surface. Over this was thrown some coarse glazed linen; the sheets were very fine, and a network was suspended round from the centre of the ceiling. There was one sofa as hard as the bed, another very soft and broad, two cane-bottomed chairs, a small cedar table, a marble dressing-table, a large stone jar of rose-water, and two porcelain vases filled with flowers. I mention these particulars to show what poor ideas the richer Turks have of *comfort*; though indeed these apartments looked cooler than any I ever entered in the month of August. Mr Cockles assured me that in the winter, his own rooms were covered with Turkey carpets, and his bed *hung* with velvet, and the counterpane of the same. I verily believe that my little parlour in Cranbourn alley contains more furniture than the twenty rooms of Sidi Dahr's palace, rich as he is and unsparing in expense, if he knew how to spend his money.

The library contained one chair only, an arm chair, with Russia-leather cushion and back, a small cedar table, and a small tea-cup, instead of inkstand. The Turks are very backward in writing, there was not even a desk. The third room was the dining-room, worse furnished, if possible, than the other two. It contained four cane-bottomed chairs, and a narrow table fixed against the wall, about eight feet long. Above this shabby table are no less than three lamps of gilt bronze, each containing two wicks, and these were always lighted in the season, and the floor covered with hay,

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and a Turkey carpet over it. The lieutenant told me that he himself had asked his friend Sidi Dahr the very question that I asked. Seeing two napkins laid for one person, I expressed my wonder, as he had done before; when Sidi told him, that one was to be used at the repast, the other after. And now I am so reconciled to the idea, that I should not wonder if on my suggestion, the fashionable world in England took up the notion, for it is not exactly the thing to wipe one's mouth and fingers with a greasy napkin, when we have taken fruit or coffee. He informed me that Sidi and he never dined together, but sometimes smoked and took lemonade in the library, and that Sidi did not sit crosslegged like other Turks: from which we may entertain a reasonable hope of his coming over to us Christians in weightier matters as he grows older.

He was vastly courteous to me when he found me once in the library, expecting Mr Cockles by appointment. He asked me no questions: he did not stumble upon anything to hurt me; and when I apologized for my bad Italian, he told me it was impossible for a stranger, as he was, to discover it, though he spoke as good Tuscan as if he were born in Sienna. He is not very learned: for in looking over his books, and finding no histories, and only the 'Arabian Nights,' and sundry works in poetry, I asked him for the historians—he pointed to 'Ariosto' and 'Tasso,' saying, "These are the pleasantest and not the least true." Surely he never read them: for they are poets, not historians, and deal in cutting things against those of his kidney.

This Turk, with many good qualities, had some worse. He retained in his house two young maidens of the Greek persuasion, natives of Armenia, whom he had recovered in war from the Circassians, when they were infants. Neither he nor they themselves knew whether they are related, nor can they speak any other language than Italian. He had them instructed in music, but would never allow them to be taught their letters; so that the songs they sing are caught by ear. Their governess, an Italian of rank, was accused by one of them of attempting to persuade her to leave her protector. This accusation was made against her will, and in ignorance of the consequences. He, finding her in tears, took her gently by the hand and said,

"Tell me, my beloved, (if you think you ought to tell me), the

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cause of your sorrow. Many may be removed; more may be mitigated; all may be partaken."

"I weep," said the ingenuous girl, "because I must love the lady no more, after all the kindness she has shown me. She was not contented with my loving her and Zuleima and you, but she was so inconsiderate as to think that an even number is as fortunate as an uneven one, and desired that loving her and Zuleima, I should also love you and Sheik Giovanni Batista."

"Very hard, indeed, not to be able to love her after all her kindness," said Sidi Dahr.

He spoke smilingly and looked upon her innocence with tenderness and compassion: but other thoughts and other feelings supervened.

"To what misery," said he to himself, "might the perfidiousness of an ungrateful woman bring an unsuspecting girl." One word, one only escaped his lips audibly, the word *kindness*! His eyes darted fire—but he smiled to compose her agitation, and held her hand. She felt his vibrate, and said, looking up, "Did she not, O beloved of my heart! make me the beloved of yours? did she not teach me to speak the same language, and to sing, and to bring out voices more pleasureable than mine from ivory, and ebony, and wire?"

She had given her governess as many reasons, most of them founded on gratitude (for those that were not so she did not give at all) why she should love Sidi Dahr. But the governess gave as many reasons why she should love the governor's son, for whose sake she ought to remember that she had Christian blood in her veins, although her persuasion was Greek and schismatic. She felt somewhat gratified at the moment to discover that she had a persuasion, and to know what it was, but fell into tears at hearing Sidi Dahr's condemned. Her tears abated and her perplexity increased on finding that the governess was the only one of the family whose faith was real and right, and she shuddered to learn, that the only one who was ungrateful and perfidious was the only one who, as matters now stood, could possibly enter eternal bliss! She heard these doctrines for the first time, because it was stipulated by Sidi Dahr that none whatever should be introduced into his family; and she would not have heard them now, had they not been employed as instruments of intimidation and seduction. The

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governess added another argument to prove that her lovely pupil was ordained by Providence to marry a Christian, and herself to become one, first by baptism, then by confirmation, then by the sacrament of matrimony. Her sister bore an unbelieving name, but hers was Armina, and Sidi Dahr himself had given it, in the blindness of his heart. Indeed, she was already half a Christian, and something more, having never set her foot in a mosque, nor pronounced the accursed name of Allah. What little else was to be done, others would do for her. In that case there were angels ready to take her into paradise, and Saint Peter, whom she would know by the keys, might let her pass further.

Sidi Dahr called the governess, and said, smiling very gracefully, "Signora! do me the favour of writing an invitation to Signor Giovanni Battista, the young gentleman who came by appointment to your apartments in female clothes."

She was astonished at the malevolence of her enemies: time would unmask them.

"Signora," said he, calmly, "I cannot think of bestowing the hand of Armina on an utter stranger: In our country, you may have heard, he who marries is accustomed to make presents in proportion to his fortune, to the bride and the relatives and attendants. The usages of this country are different; which are the more generous it is not at the present time my business or intention to decide. I have a trifle to give, and shall give it, I assure you, as willingly as he can receive it. If you think it will be more agreeable to him, and more advantageous to you, the whole sum shall pass through your hands. Some part, I venture to promise, although I know not the extent of his liberality, will remain with you. Few fathers in Leghorn ever gave, with a favourite or an only daughter, what I intend to give the generous youth who comes as a suitor to the daughter of my adoption. I perceive your reluctance to abandon an innocent and inexperienced girl, before she has profited to the extent she might do, by your instruction and admonition. Since, however, such is the will of Providence, do me the favour to accept this ring of Oriental pearls, small, it is true, but emblems of the candour and purity so conspicuous in your character."

The governess now began to see that her fears and her fault had blinded her. She suffered the ring to be forced up her finger.

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declaring the impossibility of accepting it, the rudeness of refusing it, and the sufferings that delicacy had perpetually to undergo in the conflict with generosity. She sate down, wrote the billet, sealed, and sent it. Signor Giovanni Battista made his appearance at the door, and was admitted into her apartment. Before there was time for explanation Sidi Dahr came in, and saluted the visitor, who returned his salute, but without rising. Sidi Dahr then addressed him :—

“ Signor, although it has been my felicity to have seen you once or twice before, yet, surely the young person who is educated in my house has always lived in such seclusion that she cannot have partaken it. Is it possible then that destiny should have led you into her footsteps, and that my house should have been irradiated by your presence ? To what can I attribute the distinction you would confer on us ? ”

He looked at the governess, and she at him, at last he answered,—

“ Sir, I was desirous of obtaining the advantages of your acquaintance and friendship, knowing your excellent qualities from universal report.”

“ Excellent qualities ! Of what kind, pray ? ”

“ Of heart and person.”

“ I am not noble,” said Sidi, “ and therefore am unfit for your society ; besides, I am a Mussulman.”

“ I am without any prejudices,” said Signor Giovanni Battista.

“ So much the worse,” said Sidi, “ if you have nothing to put in the place of them. Prejudices are quite requisite for nine-tenths of mankind ; they are the screws and cramping irons that keep the distorted a little more upright. I have told you what I am ; you have told me what you are ; and now it is only necessary that you should learn what my pupil is. She is not a Christian.”

“ I know it.”

“ And could you take for a wife the daughter of Infidelity ? ”

The young gentleman hesitated a moment, and then said,—

“ Signor Sidi, there are two kinds of infidelity in a wife : infidelity in the mysteries of our holy faith, and infidelity to the forms and ceremonies of matrimony, or what is called the marriage-bed. Certainly, it is a horrible thing in a man, and a more horrible thing in a woman, to renounce the faith they were born in, provided

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that faith is Catholic. But although matrimony is a sacrament and cannot be dissolved, yet it may be a trifle loosened. A young woman would, however, do very wrong who should take a *cavaliere* without the consent of her husband, unless he treated her cruelly, and would not hear reason. The thing should always be mentioned, and fair means tried in order to induce him ; and it is only in cases of contumacy, and when he is not to be induced at all, that the lady should substitute her own ideas, and confer with one who is as ready to be persuaded as to persuade."

"Signor," said the Mussulman, "you have given me a clear and comprehensive view both of your religion and your morality. In every city of Italy we pick up some scattered pages of them, but you appear to possess the complete textbook. Many Christian matrons, and all the Mohometans, think that a man's honour and his children's depend on the honour of his wife. Few like to marry, even among Christians, the daughter of a loose woman, and no one who does marry her treats her with respect."

"Signor Sidi speaks well," said Signor Giovanni Battista ; "but this lady knows that I came with no chains or bars in my hand : I meant only a little *badinage*."

"What is that ?" said Sidi, with a smile.

"We borrow it from the French," replied Signor Giovanni Battista.

"Now is the time, after this insufficient borrowing from the French, to contract a larger loan from a Mussulman," said Sidi Dahr ; on which he took off his slipper and slapped it against the door. A greybearded servant entered with two ample handfuls of cypress branches, about three feet long, with their little green cones upon them, very ornamental. Under his left arm were two halters. "Which of you," said Sidi, complacently, "made the first proposition to betray an innocent girl ?"

They both denied : moreover, the young gentleman threatened his father's resentment, next the Grand-Duke's, and lastly, the Minister's.

"I have an opium in my warehouse that can allay ministerial irritation," said Sidi, smiling ; "and it is well for you if you have any for that which you are now about to experience."

He gave a signal, and a halter was thrown by the old servant over Signor Giovanni Battista's head and shoulders, and in an

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instant both arms were straight and motionless as a mummy's. Sidi Dahr then ordered his venerable minister of justice to present a plate of dried Turkey figs to his visitor. These were box-wood gags, which admitted the teeth up to the gums. Signor Giovanni Battista was prevailed upon to accept one of these by the gentleman who did the honours of the house ; and partly from fear, partly from agony, his head looked like Medusa's, when the painter has only chalked it, and not begun the snakes.

"Signora," said Sidi to the governess, "in this country the lady, I hear, is usually served first." The old slave presented her with a broad yellow riband, and raised it to her lips ; but she declined the investiture. He, however, was so pressing that the ceremony was no longer to be deferred. He drew it across her mouth, behind her neck, under her chin, over the eyes, and once more under the chin again, taking advantage of what she intended should be a fainting-fit. Sidi then bowed, and asked her whether it was her pleasure that what little remained to be done should be performed by her minister or his. She gave no answer by sign or token. "Perhaps, sir," said the Mussulman, turning round to Signor Giovanni Battista, "as you are in confidence one with the other, you will save her from the dishonour of being whipt by an unbeliever."

He nodded. His right wrist was immediately relieved from its ligature. Sidi stood with an ebony staff beside him, and requested him to prepare the lady for her inauguration. He undid some pinnings and lacings, and her shoulders were bared to the waist.

At the signal of the ebony staff, Signor Giovanni Battista flogged so heartily for mercy, that he sowed the ripe wheatfield of the governess with red poppies, as Sidi Dahr expressed it. The blood trickled from more than one quarter ; and that portion of it which had the shortest way to run tinged the border of her stockings. At sight of this the heart of Sidi Dahr relented ; and after she had received on the whole eight or nine strokes, the bandage was removed from her interesting features. "Am I to suffer any more ?" cried she. "No, lady," he replied : on which she, knowing that he never violated a promise, cried aloud,—

"Barbarous brute ! Heathen ! Turk ! As sure as I am alive,

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I am dead as a crucifix ! He has ripped my clothes to tatters ! I shall never shew my face again ! ”

“ Dear lady,” said Sidi, tenderly, “ has that too suffered ? ”

She did not heed him, but proceeded : “ Was ever honest woman—O Christ ! my white satin shoes ! worn but twice before O distraction ! A sea of gore ! A spot, oh Jesu Maria ! half as big as a *crazia* ! ” *

He invited her to be seated, and to be comforted. She shewed as little inclination for the one as for the other, when Sidi added, “ You shall experience the truth of a Turkish proverb, that pleasure is sweetest after pain,” and he presented to her the second rod. She looked as alert as a greyhound in the slip, when the thong of the old courser is suspended over the hare in her form. But he, as if negligent and indifferent, picked up the cypress-cone from the floor, and said, “ I regret that they are too green for planting. They have done more justice than has been done for twenty years in this country, and should rise in sacred groves.”

The governess, who had ventured to rest a portion of her fatigue sitting upright upon the extremity of an old backed chair, leapt up with the alacrity of a parlour kitten at a dangling cord, and belaboured Signor Giovanni Battista with such equitable reciprocity, that she was nearer fainting with exertion than she before had been with pain. At the very first stroke his teeth severed the box-wood gag, to the admiration and astonishment of Sidi Dahr, who cried, “ What teeth the dog has ! They would have cracked the citadel of Ancona ! ” This exclamation, and Signor Giovanni Battista’s, dove-tailed into each other ; but Signor Giovanni Battista’s was the loudest.

“ Oh, for the love of Christ ! Good Signor Sidi Dahr ! Jesu Maria ! Flesh and blood sink under it ! Oh this Pontius Pilate ! This Herod ! This Murderer of the Innocents ! My father shall know it ; the whole world shall learn it ; it shall come to the ears of the Grand-Duke.”

Sidi Dahr had taken his precautions. He already, by that day’s post, had written to the Ministers at Florence, telling them his intentions, and declaring that he should not grudge a cargo of rice for permission to execute an act of justice. Accordingly the

* A small coin, of copper and silver mixed, which, when it happens to be nearly circular, and not very ragged, is about the size of a sixpence.—ED. M. R.

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governor was commanded not to molest Sidi Dahr ; His Royal and Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke being in amity with His Royal and Imperial Highness the Sultan Mahomet.

No. II

Soon after this event, but quite disconnected from it, the Minister, Don Neri Corsini, who never had given an eel-skin or the washings of [*sic*] to friend or relative, gave to the Duchess of Conegliaro (a lovely little woman, the wife of his nephew) a massy piece of plate. Upon which occasion the following verses were written ; and we insert them here the more willingly, as they remove all suspicion that the handsome present came indirectly from the Levanter. They are composed, as will be seen, in the form of a dialogue, and are of that order or structure, which, in ‘Guides to Parnassus,’ is denominated the Doggrel.

POET

Have you been yet to see the piece
Of plate Don Neri gave his niece ?
If that suspicious stare says *no*,
Willing or loth you needs must go.

FRIEND

A niece as pretty as a fairy
Could squeeze out nothing from Don Neri :
Not an old shoe, or petticoat,
Sold at his brother's for a groat,*
When the wife died, and when the palace
Fumed with the scum of stews and allies,
'Twas then Don Neri gave advice
To girls he loved, how very nice
An opportunity was there
To spend the paul he slid elsewhere ;
That those who bought might take his word,
They soon should see some friend prefer'd.
He gave advice, he gives it still ;
But silver—that he never will.

* See ‘Imaginary Conversations,’ vol. i. [1826 ed.] p. 307.—R. R.

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POET

Strange as the tale is I've related,
I saw it—and 'twas plate—or plated.

FRIEND

Cease, miracles ! and Nature keep
Thy mysteries in the earth and deep.
Let Leopold shut up his rooms
Of wonders from the catacombs
And high Volterra, and the wood
Where King Porsenna's palace stood,
And Populonia's wrinkled brow,
With sea and briary swamps below,
And bleak Cortona's walls, whose bard
Found death too slow and life too hard.

POET

Poor Benedetti ! he believed
That to have written and have grieved
Were the two things that bards might do
As formerly, and none say no.

FRIEND

He was mistaken ; and take care
In that mistake you do not share.
Florence was always among those
Who among letters sought their foes.

POET

Always ! Ah, no ! The vicious race
Of Medici gave honour'd place
To those whom better men admir'd,
Whom glory crown'd and genius fir'd ;
'Twas not Lorenzo's hand alone
That placed them near the civic throne :
No, my dear friend, not only he
Let hearts beat high and souls breathe free ;
He not alone his wealth bestowed
Where justice told him wealth was owed.
The very worst of all his brood
Bowed to the wise, and feared the good.

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FRIEND

Shame ! to have thus forgot—and yet
Perhaps 'twere better to forget.
I was like one whose feet stand nigh
Some dark abyss, and though the eye
Sees the two sides, it sees not yet
The shrubs that edge the inner pit.
Look at Arcetri ! Mark the tower
Where Galileo's lonely hour
Was slowly, sadly borne away,
Who sighed for night, and grieved at day ;
For go among the stars he might,
But not sit down again and write.
He gave earth motion with his pen,
But could not move the least of men.
The walls that we must shortly quit,
Were raised against the plague and wit.
Dante was driven out ; Alfieri,
Whom pride made silent, love made wary,
Was ill-respected, and but spared
Because a German bed he shared.
The crime of writing Brutus, he
Rubbed off by kissing Albany.

POET

Faith ! I should think so, were it one }
Fouler than ever moon, or sun, }
Twilight, or darkness, looked upon ! }
He must have been, to touch that weed,
A very red-haired man indeed.
And thus, alas ! he closed the year,
Whose spring was lovely Ligonier.
Come, come along ; if you are late
To view the noble piece of plate,
You will be down with the *suspected*,
Turbulent, studious, disaffected,
Illuminated Carbonari—
Freemasons—And no hope to tarry.

FRIEND

Must I admire it too ?

POET

Not quite
So much the workmanship as weight.

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FRIEND

I will make no remark, nor ask
One question.

POET

You are saved the task.
Whether you say one word or no
About Don Neri's raryshow,
One the shrewd maker will repeat ye—
*'Twas ordered ere he signed the Treaty.**

[Benedetti was author of several tragedies and other poetry. His ode to Cortona, his native city, is the best poem the Italians have produced in these later times. He was persecuted by those in power, fled from Florence, and shut himself up in Pistoja.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Master is so partial to his country, that nothing can persuade him there is anything amiss in it. And, to say the truth, perhaps there is not much more than elsewhere. An Italian remarked the other day to an American, “*We* have the troublesome insects of petty despotism, and *you* the venomous rattlesnakes of democracy. *We* quietly crack one of our crawlers now and then ; but *you* have always your eyes about you, and your pest hisses by in defiance, and glides into its wilderness unscotched.”

Well ; master was sitting in Doni's coffee-house here, and keeping me standing just opposite him for state, while two elderly gentlemen, one an Englishman, the other a foreigner, were conversing together in French, at the next table. One said, according as master and I turned it into English :—

“ Our country has produced two extraordinary and admirable men within our times, beside and above our Nelson and Collingwood, and greater Wellington ; these are Watt and Bentham. Yet noisy demagogues push before them into notice by the dozen, fellows who could do nothing but play tricks upon cards and words. The vulgar scratch their heads at these miracles, then seize one another by the throat, each in favour of his champion ; meanwhile their

* With Austria, obliging Tuscany to furnish troops and money.

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pockets are picked by the accomplices of the actors. Such scenes are as continual with us as those of Policinello and Giuditta at Naples."

After I had written down these words in the coach for master, he said to me—

"Stivers! you plainly see by this testimony how frivolous are the French; how easily they are led by the nose; gulled, Stivers! downright gulled!"

"Sir," answered I, "one of the gentlemen, he with the green spectacles before him, is English."

"No such thing!" replied he, scoffingly, "no such thing."

"With deference, Sir!" continued I, "the *Watt* and *Bentham* would prove it, throwing overboard the *Nelson* and *Collingwood*, and *greater Wellington*. Do Frenchmen ever call those great men? Do not they clearly show, that they ought to have beaten if they knew what they were about?"

"There is something in that, I must acknowledge," said he, "but," after a pause, "they may have been emigrants; they look like gentlemen. In regard to the other names, Watt and Bentham, the French and these Italians may have their Watts and Benthams, no doubt. I am in Tuscany, so are you; yet we carry our names with us. Beside, the context proves the fact beyond controversy; the *playing tricks upon cards and words*. I think, by degrees, I could find out those at cards; but Frenchmen really shuffle and cut their words so marvellously that I am always quite at a loss. Stivers, do you know anything of these great men, Watt and Bentham?"

"No, not I, Sir."

"Why, I can assure you then the gentleman is safe in regard to Watt. The house of Boulton and Watt is another Gibraltar. I would not underwrite with equal fluency any farther. But Boulton and Watt, the world over! I never ate such potatoes as out of their boiler; our new one, you know; over the water; in old England. But *Bentham*, *Bentham*—let me see—I have looked over many a man's books in my day—some warm men, some rather clammy—and *Bentham*, *Bentham*. My memory may fail me in these matters now I have laid aside business. As we are alone, Stivers, I can tell you that a pen across the ear is a great help to genius."

I am, &c.

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MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

I CAN judge perhaps as well as most people ; but I won't *commit* myself, as Mr Pitt said. " And faith ! " said a gentleman where master dined, " I believe this is the only bad thing he did not commit." Master looked grave, and begged leave to differ from the honourable gentleman who spoke last. Master is now gone to see a friend at Leghorn, as the sea, he says, always puts him in mind of Margate and Ramsgate. Beside, added he, whenever I have the sea before my eyes, I have before them a part of the British dominions. I never saw a gentleman pull down his ruffle with greater satisfaction than master did when he said this. In his absence, for he left me here to improve myself, I stroll about the gallery to see the company. And now perhaps, my Lady, you begin to understand the first line of my letter. About the pictures ; I have eyes like another man, better, I have heard somebody say, better and roguisher. But that 's all one. The first time I went to the gallery was with my master, who desired me to note what people said. He had three other *manuensisses*, as he called them. Now, my soul ! the sight of stuff the ladies and gentlemen did talk about these pictures ! As for the statues, it is well for them that they are not in London. The Society for the suppression of vice would be at Venus, first and foremost. She looks modest, but stands as stark-naked (saving your presence) as ever she was born. So do some lads ; one bolt-upright, two others down ; to represent lads and marbles, when one stoops to filch and the other is upon him for fair play. The misses looked here and looked there, and would fain have found the marble : but they did not titter as they would have done in England. None of the statues are finished : the eyes were left for cleverer hands to put, or perhaps for the purchaser to make his own bargain, and choose his own colour, at the glass-warehouse. Among the pictures I was most taken by a pretty girl they call Sibyl : I think it should be Savil ; for I know a girl of that name not unlike her ; and she certainly is English. She looks exactly as a young lady, who is going to write a love-letter, and is considering what she shall say, not having been very long in love, nor over-much, but in good kissing case for the present. While I was examining the points of Miss Savil, an old gentleman

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of our country fixed his eyes upon an old gentlewoman in a plain frame, whose name is Madelena Doni, painted by one Raphael. His words were, "What truth in this countenance! Raphael knew, like the ancients, that the mouth is the ninety-ninth part in the hundred." He must have been an Alderman, this Signor Raphael! If there is truth in the dowager Doni's face, one would wish such truth at the bottom of the well again. I won't say what her mouth may be; but I will say that the marks must be long ago out of it. She looks quiet and sedate, however, and there is content and composure to the fingers' ends. The same master Raphael showed better taste in another, who surely must have been the nut-brown maid that the song is all about. But Miss Savil is more of the lady. They have been scouring the brown beauty since I saw her first, and have got off a good deal of her tan. I don't know what the great painters mean, but the worst poet in the world is worth a dozen of 'em. It must be a scurvy poet who refuses his girl a pair of coral lips and damask cheeks: the painters are mighty niggardly of red and white. I was ashamed to open my mouth about a figure on a mattress which they call Venus; but as some ladies were looking at it, I hope you will think no worse of me than of them. They may call it Venus, if they will: but if ever I saw a woman, *that* is one, from head to heel. They have been well washing her too, and not before she wanted it; for a year or two ago, they tell me, she looked as if she had been lying in the sunshine some summer day: at present she appears as cool and fresh as a cucumber, and should be seen only in July and August.

A little boy, about twelve years old, said in the other room to the admirer of Mrs. Doni, "Papa, I am trying to admire this great picture all in brown colour, because you think it the noblest in the collection; but after all, papa, I cannot say I admire it very much." "My good Edward! why not?" said the father. "Because," replied the child, "the Virgin Mary would have something else to do with her baby, and those children would be playing with it, trying to amuse it; and those people would lay aside their books and grave faces, if they were good for anything, as we may suppose they must be, to be there."

"Ah, my love," cried the father, placing his hand upon the lad's head, "*we* commit forgeries upon our understandings: *you* detect them." I went back directly to mother Doni; she seemed

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to know me. By my soul ! the man that painted her, could paint—and the old gentleman knows as much as the child, though he denied it. When I returned to that room again, the room of the Tuscan painters, I found the father and the boy looking attentively at another old woman and her daughter, to whom evidently something strange and miraculous had happened, but neither horrible nor distressing. What they thought about it, I cannot tell ; but I never knew an old man and a boy silent so long together. However, if the gentleman had been really a connoisseur I should have picked up from him a good pound's worth of outlandish words in half the time. I only heard from him these ; whether they related to either of the great pictures I cannot tell :—"Frate Bartolomeo far excels all painters in the union of truth and majesty. His pencil has the power of Raphael's, but I doubt whether he ever attained that idea of divinity in the human form, which dwelt within the breast of Raphael at his earlier years, and which dropt from it at Rome. His Madonna della Seggiola, and some others, the most admired, are works indeed of consummate art, but abandoned by inspiration. Among his frescoes we are in the presence of the Deity." He said this not to his boy, as before, but to an artist, who winked at me, lifted up his eyebrows, and walked away.

I am, &c.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MASTER will not return for some time, having taken it into his head that sea-bathing is good for him, and being quite sure that no gnat can bite him while he is under water. Here then I have plenty of time upon my hands. Before I left the gallery the other day, I wished to know a little more of pictures, and to fill the remainder of my quire of paper for master. I should not bore you with cross and contradictory opinions, if it were not that any friend might pause a little in making an offer to the Grand-Duke, in case he takes to his heels again.

Well, I followed the young man into the long passage, and went up to him, and gave him back his wink. Intimacy followed.

"Would you believe it," said he, "that old gentleman has lived in Italy near twenty years, and made several visits to the country before he came to fix his residence. He has passed several winters

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in Rome, and knows every picture there. But he never has conversed with us artists; and though he reads books upon art, either he disregards or he forgets them. He uses the most whimsical expressions when any of us goes up gravely to hear him talk, which it is not an easy thing to get him to do. The other day he said to Mr Greenholm,

“ ‘ Sir, Raphael, Frate Bartolomeo, and Mariotto Albertinelli, form the rectangular triangle by which I measure the merits of an artist. Others may throw brighter colours upon canvas, but none possess the same purity, the same truth, the same delicacy, the same grace, and the same power of accomplishing every thing they attempt.’ ”

“ And this, sir, he ventured to assert in the *Tribuna* itself, the room where we met, and where are three Correggios, a Michael-Angelo, and a Guido! We know that all the finest pictures in the gallery are assembled here, and placed around the Venus de’ Medici.”

* * * * *

It does not appear that Mr Stivers, although he often visited the gallery after this interview with the artist, ever noticed the pictures. For, the winter was approaching, company was increasing, and walking about was more congenial. Besides it was not the character of Mr Stivers to perplex his mind with doubts. No man, to do him justice, ever was further from scepticism. But certain kind offices being due from us, as men and Christians, to society, we have spared no pains to vindicate the character of the old gentleman, without at all wounding the feelings of the ingenious artist. We have examined every book upon the subject of the Florentine Gallery, and find them unanimous in favour of the opinions expressed by the latter. Nevertheless, as we have the honour of an acquaintance with one of the most intelligent picture-dealers in Europe, we entered upon the subject with him.

“ Sir,” said he, “ it is not our business to confine our admiration to one, two, or three—we admire as many as we can find admirers for. We would give a good round sum for the Holy Family by Michael-Angelo, because it *is* by Michael-Angelo, and almost the only picture we know of his in oils. As for its merit, we can buy better for five pounds. The Guido, too, is perhaps a Guido, but he must have painted it at night, and drunk. We would buy this

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too ; for we can find no such frames now. Who painted two of the Correggio's I cannot say, and I think the painter of one would be slow to come forward, were he living. The third is by Vanni of Sienna, an artist of high merit, although not in this his Correggio. I remember the Fornerina before she was deflowered : I hope they won't lay their hands on the St John. Sad work ! sad work ! to turn the Tribune into a wash-house ! to strip every soul of its *velatura*, and to leave them as pale and parched as if they had caught the Cholera ! ”

Florence is the Studio of Andrea del Sarto. The finest of his productions, in my opinion, is the Birth of St Anna, the last of the frescoes on the right hand as you enter the Court of the Annunciata. In general there is in Andrea a homeliness not unallied to vulgarity ; there is much of the Fleming in him, but there is truth and simplicity, and you fancy you can walk round his figures. But you would hardly wish to walk round the lovely ones in this fresco, which, like all the rest, is going into decay by the criminal negligence of those who are interested in its speedy disappearance. It would cost little to inclose the colonnade with glass casements, and thus preserve a treasure such as no city in the universe, excepting Rome, can boast. The other frescoes of this great master are nearly consumed by the damp ; I mean those at the end of Via Larga. Recently some little care has been bestowed on them ; but the outcry of civilization reached the ears of the conservators too late ; it came from all quarters of Europe.

THE REV. PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

To the Most Illustrious Signor,

The Signor Milord Raikes, Grand Esquire, &c.

To His Revered Hands.

IN reply to Her venerable rescript, most Illustrious and Magnificent Signor, permit me in all humility to remark, that statistics are forbidden in this our Tuscany. But, employing another hand, I will contrive to gratify the laudable ardour of Her literary desires. First, I tuck myself up to meet Her in the continuation of the war tax, after so many years of perfect tranquillity. Certainly, it was promised, in a manner, that the war-tax in our country should be

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taken off at the peace. The friends of Government, and happily there are few others, none openly and professedly, the friends of Government, I say then, aver that the expression was, *after* the peace. Now, according to the fairest and plainest interpretation this must mean *when war begins again*. And when war begins again, it is evident we can do no such thing in common prudence : and surely no prudent man would wish Government to be less prudent than himself. In fact, the promise was made to remove the war-tax in times of peace. Very well : all times that are not times of war are times of peace ; and *any* time is a part of all times. So that *any* time is the time for doing it ; and if it is done at *any* time, it is done in time enough for the promise. But, Excellency ! we live among captious men ! we live among sophists ; we live among men who would make right wrong, and wrong right ; we live among men who would carve for themselves, and not wait till the beans are brought round. Every man would have his own crewet. We must allow room for Ministers of state to turn themselves about in, and to be circumspect and to take precautions. Sixteen years are hardly yet over—merely the other day—but people will always be precipitate and exacting, and always ready to think that taxes can be removed as easily as raised. Now is this possible ? Is it in anything ? is dust ? is discontent ? or (to speak in my own profession) is the devil ?

Most Illustrious Lord, my most worshipful patron, I incline myself most humbly, and kiss &c. &c. &c.

From my house, this twenty-seventh of October,

THE PARROCO PIER-GATTOLINO SPINELLA.

[It appears quite certain, from several original letters, that this address is the customary one, excepting the *Milord* and *Grand Esquire*, which Mr Raikes repudiated. And the Italians (by a refinement of servility as some might call it, but we would use a gentler term) place the date between their own name and the persons they address, throwing their own quite to the bottom of the paper, in very small characters.]

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MR STIVERS TO THE PARROCO SPINELLA

IF I had known what I was carrying to Leghorn with me I would have turned back and taught you better. Ay, ay, Parson Spinella. Argue in this manner, and I will answer for your readiness to *kiss* &c. &c. as you say you do. Now plague upon you! there is so much craft in your parly that I cannot get the better of you, nor master neither—I mean at the head nor the middle—but just before you get to the dust and the devil, I am up to you.

You ask if *any thing* can be removed as easily as raised? Cannot money? I give up all the other things to you—the discontent, the dust and the devil—and wish you joy of them. One word more. You Tuscans who pride yourselves mightily on the elegance of your expressions, and perhaps have reason on your side in many, might afford a little improvement in one. You always say *Our Tuscany*, or *This our Tuscany*. Now what in God's name have you to do with it? You live in it merely by sufferance: you must not make an enquiry about it as about an absent friend: you must *stand* when you are ordered to *stand*, you must deliver up your money when you are ordered to deliver up your money: you are first blindfolded and then beaten. Parroco! Parroco! Tuscany is no more yours than my grandmother's.

MR RAIKES TO THE REV. SILVESTER DREW

MY DEAR MR DREW,—A residence of one year and ten months in Italy has enabled me to conquer in part the difficulties of the language: I find however a very considerable one in answering to my satisfaction your enquiries relative to the state of morals. The specimen I am about to give you has filled me with deep regret. Yesterday I rose early as usual, and walked into some park-like meadows called the *Cascine*, on the banks of the river Arno. A young man of a lively countenance, and apparently not belonging to the lower ranks of society, passed me with considerable rapidity, on his return to Florence. Hardly one minute afterwards I heard from among the low junipers on the path-side several piercing shrieks. You shudder, my dear Mr Drew: but what are your feelings when compared with mine upon the spot! It was a very young creature in the extreme of agony. I approached her, and

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asked her in the most delicate manner possible the cause of her violent affliction. She replied, "Oh, the traitor! the traitor! O, Jesu-Mary! to make a poor innocent girl commit a sin like this for half a *paolo*! . . . I thought it was a *lira* at least. The Canonico P** would have given me two paoli and absolution—and I would not hear of it. *O, lo scellerato porco!* His very name is hateful to me."

"My good young woman!" said I, tenderly, "who has done you this wrong?"

"I never heard the monster's name, and never will hear it; I never saw his face before, and never will see it," cried she, wiping her eyes, and tucking her hair under her bonnet; "but I have a friend over there at Pignoli, who will bring him to reason—a friend with a lining to his coat, and something in it. He won't see an honest girl treated in this fashion for half a *paolo*."

Here is something very mysterious, my dear Mr Drew, in this bringing to reason and this coat-lining: I do not half like it. I had a mind to tell the young woman as much; but I thought of the friend at Pignoli, and prayed God in His infinite mercy to do as He might see best.

I am, &c.

[In this letter is contained an irrefragable answer to those who, for certain ends of their own, would disparage the Society for the Suppression of Vice. Had such a society been established at Florence, the young girl would have been sent to Bridewell, the young man to Cold-bath-fields, the friend at Pignoli to Botany Bay, and much concern would have been spared both Mr Raikes and Mr Drew. Government would also take into serious consideration at the suggestion of so respectable and influential a society, whether in that fine climate coat-linings are absolutely necessary.]

PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS! MY MOST WORSHIPFUL PATRON,—Gladly would I transcribe, gladly would I buy up at any price, sacrificing my whole fortune (alas! a poor parroco's! what is it!) all the jokes in our language for Her service, if Her Excellency could not find them in a pleasant ride of twelve miles. The Signor Professor

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Giovanni Rosini of Pisa has published a book, the title of which may be easily learned in that city. I am informed that all the old jokes are *in*, and all the new ones are *upon* it. What can be more convenient?

I kiss, &c.

PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS! MY MOST WORSHIPFUL PATRON,—It has pleased the Divine Majesty to take unto Himself the Holiness of his Blessed son our Lord the High Pontiff, Leo XII., so that without hurting His paternal heart, since it never can come to His ears, I may relate to your erudite Signory the matter touching the execution. It was a *Prelato*, not a cardinal, nor a bishop, God be praised! who fell by the hand of the murderer. The servant who was examined and brought to justice was not the criminal. Ample compensation has been done to him and his family, for the mistake of putting him to death, by declaring his innocence to all who enquire about it, provided they are in that situation of life which authorises them to make *any* enquiries. To excite a false pity, it has been asserted that he was hanged. I have the pleasure to assure your Excellency that he was not hanged. His skull was just broken by a club from behind, and he was then beheaded. The fact leading to his execution is this. His master, the *Prelato*, had an engagement for the evening, as most *Prelati* have, and, looking at his watch, found that it had stopped. Upon which he told the servant to take it to the watchmaker's. Soon afterwards a priest, as he was called, but it has since been found that he was not one, came to visit Monsignore, and, rapping at the door, was desired to enter. Monsignore, in opening the table drawer to return him a paper relative to his affairs, displayed several crown pieces and some gold. The priest (we will call him so), an excellent man, but instigated at that moment by the devil, the enemy of all mankind, but mostly of the religious, the priest, I say, instigated, pricked and spurred by him, seized a pen-knife lying on a blue paper case, stabbed his benefactor to the heart, seized the money, and walked away.

As we never know in Italy the exact circumstances attendant upon any trials whatever, or indeed anything in which the police

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is concerned, everything relating to it being formed on the admirable plan of the Inquisition, there is some divergence in the remainder of the history. Certain it is however that the servant was apprehended ; certain it is that the watch of Monsignore was found in his possession. He declared that he received it from his master, with orders to take it to the watchmaker, and that he had not taken it so late in the evening, for fear of being robbed. The gentlemen of the police cried out all at once at the gross improbability of his story. Never was anything so lame, they said ; and then a robber afraid of being robbed ! Such impudence was intolerable : they ordered him forth immediately to execution. His guilt became, if possible, more certain by his exclamation—" Oh, could my death bring back my beloved master ! Kind man ! He never thought of this ! Were I worthy to meet him in Paradise, how little grief should I feel for anything but the tears of my family ! Yet, oh ! the death is cruel that blackens them through me. It severs *me* from the world : it severs the world from *them*. Pious, consolatory confessor ! I dare not at this hour speak falsely—I die innocent—let me—die in peace." The confessor said, that on hearing his protestation he did entertain his doubts of the man's guilt, but that it was not his duty to think differently from the judges, or to make any representation that might impede the course of justice. Before two years had elapsed the real murderer was on his death-bed, and declared he could not die comfortably, nor like a Christian, until he had revealed the truth. He did it, and died like any saint. However, so little decency is left in the world, that the crime and the avowal transpired, and even the criminal's name and profession. It is a great consolation to find that his orders were deficient in regularity, and such being the case, he might have married as well as murdered. Those who deny this, deny it at their peril, and some of them have already been visited by God's judgements, have been taken off by fevers, in prison or out, and not in the hot months.

I [have] occupied the precious time of your Excellency too long in this trivial matter of a servant, when the appalling death of God's vice-gerent, the Holiness of our Lord Leo XII., is before me for contemplation and contrition. His Beatitude died of sundry sores in divers parts of the body natural, wherewith it pleased Him whom he represented on earth to afflict it for many years. The visita-

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tion came first upon His Beatitude in Bavaria, where he represented at the Court of Munich our departed Lord, Pius VI. Theologians have discovered a striking similarity between the disease vouchsafed to him and that wherewith another great favourite of the Most High was smitten for his good. We Christians have a sacred book which we are commanded to venerate, but forbidden to read. entitled *Bibbia*. The French who resemble us in being Christians, although they have declined and departed from the beauty of our discipline, call it *La Sainte Bible*. In this book we find (we who are priests and are so disposed) mention made of a certain King Davidde, King of the city of Jerusalem and parts adjacent, long before the time of the Saracens and Crusades. The aforementioned King Davidde describes his own complaint just as the best surgeons describe the late Holiness of our Lord's, which was bestowed to him from God's exceeding love, to his (the same King Davidde's) great subsequent joy and present emolument. Of these ulcers His Beatitude died, and as some say, rather impatiently, for he had resolved on many great works, chiefly the destruction or demolition of those commenced by his predecessor, and of hunting in the Marenma; and he was sorry to leave so young a family of spaniels and setters not well broken-in, as they would have been the next September, under His Holiness's superintending and all-seeing eye. Furthermore, he had declared that when he had done all this, and some few other things he held *in petto*, with certain *motuproprios*, he would see what he could do for the father, the widow, and the children of the unlucky man who was knocked on the head by mistake, but according to sentence—that is, provided they were sage, and did not make bad worse.

I kiss, &c. &c.

No. III

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES *

PROBABLY your most illustrious Lordship may have heard, during residence in Tuscany, of our Dante Alighieri, author of sundry works both in poetry and prose, both in our Italian tongue and in

* To those familiar with the manners and customs of Italy we need not point out the force and finish of the picture given in the text. By such of our readers the style of Spinella's letters, the peculiarities of his historical knowledge, and his orthography, even, will be recognised as typical of a large class in

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the Latin ; but most notably and especially of a certain long and elaborate poem, entitled *La Divina Commedia* ; the scenes of which divine comedy are partly laid in Hell, partly in Purgatory, and partly in Paradise, and are enacted by devils, men, women, and angels, together with our Lady and Lord ; at one time in sulphurous pits and brimfull cesspools, at another on dry land, but among hydras and Furies, and lastly in air and heaven. And our ancient historians have related that the said Dante Alighieri was banished from the city of Florence, as many poets and other learned men have been, and are daily ; they having been found by experience to be very offensive to most of the governors, and to not a few of the governed. After several centuries, the nobility of our Florence resolved to wipe away the ignorance of their ancestors, and to erect a monument to the Church of Santa Croce in honour of the said Dante Alighieri, whose mortal spoils lie buried in the city of Ferrara on the river Po. The spirit of generosity and patriotism swelled at last to such a pitch in the bosoms of our illustrious patricians that, within a very few years, they raised among themselves a sum amounting to nearly half of what was requisite for the purchase of the marble. Finally the work is completed : the monument is erected in Santa Croce. I wish it were in my power, most erudite and illustrious Signor, to state precisely from my own observation, what occurred at the festival instituted to the honour of this our immortal poet namely Dante Alighieri. It was my intention to have been present in person at the celebration of so great a solemnity : but entering the church, and knowing that no member of the reigning family, no chamberlain, no bishop, no canonico, no person of rank either in the state or in literature was there, I thought it prudent and decorous to slink away, particularly as I feared to be compromised by the murmurs I heard from strangers, who ventured to remark that the patriots and poets of the present day did well in remaining at home. This remark would have been ambiguous, if their voices and countenances had not stamped a broad gloss against the text. However we had some very fine music, which I ventured to hear from the steps : and I that country where a curious and touching *childishness* has survived the hard lessons of political trouble. In Spinella it does not always take its most engaging form ; but it is of the same *genus* with the simplicity and good faith of Messer Ludovico, and honest Giovanni Boccaccio, in whom it is as naked and charming as in one of Correggio's unsophisticated *Bambini*.—[Ed. M. R.]

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could discover in the nave a catafalco, the loan of which must have cost the *comunità* at least three crowns ; and best part of another to light it. The indignant spirit of our Alighieri seemed to have taken possession of the strangers universally, which indicates pretty plainly that they are sworn Ghibellines ; but I am happy to inform your Excellency that it did not burst forth against our august Imperial rulers, who had nothing to do with the business from beginning to end. Those however fare less handsomely who assume the name of patriot and pretend to some regard for letters.

I kiss, &c. &c.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

My master has come back again, and has got into a scrape with the police for being robbed. Instead of looking after the robber, an old friend of theirs, they looked after *him*, and put him upon his trial (I mean of patience) for three whole days. He grew pacified and satisfied when at last he heard of an arrangement. He supposed the meaning of the word to imply his acceptance of one part on his acquiescence in losing the other. No such thing. After a threat that if he dared in future to make a complaint which he could not substantiate he should be sent out of Tuscany, he was informed that he might come to a compromise. The proposal was to sign a written agreement to say nothing more about the matter : on which signature, the robber will be persuaded by the magistrate to act with reciprocal forbearance and good-faith. My master told the attorney that he thought the laws of Tuscany did not sufficiently protect the honest man. He replied, “Caro Signor mio ! what would you have ? The wise system of Tuscany is to conciliate those who are able and likely to do us harm. We all know that your Excellency would not slip into the vineyard and cut down the vines of a judge : can we say that poor and idle men, pinched or irritated, would not do it ? In fine, Signore, it is a Christian’s duty to love and protect his *simile*.”

“What !” cried I, “Signor Avvocato ! do you make it out that a rogue is the *simile* of a judge ?”

“It remains for you to make that out,” said he with a laugh, “my case is harder and more intricate.

“I can plead for you, Eccellenza ! and will plead for you : I can bring reasons, I can bring laws ; but, if ‘getting back your

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property is the question, I can bring no precedent. Since the French left the country, no foreigner ever gained a cause in Tuscany. But, Excellency! you must really make allowances for the poor judges. *Cospetto!* we have come not only to vine-yards and bean-fields, but even to bastinadoes; and who knows where they may fall? There is no reverence nor respect in our days: there is no difference between persons and personages; but there are fierce fellows and stout bludgeons, *cospetto!* and what can laws do against them, or the judges, or His Excellency the President of the Buon-Governo? They carry no such things: they are considerate and conciliatory, if you do not hurry and urge them, and know that in pulling out a tare they may light upon a thorn.

[Was Mr Stivers quite correct in quoting the *Avvocato*? The result of our enquiries is different. He reports that no foreigner *ever* since the French, &c. This observation held good for only sixteen years. There has since been one exception; in Mr Leckie; but he knew the Ministers, and he pleaded for himself.]

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

A PASSABLE girl here who has taken a whimsical sort of fancy for me, told me she knew I could do what I liked with my master. On my only nodding, which implied no such thing, but rather the contrary, she said she should be glad if I would lend her our carriage and horses for a day or two in the carnival. I did not like to disoblige her, though there was no reason on earth why I should oblige her, and I asked Mr Talboys what was to be done. Have I mentioned this gentleman to you? I think I have not: well then I will. My master, the great encourager, is the devil himself for picking up: he picked up a poet. I thought it hard, and more than flesh and blood could bear, that he should set down a poet at his own table, when I had lived with him two years, and stood behind it. True it is, master said, "Stivers! a gentleman is coming to reside in the house; there may be a little more trouble, but I shall remember it at the end of the year." I hope he will; he is much to be pitied, and half excused. He took to this poet, as people take sometimes to a dog, to keep others off. For here in Italy the poets are as troublesome as the flies, and pretty nearly as plentiful. At every inn as you alight, they bring you a *copy* of

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verses, as we Englishmen call it ; but they Italians, who ought to call it so (for the same does for five hundred) call it by another name, *Epitalamio* or *Lode*, in which every prince is Tito, every green-grocer *Mecenate*. The light of these fire-flies darts high and low, over wet and dry, and, coming out of one insect, falls upon another. A certain Fantoni, who called himself Labindo, was father abbot to this order of Famelicans. He praised even Lord Cowper ! What an appetite the poet must have had for dinner. and what a digestion must the peer have had for adulation ! Well. Mr. Talboys is not so much amiss. Although he is not very sociable with us he is not greatly more with master, but has good humour and a good word for all. This coin is very light, yet those who play with it always win more than those who stake down heavier. So that, although we ought to be displeased at his coming into the family without our being consulted, we are not upon bad terms with him. His qualifications as a poet are very questionable, for, when master, at first meeting, invited him to dinner, he declined it. This is not vastly in the spirit of poetry. I am, however, about to give you a specimen of what he can do in translation. He laughed at my consulting him, and replied that the Signora Aurora Spinella was something like a girl he remembered to have read of in an ancient, and said he should be contented if he could resemble him as much in poetry as I resembled him in manners. I told him I would give I did not know what to get a touch of him. In the evening, by way of quizzing me, he threw me the lines I am going to write out. Here he has missed his cue : he shall never humble me : he shall never make me say that our landau and horses are master's and not mine. That was his drift. He is but shallowish, like the rest of his tribe. I do believe he meant no harm ; but, in points of honour, I am tender as a gnat or a caterpillar.

Imitated from Catullus

Varrus would take me t'other day
To see a little girl he knew,
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

Here, my lady, I must stop awhile. There is no resemblance. Aurora has just impudence enough for one, and I would fain keep it all to myself : I know what to do with it.

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To proceed.

Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters,
As city nymphs are wont to do,
About all countries, men, and matters . . .
“ And, pray, what has been done *for you* ? ”

“ Bithynia, lady ! ” I replied,
“ Is a good province for a pretor,
For none (I promise you) beside,
And least of all am I her debtor.”

“ Sorry for that ! ” said she—“ however
You have brought with you, I dare say,
Some litter-bearers ; none so clever
In any other part as they.”

If I had told the truth I ’d told her
That I had no one, here or there,
Who could have mounted on his shoulder
The leg of an old broken chair.

“ Why, badly as my lot may fall,”
Said I, ambitious to be grand,
“ Eight or nine fellows, straight and tall,
Are constantly at my command.”

“ My dear Catullus ! what good hap is
Our meeting ! lend me only eight—
I would be carried to Serapis
To-morrow.”
“ Wait, fair lady ! wait.”

I knew the number pretty well,
There may be eight, I said, or nine.
I merely had forgot to tell
That they are Anna’s, and not mine.

It shows a mean spirit to take a hint : for my part I will not
Aurora shall have her horses.

I am, &c. &c. &c.

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MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—I was wrong in my opinion of Mr. Talboys—not opinion, for that I am seldom or never wrong in, but what you call first impression. He may not have much invention, but he turns into verse everything that comes in his way.

We have here some good company in the evening ; just enough to make up a rubber at whist. The ladies are not ladies of rank, but are as good as those that are, for there's not one of them that has not her diamonds and rings upon every finger. Beside, though there are some that may forget the *lead*, there are none that forget the candlestick, as many great folks do. You must have heard of Mr and Mrs Clutterbuck, and the widow Shuffleton, for they say that they have heard of you in London. It was the first thing I asked them ; and they all said, " Oh Lord ! to be sure ! "

Mr Talboys turned into metre what he must have heard at the card table ; it being impossible that Mrs Shuffleton and Mrs Clutterbuck should have spoken in rhyme off-hand. I doubt there is something of his own : a cleverish and smartish cross-buttock at Madam Clutterbuck. Let her look to that : the lines are these.

MRS SHUFFLETON

Dear me ! Mrs Clutterbuck !
You have had such charming luck
In your sweet good man,
That you should not think it hard
That you never got a card
Worth a scurf of bran.

MRS CLUTTERBUCK

To be sure, one feels at ease
With a man so made to please
All that are genteel.

MRS SHUFFLETON

When he walks into a room,
What address !

MRS CLUTTERBUCK

And what perfume !

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MRS SHUFFLETON

Grace from head to heel !

MRS CLUTTERBUCK

One looks how he holds his hat.

MRS SHUFFLETON

One would copy his cravat.

MRS CLUTTERBUCK

One comes up to me,
Saying, *Do excuse me, ma'am !*
Sure as of my life I am
Your's that lord must be.
Lack ! says I, how *should* you know ?
Very true ! some time ago
Clutterbuck and I
Joined for better and for worse,
Our young hearts and little purse
Bundling—weal or woe.

MRS CLUTTERBUCK TO HER PARTNER

Did you let them win the knave ?

PARTNER

Ma'am ! that lady . . .

MRS CLUTTERBUCK TO THE SAME

Well now, save
(If you can) the deal.
Pray now, Mrs Shuffleton,
For the love of Christ ha' done !

MRS SHUFFLETON

I did wrong, I feel.
Yet upon a theme like this
You can hardly do amiss—

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MRS CLUTTERBUCK

O my want o' wit !
Harping on that nasty lubber,
She has really won the rubber !
Bit, sir ! Downright bit !

MRS SHUFFLETON

Bit ? ma'am ! what a word to use !
I, who am not quite a goose,
Saw it in the wick.

MRS CLUTTERBUCK

Well, I 'll never think about
Him, or any such a lout,
When I want the trick.

MRS SHUFFLETON

And or e'er I 'd have my pride
In this manner mortified,
Ma'am ! upon my life !
When I praise a man, I swear
I will praise him anywhere
But before his wife.

Master said on reading these attentively, that there was a good deal of reason on both sides, but that, if he had been at the same table, the unpleasant circumstance should never have occurred.

I am, &c.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

It is difficult, not to say impossible, for mortal man, who is neither a sovereign prince nor grand esquire of Cranbourn alley, to possess the physical, moral, and pecuniary powers requisite for collecting all the important historical monuments of every distant country. Alexander the Great, son of Philip, King of Macedon, did it in part only, and at the cost of many thousand lives, and finally of his own. Herodotus of Halicarnassus, imperial city, and

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Messer Aristotle, who taught in our school at Pisa, and elsewhere, did it too in part. For which undertaking they had mules and oxen, and ships of war, and munition of offence and mouth. I have long been girded ; and have stood so day and night for my literary expedition, under the command of your Excellency, toward the state of Bologna. But can the keenest investigator of truth ever hope to arrive at it before it has greatly decayed in such remote regions ? How many mouths must it have passed through before it reaches him who hungers for it ! It loses its force and its form, like vaccination, by such frequent and reiterated transmission, and leaves only pruriency and scar behind it.

The beasts indeed, and the men also are ready to second us ; Mocale's for example, a gallant man, whose horses are like the horse described by Job, and whose mules are like lions ; they pull and bray so. These, guided by his brave *vetturini*, have often passed through those celebrated mountains which Hannibal overcame with such extreme difficulty, and which Catharine had much ado to climb over, pursued and worried by the valiant orator, Marco Tullio, clapping his hands, and setting on the renowned Captain-major Ser Marco Antonio, who afterwards lost his substance and his wits with a loose fortune-teller in foreign parts. Your Excellency, who has gone over the same ground, with greater glory, and less incommodity, knows the charges, the *gran denaro*, the deadly fatigue, the sweat, thereon attendant : then postillions, and *doganieri*, and *Locandieri*, and *Caffetieri*, and *camerieri*, make one's heart weary, and leave nothing but the skeleton at the gate of the city : which skeleton must go to the Excellency of the Governor and the Eminence of the Legate, and the Illustrissimi the Officers of Police, and be kept standing at every door, till a leg is ready to drop here, an arm there, and be questioned and be registered and be told to come again on the morrow. Before nightfall the lodgings are to be looked for ; and, while there is any light left in the last corner of the heavens, one must catch it, in order to buy spectacles. In vain we carry our own along with us : we require those of greater power, lens upon lens, microscope upon microscope, to examine and descry that the sheets have been slept upon by as few families as possible, and smooth-skinned ones. For the itch is among the most ancient names here ; it being, with the bugs and fleas, left behind by Catharine's men, the refuse of Rome, as the

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great orator called them to their teeth. After these mischiefs comes the language itself, that scorticates the auricles; and lastly (O crown of calamity!) come the high nobility to honour a poor Parroco at *tocco*,* and to request he will treat them as strangers.

I kiss, &c. &c.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR STIVERS

To the most Prized Signor, The Signor Jack Stivers, Chamberlain to H. Ex. Milord James Pidcock Raikes, Gr. Esq. At Bologna.

MOST ESTEEMED SIR, MY MOST WORSHIPFUL PATRON, SIGNOR JACK!—Seeing that your Signory was desirous of exhibiting to future ages the state of our Italy in these dominions; and in remembrance of my promise to obtain for you, and likewise for H. Ex. the Gr. Esq. of Cranbourn alley, in the renowned city of London, metropolis of England, our illustrious master, all such information as should appear to me the most important, I gird myself at this juncture for such undertaking. But before I commence the operation, I supplicate you, most prized and ornate sir, to humiliate to His Excellency the Signor Grand Esquire, my most obsequious thanks for his regale of the magnificent and sublime tragi-comic poem of our celebrated author the Signor Ludovico, late of Ferrara, *possidente*. I have recently heard that there is an edition (the same type and size) of the Illustrious Signor Torquato, noble of Bergamo, imperial city in Lombardy. As His Lordship the Grand Esquire will pass near the aforesaid city on his way into Switzerland, where the heats of summer are mitigated by the snows of the mountain, if you should happen by not going many posts out of your road, to meet with such publication, one whisper would inflame the generosity of the Grand Esquire. . . . I am far from desiring or expecting it: my delicacy forbids me to hint it, O my bosom-friend! even to you. Besides, I know that His Excellency, well aware of my poverty, would send it through the hands of his banker. Should some good angel inspire the thought, or employ human means in your ingenuous person, I shall pant to treasure it in the interior of my heart. I and my niece Aurora Madelena Augusta (I speak in secrecy) are preparing two little presents against the

* One o'clock : the usual dinner hour.

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much-sighed-for return of two dearest friends and patrons, when, God willing, I am anxious to exhale my last breath in the embraces of His Excellency the Grand Esquire and of his most worthy Chamberlain, whose most devoted, humble, and obsequious servant I have the honour to declare myself.

From my house,

THE PRIEST PIERO-GATTOLINO SPINELLA.

J. J. STIVERS TO THE REV. P.-G. SPINELLA

PARSON SPINELLA ! Parson Spinella ! The devil gird you ! My master threw his book at my head and gave me a black eye with it, because you, like a fool, had forgotten to write us any news, after promising God knows what. And this is not the worst of it : at least he thinks so : For, as we both supposed that there was something in the wind, from your sending us nothing, we went about the town of Bologna, they call it, asking whether anything was stirring, and rubbing our hands in readiness for an answer, when, lo ! and behold ! three fellows came in the evening and invited my master to visit the Commissary. My master put on his black silk stockings, and went. After an hour or thereabout a well-dressed gentleman came back with my master. They alighted from our carriage, and my master gave orders to pack up again, and be off. Tired as we were, we were not allowed to sleep in the town, because we asked *what news*. My master tells me that he was admonished by the *authorities* as they style themselves, to ask no questions in any part of Italy, or we should fare worse. I asked him how the devil a man can fare worse than have no fare at all. He gave me a hint that some prisons are damp, some waters unwholesome, and some dishes more inviting than friendly to the stomach. He added, you must not talk of the dead, because they are dead ; nor of the living, because they are living : you must not talk of individuals, because they are individuals ; nor of governors, because they are governors. If you do not like the country, you may leave it. This is generous : but they do not exercise so much generosity in regard to the laws ; for, although they make you leave the country either before you have opened your eyes in it or for having opened them, you must take a slice of their laws,

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whether you will or not, and, what is worse, must swallow it fasting.

Yrs. J. J. STIVERS.

P.S.—I forgot to mention a frolic of two odd devils. As we were getting into the carriage, two ragged and sturdy fellows asked alms from my master, for the love of God and the Virgin, putting their heads and shoulders in. He did not like the look of the shoulders, and still less of the heads, which you parsons might call *Legion*, out of Holy Writ; so he threw them a giulio. They quarrelled about it, and stabbed each other. The police-officers who helped us into the carriage, and expected a crown each for the trouble of turning us out of the city, ordered them to separate instantly; which they did, both the dead man and the other. The dead man was turned out just as we were: the murderer finds protectors. He asked no questions.

FROM THE REV. PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR STIVERS

MOST ESTEEMED SIR, MY MOST WORSHIPFUL PATRON,—It is with tears in my eyes that I take up my pen; tears from two sources; which of them shall I attempt to trace first, alas! I know not! To have forgotten (not indeed that I did forget) but to have postponed the intelligence I possess and ought to have imparted to my most illustrious and munificent patron, ah me! a heart weighed down with benefits is sensible of them only, and the business of this world little affects it. Ah those two rash men! So then! one really died without confession. He must have had some sins; and who can tell what they were? and, without knowing what they were, who can pray for his pardon? I would say a mass gratis for the repose of his soul, if I could venture to recommend the matter, in my utter ignorance of the circumstances. And perhaps he has friends who would take it ill to have a mass said gratis for him, like a beggar, though it appears he was one. For few people like to have it known that their relatives were beggars. Aurora would rather read the great nobleman of Bergamo than Messer Ludovico. He, I find, is slippery in some places, and much fitter for married women than for girls. That must be settled. His Excellency may light upon it northward; he must be best known

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nearest his birth-place. Had I been at Bologna the fatal event would not have happened ; at least the worst of it. The poor creature might have had his stabs, but had he writhed, like a snake upon a dung-fork under them, I would have plucked his confession from him, and have given him absolution and unction. He should not have gone before his Maker with as dry a skin as a polecat left a month in a trap ! Augusta has finished the garters, and—guess what ! My paper is wet with the overflowing of my heart. I enjoy the ineffable welfare and supreme good of declaring myself, &c.

MR STIVERS TO THE PARROCO SPINELLA

PARSON, my master is in a thunderstorm at the overflowings of your heart. Must I let it out ? he wants to write a book. A man to leave Italy and not to write a book about it ! Was ever such a thing heard of ? He will never show his face again in Cheapside, and must keep to the Haymarket, unless you collect for him all the little pieces of history that are flying about the country. Ghosts are going out of fashion : murderers keep up their heads : poisons are rather stale : monks and priests with daggers lie in the ale-house fireside corners : girls that are run away with have many admirers : houses burnt we have enough at home. Beat about, beat about, and try to find what will take. Now for your comfort, or what he calls encouragement, let me tell you, that he has desired his banker in Florence to find out that Bergamo nobleman, and buy him, cost what he may. And he will send you the English books for you to learn and teach with. But nothing of these or others, excepting the Bergamo chap, until you forward four ounces at least of closely written materials. In that case you will also have twenty Franciscani, and a barrel of right good London porter from his correspondent at Leghorn, such as would blow up its fortifications with a single bottle of it, and spit in the face of Vesuvius out of sheer contempt.

And now, my friend, pray let us hear how you would have prevented the fatal event, as you call it, mentioned in my last. As to the murderer, you gravely tell us he must have had some sins. Why the devil's in him if he had not, when he drew a knife as long as my arm and stabbed a fellow-beggar to the heart. The other

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rogue had no time to defend himself, or perhaps was a little loth to shew his weapon. He drew enough of it, however, to let us see that seven or eight inches were rough with something darker and thicker than common rust—a commodity which such worthies seldom keep long together in such warehouses.

J. J. STIVERS.

P.S.—Mind your cue, and don't hang fire this time.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR STIVERS

MOST PRIZED SIR, MY MOST WORSHIPFUL PATRON,—The commands of His Excellency the Grand Esquire shall be carried into immediate execution by the most humble and grateful of his servants. Shocked as I was at the irreverence shewn towards his illustrious person, which perhaps his indignation did not allow him time and calmness to display in its true colours and real grandeur, I called and still call it a fatal event. Certainly I could think of no other such, in such a moment. Far be it from me to boast of the slender services I can render any one, but I could have thrown my whole self into the conflagration that consumed my heart on hearing of His Excellency's banishment. Cicero and Aristides were banished from their own country where they were well known : His Excellency was banished from one in which he never had resided, and where he could be known only by the annunciation of the Gazettes, and the eulogies of the learned. Let suspicion rest : but perhaps his meditated work aroused the snakes of envy in breasts which the muses alone should occupy. I speak poetically, and must not be understood to signify anything by the word *Muses* in contradiction to the Catholic faith. Again I repeat it, I might have done something. I would have spoken with Gregorina del Ponte my old maid's husband's cousin, living in the Legations, whose daughter pleats for one of the Chaplains of His Eminence the Legate ; and thus the affair would have been in train. You appear, my illustrious friend, almost to regret that the murderer goes unpunished. Surely it is very imprudent to irritate such ferocious men. They often resist ; and then what happens ? Wounds, wounds, at the least. Hospitals are very expensive : one would not run the risque of putting a man in, who could be kept out.

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Beside, the judges do not like to have anything to do with such bad people ; for, if they inflict punishment, some relative or other of the sufferer cuts the root of a vine for him, and it costs as much wine as a whole crown would purchase to make them reconciled to the sentence. The judges are not afraid of illtreating a worthy man, because a worthy man is never vindictive ; and the harm on the whole is not very great, because it enables him to exercise the virtue of forgiveness. But indeed, my dear friend, we think in Tuscany that it is better to leave the rogues alone, for they have no respect even for the magistrates when their blood is heated. I believe we have a peculiar breed of them ; I never heard of the like elsewhere. In the present instance, as the murdered man is with God, and the murderer has made (let us hope) his peace with the church, both charity and prudence would draw a veil over so untoward an event. Should it appear to the wisdom of His Eminence the Legate that an example is necessary, in order to frighten the smugglers of snuff and segars he perhaps will make one, the motive being urgent : but let us hope if this unfortunate man is penitent, His Eminence will wait for one who is not, and exercise his discretion upon him who habitually has disregarded the edicts, and defrauded the fisc of the Sovereign, rather than upon him whose offence arose from sudden irritation, and whose words immediately preceding it appealed to the love of God and holy Mary.

Our mild and most provident Government acts admirably upon such occasions. When the most illustrious Signor, the Signor Pitti Tovaglia, the other day, had the misfortune to steal by midnight out of his bed, and to murder the unfortunate Signora the Padrona, in whose hospitable house he was gratuitously lodged at Pisa, where he was receiving his education, he was not condemned to death, or other corporal and infamous punishment, being born noble, but has been permitted to lead an easy life in the isle of Elba, where he may live a great number of years for edification and example, if they continue to take proper care in feeding him handsomely, and admit his companions to come about him. However your story is really a shocking one, and I was terrified and grieved to death at it, as well as I can remember. A knife of seven or eight inches in blade ! *Per Bacco ! mi canzona !* It makes me shudder to the marrow. I would not see it for a good quattrinello, unless I had the arm of such a gallant man as your distinguished

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person. I want but the arm ; I want but the physical strength ; I have the heart of a lion, though I am a dove in affection and fondness.

The business is begun and proceeding. My apothecary, the most courteous and garbed Signor Angelo-Gabriele Giuntini, near the Dome, was weighing some sulphur for three most illustrious Bolognese noblemen, incommoded by those cutaneous eruptions under which their very learned pontifical city has laboured from time immemorial, so that he could not conveniently, with all his zeal for letters and friendship for me his particular friend, accommodate me with his four-ounce weight and English-built balance. But in order to show my obsequiousness and panting in the services of our common patron, I enclose herewith many authentic and most important documents, furnished with which His Excellency the Grand Esquire may venture forth among the foremost in the literary world. My own scales may not be exact, but according to them, the weight, reckoning the sealing-wax in the old letters and the wafer in my enclosure, amounts to three ounces and a drachm.

Aurora is afraid, and indeed I myself begin to participate in her fears, that the battles, recounted and detailed in the famous epic of the renowned Torquato, may raise suspicions in these unquiet times. The book is not yet prohibited, like old Signor Dante Alighieri's, but as it may incite to a martial spirit, the Government (to which such a report has been made) looks on it with an evil eye : wherefore, if Aurora should lend it to her lover, they might send her to the *Stinca*, as lending a hand to incendiaries, and him to Volterra, as suspected of Carbonarism. The Abbate Metastasio, poet to the Cesarean Majesty, has but little flame and fire in him, and (a countryman of yours declared it) has buckets and rain-water enough to extinguish ten times the quantity. Could not you, my too generous friend, ever active in kind attentions—one word from your lips—but I dare not ask or hint—a certain innate modesty, the habits of my life, the duties of my profession—I would not quote the best book unseasonably—"Ask and it shall be given"—I have ever found it so—. But words are wanting, as they likewise are to express the unextinguishable love and unalterable devotion with which I kiss your honoured hands and those of our exalted patron.

Deign, &c.

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MR STIVERS TO THE PARROCO SPINELLA

PARSON !—Who invited you, in God's name ? Master said to me, " Did you venture to hint to the Rev. Signor Spinella that I was desirous he should encounter the dangers of a journey to Bologna ? "

Pray did I ? They would have thrown you, had you gone after us, into that ugly tower of theirs,* which, like their politics and religion, is ready to crush those who should attempt to put it upright.

You now must have seen, by my last letter, that they made Bologna too hot for us. We did not go to Bergamo nor to Ferrara, but straight on for Como. What matters that ? We sent your two books from Parma, the Messer Ludovico and the Messer Torquato. Write away, write away ; or we must hear you talk on our return.

REV. PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS !—Nothing is so delightful to a generous heart and elevated mind, as to commemorate those actions of our countrymen which throw a lustre on all the country, and reconduct her noble sons amongst the most glorious of her ancestors. And nothing, it appears to me, can do this so effectually and so signally as displaying that self-devotion, that forgetfulness of personality and family, of which we are delighted to read so frequently among the ancient Romans. I find an example no less memorable in the more recent pages of our Tuscan annals.

Prince Borghese had received from the Emperor Napoleon the vice-royalty of Piedmont, and acquired under the auspices of that Emperor, in estates and money, about two million crowns. Yet such was his regard for his country, such his reluctance to displease its rulers, that he forbore to put on even the habiliments of mourning at the decease of his brother and benefactor. Such magnanimity, united with such delicacy, was greatly applauded in our Tuscany. Our beloved country, we trust, can still furnish many similar examples, and there is no despair or doubt of their deficiency in future.

I kiss, &c.

* The Garisenda.

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No. IV

REV. PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS !—A small tub, smelling very strong, was sent to me by the noble proprietor of your Lordship's late residence in this city, who favoured me also with a billet written by his own hand, informing me that, according to the directions left by your Excellency, if anything eatable came into the house in your absence, it should be forwarded to me, for my use.

I found written upon said tub the English words, *Pickled Sturgeon* ; in Italian, *Pesce-Cane-Salato*.

Permit me, Illustrissimus, to return my very humble thanks for this present, supposing it a present from your Lordship. But if your very adorned and valiant secretary, Mr Secretary Stivers, sent it, I am his devoted and grateful servant. My niece Aurora interrupts me laughing in her innocent little way. I will not transcribe her childish idea. She fancies it was a joke of the most ornate the secretary. But indeed I have often seen the *Pesce-Cane* at our very best tables—not perhaps salted, for we have ling, but somewhat fresh. Nevertheless my lord, my teeth, good as they are, are not equal to a *Pesce-Cane's*, and he would have less difficulty to make them enter into my flesh than I had to make mine enter into his. This reminds me of our mortal state, and of the decay to which the highest as well as the lowest are liable. My teeth, God be thanked, are laudable enough at present. But who can foresee the future ! Our Tuscany has no artist in dentification, as the happy clime of England has. I would prepare against the evil day which cometh like the thief in the night ; I would not be found unprepared. If your Lordship could procure me a regular set from some ingenious fabricator, I would amply repay him for the same. In my parish teeth are seeds that sow the ground pretty thick. I would repay him five for one, and take especial care to extract them with my own hand from subjects the most unexceptionable ; that is, from persons under the age of puberty. In others few are quite sound, and hardly any have the set complete.

I kiss, &c.

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MR STIVERS TO SIGNORA AURORA MADELENA
AUGUSTA SPINELLA

AND so, Signora Aurora, you have a lover, have you ? Did not you promise me that you never would have one, or think of one, or dream of one ? And did not you kiss the crucifix from top to toe ? And did not I introduce Onofrio as your sposo in order to keep you tight and right ? And did not my master get him the lottery office, by giving the gold necklace he bought at Venice to the right lady ? And did he not pay the abbate, who goes about for a saint and a conjurer, five zecchins to cry up his numbers to all who are his penitents, to make them sure of winning ; that is *if it was not their fault* ? If you do not remember this, do you remember anything ?

Ah my dearest and sweetest Aurora ! Much as I always loved you, I never thought I loved you as I do. I would scratch out all I have written, if a gentleman could send a letter to a lady with scratches on it. There is no time to get another sheet before the post goes out : and the ink won't hold, I doubt. It is as thick as Durham mustard : and that fool has mislaid both vinegar and blacking. Curse his stupidity ! He thinks of nothing but wenching. Ah, this hot weather ! I hope it will not throw me into a fever. It is just such weather as used to make us both so sleepy, after a while, when your uncle went to the coffee-house, to collect materials for the immortal work. Now, by my soul, Aurora ! if you do take him, I'll floor him : I mean if you take him for anything more serious than a husband. We shall certainly return into Tuscany when my master's work comes out, and perhaps before ; that is, when he has made his bargain for recommendations and advertisements.

But may be your uncle when he said *lover* meant no harm : for parsons and other learned people don't much mind how they talk ; and one can hardly understand half they say upon some subjects. I have no objection to your having him at a proper time. * * * * But think of me just as soberly and seriously as I am now thinking of you : not one hair's breadth more or less. Think how kind and affectionate I have always been, and that you will soon see me again, and you need not be ashamed of seeing me

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unless you run out of all bounds and stark-mad ; I am not bloody-minded ; but I can break a man's bones, if need be, and can write as deep a tragedy on an enemy's sconce as the best man living.

I remain, my dear, dear Aurora, your loving and true

JACK JEREMY STIVERS.

P.S.—Excuse mistakes, and oh my sweet girl, don't make any.

P.S.—Can't you read that little line between the two others ? When I wrote, *I hope it will not throw me into a fever*, I forgot to write, *nor you neither*. So that is the line in the middle [*sic*].

S^{RA} A. M. A. SPINELLA TO MR STIVERS

Sior * JACK, my dearest, do not be so very rash and headstrong, your Honour ! What lover can you mean ? I have been trying to think, all the morning, who it may be. Eternally bound in duty and love, am I to you (crucifix or no crucifix) for my excellent friend Onofrio. The choice was the very best you could have made for me on this side of Paradise : and if you had travelled all the world over, as you have the greater part of it, it would be difficult to have found another so adapted to his place. He lets me do what I like : and I never see his broad grin and short nose, unless when he brings me a polite note. And you may rest assured, my dear, dear, dear Sior Jack—oh, how I could kiss you if I had you here !—that I never receive any unless from one or other of the Signors, all Reverendissimi, about the Pope's Nuncio, who are full of *garb*, and all have their ladies, who are full of *garb* also ; so that they do not think of me for any harm. If they did, the ladies would complain to the Nuncio ; and he would take the thing up with a high hand, and would not drop it quietly, but would make them all stand to their duty. Indeed, I would tell him myself, for he knows my uncle—that is by name. But who could have told you such a very silly story ? Malicious and envious people. I know which of them it was ; I know, and he shall hear of it again ; though I bear him no malice, neither him nor anybody—God be praised ! If the Nuncio knew, woe betide him ! He has a peculiar esteem for our house.

* An abbreviation of the Florentines ; who sometimes also say *Gnor* for *Signor*.

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I shall not be married until after the Carnival. When I am married, you must not let Onofrio take liberties. What little I allow of the kind is only for the sake of propriety and decorum ; and to keep him quiet and docile : so do not be alarmed. My face and shape are just what they were in the beginning of our acquaintance, and I shall see that they do not suffer. You really make me laugh when you talk about writing deep tragedies. Indeed, now I think of it, I never saw people weep at a tragedy without a hearty laugh at them, or without a wink at the actors and actresses, to shew them that I knew better. Foreigners, who come and see such things, are often affected by them, at least the girls. The Florentines weep when the *minestra* is smoked, or when their names are omitted in a will, after a woodcock is sent to secure a place in it. This, as my cousin said, is enough to make a Christian weep blood, and sigh lava. My kind uncle has just bought for me a fine high comb as good as tortoise shell, and a bracelet that any one would take for gold. They must have cost a great deal, merely in the carriage, for when I asked him where they came from, he said this from Ferrara, and that from Bergamo. I do not want anything now ; only they say that there is sea about all England—how can that be ? how can it get over the mountains ? And that pearls are found in oysters. Is it true ?

Your faithfullest, devotedest

AURORA.

P.S.—I am curious to see whether those are real pearls that are found in oysters.

HISTORICAL DOCUMENTS

Collected by the Parroco Spinella

HIS Highness the Prince Corsini, was this day thrown from his horse on Lung' Arno. Many persons were passing : none assisted : one looked down and said to his companion, "*Let him lie ; don't pick up such dirty pasta.*" How unlike the good Samaritan ! The Parroco Spinella did everything in his power to alleviate the illustrious sufferer ; but fearing to be pelted by the populace for so pious a work, and seeing none to help in it, and moreover, having his newest coat on, and all the Prince's clothes being soiled (which

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added greatly to the sufferings of His Highness,) the Parroco Spinella, in a courteous and Christian-like manner, expressed a hope to His Highness (who groaned bitterly) that he was not hurt, and, after a second obeisance, went onward and did his duty in his church, it being the Vigil of St Cleophas.

Yesterday the Prince Borghese was reunited to the wife of his bosom, and offered to the consumption of his select friends a splendid and most magnificent dinner, in which was a goose's liver weighing four pounds four ounces. The Parroco Spinella made his inquiries this morning after the health of the illustrious personages, and was informed that His Highness the Prince had suffered from his usual complaints, asthma and indigestion, but that Her Highness the Princess had passed the best night possible, having slept uninterruptedly. If things go on thus placidly, there is no danger whatever of a fresh separation.

This evening the Grand-Duke Ferdinand, of glorious memory, was conveyed to the church of St Lorenzo for interment. Many were apparently very grieved: the Parroco Spinella would willingly have been as much grieved as any, but was afraid that grief on such an occasion might have been misconstrued, and that if the reigning Grand-Duke Prince Leopold should hear of it, he might take it as an ill compliment to himself, and as a want of satisfaction and delight at his accession, which nobody can experience in a greater degree than the Parroco Spinella.

FROM MR STIVERS TO THE PARROCO SPINELLA

PARSON,—All your documents, as you call them, are without dates, which makes me suspicious that you wrote the facts from torn newspapers, only putting your own head through the hole. My master begs that you will write directly to him, and tell him truly whether it is a new affair or an old one which you related of the Prince Corsini. Is he dead, or is he not? If dead, the oil will ooze out from his cellars and the price will fall. He and the maestro di

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casa, Mezieres, in the time of the French, made a good thing of it, to the tune of eighty thousand dollars in one year. I offered to become His Highness's partner, but he was not contented with my capital : and yet mine is about as much as his was at his father's death ; before the French threw the bones of Italy to their dogs whelped here, dogs wagging the tail and licking the dirt off their boots while any grease was under it, but snarling and snapping from below the chair when the repast was over.

ANSWER

It is too true, milord, that His Excellency the Prince Corsini was, on the vigil of Saint Cleophas, thrown from his horse along the pavement of Lung' Arno in this our city of Florence, near his residence the Palazzo Corsini. And I wish I could with my tears blot out for ever from the records of history the shame incurred by my degenerate countrymen on this melancholy event. Since however I am bound and constrained to speak the truth, I do it, altho' in heaviness of heart, only lightened and supported by the high commands of Your Excellency. It was about twenty-two of the clock when His Excellency was observed to mount his horse in the cortile ; and he had not proceeded further than seventy, or, according to others, seventy-five paces, when it was God's pleasure that the same horse should fall with His Excellency on his back, from the slipperiness, as some say of the pavement, or, as one vouches, from the peel of a lemon being there projected. The greater part of our Florentines deny the probability of this vouchment, saying that His Excellency has many servants on the lookout, which servants having no wages, and only protections and patronages, would never let a lemon-peel lie by daylight or lamp-light within seventy or seventy-five paces of His Excellency's palace : and that Don Neri his brother, the prime minister, would certainly have tried if something could not be squeezed out of one, had a Turk carried it from the streets of Algiers on the first of the dog-days, and had it lain in the sun until the last. Certain it is, and I shudder to relate it, several well-dressed youths and really Florentines saw the accident, and running up in haste to assist, stopped suddenly and turned away, saying, *It is only Corsini : his horse*

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was weak ; the servants were forced to eat the beans and oats. There were many such things said without any proof whatever ; but nobody dared contradict them. They must have had stony hearts, for such young men. His Excellency was much hurt, but declared with heroic fortitude (altho' he shed tears and groaned most piteously) that he believed all his bones were in their right places, and few if any broken ; and that he would wait four-and-twenty hours before he sent for a surgeon, in consideration of his numerous family, which could ill support heavy charges. If any doctor passed, he would not decline an act of courtesy.

FROM MR ISAAC HOMFRAY TO MR JOHN STIVERS, MILAN

Rome, Oct. 19.

DEAR JACK,—Since I broke my leg and can ride no longer my mistress has made me cook. I thought she was in joke when she said, "Isaac ! you must dress our dinners, positively you must. There is no eating all these apothecaries' shops : one cannot swallow Ceylon upon Sumatra." And indeed I myself was sated with clove upon clove, nutmeg upon nutmeg, sugared chicken-claws, ducks' necks trimmed with aniseed, raw ham yellower than saffron, to be gulped only by the slipperiness of figs and to be disguised only by the power of fenugreek ; and oil enough at a single dinner to keep in order our close carriage all the year. It would turn the stomach of some among our squeamish gentlemen in England, if they saw, as we do, the lamp emptied into the stew-pan, and the stew-pan into the lamp. No debts are paid in Italy more regularly than between these parties : whenever one is in want, the other is forthcoming. Shew me the like in anything else since you have been here. I replied to our good lady, "Madam shall be served,"—the people's usual phrase, which I learned from the old cook, defunct, defunct I would say in his office ; and the words had such an effect upon her appetite (for I cannot hope that my cookery produced it), she ate as if she could have eaten a stuffed stork out of the Museum. On Monday last a younker came over from Frascati with a couple of as fine cub foxes as ever you set your eyes upon, and asked for "Signor the cook, if he or his adjutant major would condescend to honour him with an audience." "Yes, my honest lad !" said I, "but what have you brought in that basket, beside

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the two foxes' heads?" He replied "Dear signor, my dear, for the love of God! what would she wish that I should bring, unless it were the bust and whole persons of the same? which behold here!"

"Are they dead?" said I, for there was a gag in the mouth of each, and their eyes were open and red.

"Slain yesterday, after mass."

"Well," added I, "and what am I to do with 'em?"

"As she desiderates," he replied.

"Anything but skin them," cried I. To which he answered that in his country nobody would eat a fox without skinning: that the skin was the privilege and *honorary* of the vendor, who had an egg at most honest houses for it, carried to them with the four pads; altho' some of the prelates in Rome kept a store of rotten ones, bought reasonably for the purpose, and sent them to their villas.

"And do you think," said I, "that my master and mistress, as good and great people as any in Rome without one exception . . ."

Would you believe it, Jack! the stripling had the boldness, though he never learned to box, to clap his hand before my mouth looking all the time as frightened as a cat caught in a dairy, and, crying out "*Zitto! Zitto! Signore Cuoco valentissimo!*" always excepting our Holy Father, our Lady the Bambino, and Saint Romolo, my patron." He then suddenly gave me a kiss upon both whiskers, told me to hope to be of courage, that he would pray for me, that it was a sin not of contumacy but of blindness, that there was a difference, though I could not know it nor he explain it—and then burst into tears. I was so taken by his tenderness of heart which after all does one more good than a tickle of the stiletto, that I bought his couple of cubs, though I told him I could not dress them. He said that if I was not sovereignly master of this intricate department in *nostralian* cookery, he would negotiate for me with His Signory, the egregious cook-major of His Eminence the Cardinal Opizoni, a high Purpurate; which cook-major, namely, the Signor Fabio Massimo Barnabà Cantagrillo, being a gallant man, would not demand at first for his kind offices more than a leg and loin, and at the close of the conference, after the pleasure of forming my acquaintance (the glory of his life) no more than a loin, together with liver and lights, and kidney, and heart, and a little of the blood to flavour certain dishes. The residue being

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well-seasoned with capers and marjoram and tarragon, a few cloves of garlic, the rind of a Seville orange or two, a flask of the white wine of Orvieto, a nut-meg, a pound of bacon cut into small squares, half a pound of sugar candy, half a pound of virgin oil, and garnished with snails and carrots alternately, was a dish that an Emperor might set before James the apostle of the Gentiles ; nay, the angels themselves might have served it up to Saint Peter in prison.

“ And faith ! my friend,” said I, “ it would be likely to increase in quantity, like the loaves and fishes.”

“ *Davvero !* ” cried he—“ *anche quello !* ”

He took my money, counted it, kissed my hand, counted it again, sorted it, and seemed to be reckoning the amount both of the smaller coin and the greater ; then he turned his back upon me and muttered some words to himself. I asked him if the money was not right ; and why he mistrusted me so ; and what he meant by putting the small coin in his pocket and holding the rest in hand. “ Sir ! ” said he, gravely and sorrowingly, “ I have been making a vow, (lest my heart should misgive me, for I am poor) to buy a wax-taper with this silver for the good of your soul, if any good can be done it ; in order to expiate the things you said so unadvisedly. And now I entreat and implore you to believe,” cried he with energy as he fell upon his knees, “ that not only all the *milordi* in the world, but that likewise all the *Monsignori*, all the Purpurates and Eminences, tossed up together in a frittata, would not weigh the little finger of the Bambino. And then his dear sweet mother ! ” Here tears rolled down his cheeks—he sprang up, crying, “ *Ca ! Cospetto di Bacco !* ” and snapped his fingers, and ran out of the kitchen.

I related the history to my mistress, who was very far from being offended ; “ but throw the stinking things away,” said she. My fellow servants murmured loudly when they understood the order, and begged they might dress the game for themselves, and while it was fresh and sweet. Cherubini ran to one of the fountains which he declared was the very best in Rome, not only to cure the migraine, but to extract the wild flavour from hares, woodcocks, partridges, and all other such animals, only by leaving them a night or two in it. But the rest, although they bowed to his superior lights on the subject, made an exception as to the duration of time, and said that hares indeed and woodcocks and partridges

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might require more soaking, but tender young foxes did not enter the gates every day, and that these two were *qualche cosa particolare*.

MR STIVERS TO MR HOMFRAY

DEAR ISAAC,—In spite of that confounded name of thine, thou art an honest fellow. And, now I remember, the name is not so bad a one neither. For I heard some learned English folks, at my master's, (a plain gentleman, like yourself) talk of one who was made a knight with it, in spite of his being a philosopher. And you too, my old lad, are a bit of a philosopher, as gentlemen are called who wear worsted stockings and dog-ear cravats. Well, I would not lose a friend by an imprudent action. I hate pressing and plaguing my friends. If you had wanted your money you would have taken it. I never should have said one syllable more about it, had you not told me that you were now the cook. Let Pitt be Pitt and Perceval be Perceval (aren't they dead tho?) neither of them could ever feather his nest like sensible men of your profession. An old master, an old mistress, full confidence, full larder, ready money, range of market, grocer, butcher, fishmonger—East and West Indies shrink, as the man in the play says, like a shrivelled scrole, before your blazing fire, blessed Isaac! You desired me, at parting, not to put myself to any inconvenience; and indeed I found not the least in slipping my hand again into my pockets, not to hurt your feelings. My mother used to say, "That child always does as he's bid." I forget whether she said it of me or my brother Ned. I am inclined to think it was of me; and I had always a great regard for my mother and cherish her memory. She died the other day in the hospital, poor woman, after lingering two or three years—or more, for what I know. I had not time to look in upon her before I left London; and Lady C., in whose service I was then living, said that such sort of things were very distressing to both parties, and do good to neither. She said that if she could have seen me once more, (I mean my mother—and perhaps the other may say it too) she could have died happy. I dare say she thought so; but who knows whether she could? and I could not get up from cards in the evening—and leave my partner—and as for the daytime, I had only Sundays to be idle in. At all events, she is just as happy now as if she had seen me—and so

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am I. And if such sort of things are very distressing, I should have been very wrong to have thought about it, for my mother was distressed enough all her life. I wish you plenty of fun and foxes, and am, honest Isaac,

Your hearty Friend,
J. J. STIVERS.

P.S.—A few months ago I was appointed secretary to master— but upon my honour I am not much richer than I was before, which made me refer to you—you know what business, fearing that you might have heard more than the fact. In future be pleased to direct to me J. J. Stivers, Esq., Secretary to Milord Raikes, Esq., at Como, where our honest, rosy-faced Queen was. I am come the day after the fair. Non c'è rimedio! as master's tailor said, when master cut his bill sheer thro the middle, and asked him which half he chose should be paid.

MR HOMFRAY TO J. J. STIVERS, ESQRE, &c.

STIVERS,—I can no longer be of any service to you. Let me warn you however lest you get into a scrape by offering money for certain places under government. If you do it, do it in person, not by letter,* and least of all thro me. Places in religion and honour are saleable with us; that is to say, preferment in the church and in the army. But for any place or preferment in diplomacy you must be registered soon after your baptism; and be your abilities great or little, you must take your turn. This is the system established by Lord Viscount Castlereagh; and there has always been a tacit convention between this party and their opponents, that whatever card turn up, you must follow the next; that is, the list must hold good. Our government is hereditary, and, to be consistent, our Lords and Masters, as well as our King, must be so too. Men of genius, who might do honour to the country, and men of fortune, who might relieve it in its expenditure, are cast aside, in order to give ignorant adventurers, and importunate beggars, appointments, as representatives of royalty. When

* This letter is not found. It probably was written soon after the preceding, at which Mr Homfray seems to have been indignant, and kept his silence, until he was requested to enter into and promote a very disagreeable and (it seems) illicit negotiation.

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royalty is thus represented, who in his senses can much respect it? Bitter thought! It throws truth and reason quite to the side of those troublesome and restless men who ought to have none of either. I am alarmed at all changes; but if any change at all is to take place, I would gladly see in Italy one sole representative of His Britannic Majesty: a man of fortune, of firmness, of clear-sightedness, and of integrity. Surely there are some such left: one will do: but we seem to be as much afraid of finding him, as of finding a tiger in the islands of the Ganges. I do not deny that, in regard to the abilities, you are as capable of the office as any British Minister on the Continent. I verily believe you are as conscientious as most of them, and that, to use your own expression, *you would do the thing as handsomely and as reasonably as the best, having been used to drive hard bargains, and to deal with acuter blades than old women priests, pheasant-shooting Kings and filigree * Highnesses. And I should think too that you always knew your man before you coped with him*, had not you, after a year's acquaintance, taken me for one who would barter in places like a borough monger. I am offended at this, I confess it; but this is not the worst offence. Ought I to be the confidant of such feelings as you avow? ought I to be invited to partake in them? I have read in the Bible, while in England, the words *man born of a woman*. I do not remember the rest, nor need I. But, Stivers! are *you* that man. Yes, impossible as it seems, born of a tender, a loving, a believing one—true woman in woman's deepest truth: whose heart burst under her son's image: Death, and death only, wrung it from her.

O Italy! Italy! thou indeed canst rear such men; I never thought thou couldst turn us into them.

Adieu, John Stivers! and for ever.

MR STIVERS TO MR HOMFRAY

How now, Sir Isaac! on the high horse, aye! Mind you, I am neither cub nor colt, neither fox nor badger; no stewing or roasting me. I thought you told me you were not found fit to be a preacher, though your father was one. But what could I expect? You turned tail against your religion. Catch me at that, if you can,

* Very indecorous expressions! *Filigree* means a thread of gold or silver, or a shred of paper, turned round a finger or a pin for fancy-work: *fil à gré*.

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and then say, Jack Stivers is a rascal. You were born a Presbyterian : bad enough : but an honest man never abandons his church, be it what it may be. Anything in the world is better than a turn-coat and a *run-at-gate*.* Let a man stick to his religion, good, bad, or indifferent : let him stick to it to the last rag, tho' the devil run aboard and overhaul it. But if a man gives up his religion, at least let him have the decency not to take another : just as if he leaves his wife, let him keep clear of another man's. Can you deny that I have seen you in church ? at least *going* in ; for I could not bear the sight of such iniquity, and went another way. Cannot you, in God's name, let my poor mother rest in her grave ? Do you pretend to be better than I am ? Did I ever run away from home, packing off to an old dowager's for protection, because I doubted of this, or doubted of that ? Such were your reasons, and not because your father made you read seven hours in the day. They might have been good books ; and good books like good wood are hard to saw thro', and have never had much of my goose grease upon 'em : but I would rather read good books than leave my father's roof. Poor man ! I pity him.

Prayers thrice a day are sickening things enough in all conscience, but long graces beat them hollow—for who the deuce can fall asleep with hot meat before him ? Who would ? I am fair enough in stating all this. Now, if you could not swallow these at eighteen, when the swallow is limberer, how do you think I am to swallow your preachment at twenty-five ? I wash my hands of you, and return you the basin.

Yours, J. J. STIVERS,
Secretary, &c. &c.

No. V

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS !—The affairs of France excite a lively interest in the hearts of all true Italians. Those and those only merit the name, who deliver up the agitators to the secular arm.

His Serene Highness, the Duke of Modena, has most heroically refused to acknowledge the French usurper, who dares to assert that he reigns by the Constitutional Charter : and His Serene

* So spelled by Mr Stivers, but not by Doctor Johnson.

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Highness has declared his resolution to replace the Majesty of Charles the Tenth on the throne of his ancestors. For this purpose he has been graciously pleased to whip two ladies of rank, to shoot a couple of Carbonari, and to order that Her Serene Highness the Duchess his Consort, and their Serene Highnesses the Princes his Children, do eat salt fish without eggs; and not only this but figs without fennel-seed, which never was prohibited. Reports have this day reached us, that His Serene Highness, by His *motu proprio*, has condemned to suspension (by the neck) fifteen individuals who formerly served in the French Armies, and who at sundry times and in sundry places, but chiefly on Sundays and in Coffee-Houses, did very suspiciously meet together, and look exceedingly contented. At the same time His Serene Highness placed under sequestration their movable and immovable effects, nevertheless most graciously allowing, in his clemency and wisdom, the mothers, wives, and daughters of the culprits to wear mourning in their own houses, but forbidding such scandal in public places, such as the theatre and the ramparts. Some of these, refusing to go out at all for eight whole days and thus treating with contempt the ducal clemency, have been committed to prison for contumacy, and will be put into the pillory, to teach them to shew their faces.

I kiss, &c. &c.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS!—There is more danger than I believed there could be in speaking of what belongs to Government in this our Tuscany. Formerly a certain latitude was allowed to the English in consideration of the maxims in which they are educated, and perhaps too of the benefits the weaker nations of the continent perpetually received from them. At present the Ministers of these weaker nations, and especially of our Tuscany, experience as much satisfaction in rousing and wounding an Englishman as young unreflecting sportsmen experience in rousing and wounding a wild boar. This reflection, which appeared to me equally just and ingenious when I began to transcribe it, now appears dark and dubious, and disparaging to the illustrious personages on whom it was intemperately cast. It originated in an occurrence of yesterday.

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A stranger, an Englishman of course, was called before His Excellency the President of the Buon Governo, for having dared to shew the advantage of opening a new street, with the tower of Giotto at the one extremity and the Loggia at the other, not taking down, as the French would have done, the lane called Via de' Caccioli. He was asked by His Excellency what he meant by interfering with the affairs of Tuscany.

"Good," he replied.

"Sir," exclaimed His Excellency with great vehemence, "we want no good from you !"

"In future," replied the stranger, "it will constitute no part of the outworks to the castles we build in the air." His Excellency little understood the stranger ; but the words being fairly written out were interpreted by no means in his favour. He was ordered (as the sentence usually runs) to leave Florence in one hour, and Tuscany in three days. Example, I am sorry to observe, appears to have small effect on your countrymen. Another of them was heard to say in the presence of many, that in Rome the butchers were obliged to slaughter their cattle in one appropriate place near the Tiber. He made this observation because an ox trying to escape from a slaughter-house on the upper bridge threw down his child and nursery-maid. He was ordered to appear and answer for it. He did not deny the fact but stood in surprise and silence. It was intimated to him that he might return to Rome ; which he did, but his *passport* had those private marks upon it which only gave him the liberty *not to pass*. In consequence of which he wrote a most intemperate letter to one of our distinguished statesmen. I think I can remember the words, but do not vouch for the fidelity of the translation. I write it as it was shewn to me in our idiom, in order to prove the danger of any connexion or intercourse with the English.

"You gentlemen, the Ministers of petty states, imagine you exalt yourself in power and dignity, by every outrage you commit against those who are the most respected in the greatest. You are lately grown insolent and audacious, because the representatives of our Government have been deficient in firmness, and more occupied in their amusements than in their duties. But, sir ! remember that Austria (for Tuscany is nothing), remember that Austria, which has often been our stipendiary, shall never be with

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impunity our insulter. The highest man in that country is but a slave, the lowest in ours is above one." My hand trembles-

I kiss, &c. &c.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

THE Parroco Spinella has written such a letter to master as makes me certain that he wrote it by the permission, and perhaps under the dictation, of the police. Besides, I do not believe the two stories. Do you imagine that any Italian upon earth would venture to transcribe such a letter as that on the other side of the paper? I have put master upon his guard. His inquiries at Bologna have travelled from one end of Italy to the other. Our passports are held up against the light at every gate, and our faces are looked into as closely as if one or other of us were the Wandering Jew. Englishmen are the only strangers that are treated with utter disrespect in Italy; and not so much at Naples or Rome, not so much at Milan or Venice, as at Florence. Here the Ministers, who have served with equal zeal and fidelity both legitimates and usurpers, know the contempt in which our countrymen hold them, and repay it with persecution. Their resentment falls chiefly upon literary men, whom they punish by anticipation for any remarks or strictures they may in future make on their conduct. But all the little, whether the littleness be of mind or body, hate and detest the greater. When a gentleman on a spirited horse, with a mastif dog behind him, passes thro a dirty lane, all the curs in the parish run after, and assail the noble animal of their species. He rarely does anything worse in return than rolling one or two in the kennel: neither horse rears nor the gentleman cracks his whip, at the petulant yelp of puny bestiality. Here at Como we pass our time pleasantly enough. It was the residence—not the city—but a house I can see from my window—of our jolly-hearted queen; God bless her!

I am, &c. &c.

MR TALBOYS TO MR BEACONLEY

DEAR BEACONLEY,—A kind-hearted and sensible man has persuaded me to take up my quarters with him, first at Florence, afterwards here. I met him in the reading-room: he invited me

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to dinner : I declined it too coldly. The next newspaper day he came and sate by me and asked me some questions. Some gentlemen were inclined to quiz him : I however felt it my duty and inclination to pay him the more attention for this. He begged permission to call upon me : I replied that it was rather for me to wait upon him, having received from him a politeness I was obliged to decline in part. I did so, and discovered that he had few acquaintances, and those, if I may judge from the little I have seen of them, quite unworthy of him. He is not highly polished, but he has received a liberal education, and what I very much admire in him, is generous and affable to all dependent on him. One or two of these, I fear, have too much influence over him. This consideration, and this alone, determined me to accept the offer of residing in the house. I will not see him plundered, nor cajoled ; for, although a man of business and formerly (I believe) in trade, he is totally unwary and unsuspicious. He has taken it into his head that he is able to compose a history ; and such a history as some of Napoleon he may indeed : but he employs as his compilers the most ignorant and the most faithless men, implicitly believing them. When we become a little better acquainted I hope to persuade him that few have ever caught the tone of history, and that it is easier to excel in memoirs, which are always read with avidity. He has a great collection of modern works on Italy, and all those authors who have written the events of their own times. In our last conversation he hinted to me that we both might profit very much by studying *The Last Four Years of Queen Anne* by Swift.

“ My dear Sir,” said I, “ even Burnet, who is ridiculed by Swift, excels him as an historian, being quite as little frivolous and much less heavy. No ! No ! Give me his *Tale of a Tub*, and

Eveniant hostibus ista meis—

may my enemies be doomed to read his history. I pass all my mornings and evenings on the borders of this most varied and most beautiful of lakes. To keep up her road, the Princess of Wales in an evil hour built a long white wall against its waters. At an expense of fifty pounds more it might have retained its natural border of arbutus and laurel, its little crags and coves, its little bays and promontories. The security of the passenger

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would have been as perfect as it is at present, by placing, in spots the most precipitous, rude blocks of native stone detached from the other side. Of such spots there were few, the whole bank being covered with ancient evergreens. Nature has lost for ever this appanage to her dignity, but no where on the globe does she exhibit a countenance more sedately sublime. We must leave our native land with strong prejudices in its favour if we compare even Ullswater or Derwentwater with the Larius. But the Larius has not its Wordsworth and its Southey ! If it had, shameless as are the Italians, and nursed in ignorance, bigotry, and slavery, music and songs and cheers would resound from every boat that passed their houses. Do we pay this willing tribute to our great superiors, our "approved good masters," are we more wise than the ignorant, more susceptible than the barbarians, or more just than the dishonest ?

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

FROM the goodnature of my friend Mr Talboys, I thought that he would go all lengths with me ; so I asked him for a dozen or two of moderately sized poems, just enough for such a volume as the *Forget-me-not*, to publish them in my own name, telling him fairly that he should have half the money, and assuring him that my principal reason for requesting the favour was, that I was anxious to see in a Frontispiece, "Poems by J. J. Stivers Esq. &c."

"No ; Mr Stivers," said he, "take my prose and welcome, but my poetry is that by which I hope to go down to posterity."

He only laughed at me, when I replied, that I had seen many poets go down, but none so far as to posterity, and that a reasonable man ought to be contented with a sort of half-way house. However, now I have a copy or two of his before me, I will try what I can do for myself. In poetry, as in skating, if you dash off boldly you are sure to succeed, but if you are timorous, you lie flat upon the ice.

"Fortitude and Fortune," said Mr Talboys, "are the same words pronounced differently, or, according to my own creed, two names for one Goddess at the option of the worshipper."

We shall lose him in a few days. He likes Florence ; and loves pictures and statues as much as I do the best things they represent.

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He says that Italy is one magnificent saloon, in which the greatest men and loveliest women that ever lived are all assembled, and give audience the whole morning to people of every nation in the world : that it is the only court he ever desires to enter ; but that here he is so great a courtier, he is ready to endure thro life the suspicions of Tiberius, the scowl of Caligula, and the contempt of Nero.

I am, &c.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Since Mr Talboys has been at Florence, he has not forgotten to keep his word with master. He is as busy as old Spinella in picking up news and anecdotes. I will give you a specimen, but you must not shew it to anybody, for master is as particular as the most jealous lover, both in keeping his own to himself and in having the first of it.

A Bolognese at Florence, who did not know his way about the city, met by chance an Englishman near the Duomo, and asked him the road to Via de' Servi (Slave street). "Take which you please," replied the Englishman, "you cannot miss it."

Do you desire another ? Here it is then.

"It is difficult to imagine," said a Florentine to a countryman of ours, "how Prince Corsini, who eats and drinks but moderately, even when from home, and takes moderate exercise, and totally abstains from study, should have the stone in his bladder." "A piece broken off his heart," said the Cynic. He had endured this malady for several months under excruciating tortures, and entered into a long negotiation with a surgeon of Paris, who demanded one hundred louis for his journey and operation. One day his family sent for the parish priest in great hurry and trepidation, to come and give him extreme unction ; for they heard him cry aloud, "Meglio morire ! Meglio morire ! better to die ! better to die !" When the priest came, they all entered the chamber together, and found him walking up and down the room with the fatal letter in his hand, which he had just received from the Post-office.

I am, &c.

HIGH AND LOW LIFE IN ITALY

MR TALBOYS TO HIS FATHER

MY DEAR SIR,—A single life is not the life of a rational man, and rarely the life of a happy one. Beauty has attractions for all ; but useful pursuits and serious reflexions often intercept the object. When however the most exquisite beauty is united with a modesty incomparably more rare, can it be, should it be neglected or resisted ? O my dear father ! may I lay open my heart to you ! In vain did you desire me at parting, not to suffer my affections to be engaged abroad. Surely it is not disobedience if they are seized and occupied. The young lady has no fortune, but her family is respectable, and I hope to throw myself with her into your arms, and to implore for her a portion of that love in which you have ever been so profuse to

Your most affectionate Son,
EDWARD TALBOYS.

THE REV. WILLIAM TALBOYS TO HIS SON

EDWARD ! EDWARD !—The letter that begins with moralizing usually ends ill. You have resided two years in Italy, and ought to know something of the people. Do you know anything good of them ? Are the Italians frank, sincere, cordial ? are the men fond and faithful husbands ? are the women virtuous and modest wives ? If they never or rarely are so, is it reasonable to imagine that Providence has reserved for you the solitary exception ? My son ! I judged for myself in my marriage ; you shall judge for yourself in yours. By mine I thought I saw reared up to me a generous, independent, high-souled Englishman ; and I am not so advanced in years as to have despaired of seeing in his children what was the pride of my life in mine. Europe, my Edward, has various races of men, endued with various qualities. Some of us Englishmen are like the Germans, some like the Scandinavians, and this perhaps from our consanguinity ; others again are very like the Spaniards : with whom from our Gothic origin, we also have some affinity. But did you ever see an Englishman like an Italian ? or, if you ever did, can you say that you chose him for a friend or an associate ? Reflect on this, my Edward, and draw your own deduction. Think how far less ready you should be to form in any Italian house a

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sacred and eternal union. I speak not of the religion, the first thing perhaps of which I ought to have spoken : I place before you the social state only : would you let priests and friars divide any secrets with you ? If not, would you let such intruders divide them with your wife. Edward ! be your wife's sole guide and guardian, your children's sole father, and believe, that you will always have a friend, tho you may not always take an adviser, in

Your affectionate

WILLIAM TALBOYS.

MR EDWARD TALBOYS TO MR HENRY BEACONLEY

DEAR BEACONLEY,—It is all over with me. By this very post I have asked my father's consent to marry. Never on earth was there so beautiful, so modest, a creature. I first saw her in the church of the Carmine, where I pass an hour occasionally in looking at the frescoes of Masaccio. She happened to be kneeling at the very altar that lies between his two grand works. I cannot write or think in prose about her, and it grieves me that she cannot understand what rebounds from my heart in verse. The first lines were these—for the first movements of love are half in joke :—

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

What was that the abbot said
While I looked on you, sweet maid ?
What was his or your device,
When you touched your bosom twice ?
At the time I thought the cross
Was to guard it from a loss,
Mignonette or rose-bud in it,
Or the amethyst to pin it,
Or the piece of Brussels lace
Now for the first time in place,
And as such (like flesh and blood)
Standing higher than it should ;
Or perhaps the wakening heart
Might, as some do, push to start,
Mine has never to this hour,
From your spell's mysterious power
Morn or noon or night been free—
Come and tell me when 'twill be.

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No. VI

MR RAIKES TO THE REV. SILVESTER DREW

MY DEAR MR DREW,—It being by your advice that I laid aside my business and all its cares, resolving to be contented with the fortune I had inherited and acquired, I would not enter into any speculation, at my time of life, without your knowledge and approval. A few days ago I was conversing with a very clever young man, by no means adventurous or mercantile in his views, on the prodigious works carried on at the present time in England, when he remarked to me an undertaking by the Grand-Duke of Tuscany, which, beneficial as it is likely to be to a few, might, with a very small additional expense, have been rendered nationally important. His Imperial Highness the Grand-Duke Leopold, a young prince of the best intentions, has resolved to cut a road through the country called the Maremma, and, if possible, to drain the marshes. According to the report of my friend Mr Talboys, the Maremma extends from the vicinity of Lucca to within a few miles of Naples. Near Leghorn there are hills, but bordering on the sea, behind it, there is a plain. In fact, from the Gulph of Spezia to the Gulph of Naples, there is no obstruction to a rail-road, and only a difficulty in the torrent of the Magra. The island of Elba is a mass of iron. In cutting the road which the Grand-Duke is about to commence, evergreen oaks, the solidest of wood, must be felled, all the way. What a foundation for a rail-road, where the soil is incompact! Nay, such is the quantity of it, and such the solidity, that I am well convinced the whole rail-road might advantageously be composed of it. Surely, if the highways in Russia are composed of deal, and cavalry and cannon pass continually over them, the lighter weights of pacific Tuscany may be conveyed along beams of ilex. I am incapable of judging whether a way could not be opened from Nice to Genoa, much below the highway recently made in that direction. If it could, how easily might there be a speedy and safe communication between England and Italy through France.

Now I declare to you, as an honest man, I am not anxious to be a gainer by any such a project: but, so well assured am I of its

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practicability, that I would hazard ten thousand pounds on it. I do indeed acknowledge that I should be a little proud to be remembered as the first projector of a work which would totally change the face of Italy, and renovate her commerce. The principal expense would be a bridge of twenty arches over the Magra : but granite and lime are on the spot, and the cost would be less than one of ours in London.

THE REV. SILVESTER DREW TO MR RAIKES

MY DEAR FRIEND AND OLD SCHOOLFELLOW,—When we were boys, and almost all of us had projects, you had none, but went quietly to the business in hand, and did it well. You asked my advice when you had amassed a fortune of a hundred thousand pounds. I advised you instantly to leave off business ; for between one hundred thousand and two hundred thousand there is no dismounting-stone. The landed proprietor wants one angle of his neighbour's field at the upper boundary of his estate, and the turnpike road for a confine on the lower : the commercial man is a yet more strenuous squarer. If he had a million, he would be very uneasy at an acquisition of fourteen or fifteen thousand ; another half-million *might* satisfy him ; but if unluckily he should have surpassed the half-million, then it must be a million. You have hitherto shewn yourself very moderate in your desires, and have acknowledged to me that your income is more than sufficient for them. Lay aside the ambition of planning, my dear friend ! The Italians are happy with little labour and little wealth. How would they be benefited by more of either ? It would not be expended for themselves or for their families. Should they ever be free again, be sure they will undertake far greater things than you propose for them, and perhaps that very thing the first. They are capable of producing the greatest works of enterprise and genius ; but the French are incapable of either. There is scarcely a safe road, a dozen miles out of Paris, for carriages or horses ; and scarcely a commodious one, in Paris or out, for foot-passengers. I have been in Finland, one extremity of our world. Even in Finland the roads are better than they are at one day's journey from the capital of France. Be cautious of presenting your plan to any

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prince or Minister in Italy. You will never be thought disinterested, by people who never knew or imagined that any human being can be so. And it may not end in mere suspicion of your intentions. If you prove the rail-road to be practicable, you may peradventure be carried off to the prison of Mantua, or the prison-hospital of Modena, as a partizan and emissary of the French, employed to prepare a military road from Toulon to Taranto. In that case, Austria will kindly take the whole of Italy under her protection ; France will seek a counterpoise on the Rhine ; and Prussia, very reluctantly, will strangle and swallow a brace or leash of petty princes, merely to keep up her strength. Let us do all the good we can as private men ; and let us do that as privately as possible ; but before we undertake anything for the service of mankind, or even of our country, politically, let us well consider what has befallen those and their families who have taken the same path before us. My friend ! my friend ! if it were only neglect or contempt, I should not be very earnest in urging you to reflection.

Believe me, ever sincerely yours,

S. DREW.

MR RAIKES TO THE REV. SILVESTER DREW

MY DEAR MR DREW,—I am sure your advice is good, and I follow it accordingly. My only fear is, lest you should think me wavering, worldly-minded, and avaricious. The scheme is practicable : doubt it not ; at least the Italian part of it. I might have added more from the observations of my inmate, who, ingenious and learned as he appears to be, has nevertheless some extremely odd notions about him. What do you think of our earth being but twenty miles thick, and hollow as a foot-ball ? What do you think of its ever being in a state of fusion like a glass bottle, and whirled in the same manner to its present form ? Lord have mercy upon us ! it behoves all its inhabitants to step lightly, if such be its tenuity and substance. Many philosophers have written, and write yet, upon central fires. Mr Talboys is of opinion that the furnaces of the fiercest volcano are scarcely five miles, if indeed so much, below the level of the sea. I never walk out now but I think I am treading on puff-paste. Luckily for us, it is utterly impossible that any mad speculator should penetrate even ten miles below the surface of the

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globe, so prodigious is the quantity of materials, much within that distance from us, which on receiving the influence of air and moisture, would explode the temerity of his attempt. All the metals with which we are acquainted, my friend thinks, are soft in comparison with those substances which immediately, to the density of twelve or fifteen miles, surround the concavity of our earth. Solidity would have rendered it less buoyant, less subject to the laws of attraction, and ninety-nine parts in the hundred, of its whole substance, would have been created (which nothing is) in vain. I dare not enter into these disquisitions ; and little more am I disposed to refer again to the subject of my last letter. But, O my dear Mr Drew ! it indeed would gratify me highly to see the world anglicise a little ; to see industry and the arts and sciences raising up Nature in this country from her torpor and decrepitude ; to get three hundred miles of pestilential marshes restored to health and cultivation, and the human sink of more pestilential capitals poured forth to fertilize them. Along the whole of this coast are the ruins of towns and cities, some of which flourished for many centuries, and might have flourished for many more, if the furious jealousy of Rome had not depopulated and destroyed them. Noxious air was the consequence, not the cause of their decay. The very motion and fire of steam-engines would bestir and renovate the atmosphere ; the necessity of opening the dense entangled woods for the supply of fuel, and the number of habitations which would be constructed for this purpose, and for the convenience of commerce and travelling, would presently change the most desolate and dreary part of Italy into a scene of activity and delight. There is more oak timber of fine growth within fifteen miles of this projected rail-road of mine, than there is in the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. What an advantage might we make of it, rendering Malta our arsenal and dockyard ! Your remark about the French is undeniable. They never were great ; never had the seeds of greatness in them. But Italy has passed under many forms of it, and (although not uninterruptedly) for nearly two thousand years, reckoning together her ancient and modern prosperity ; and, the instant the pressure is removed from her, she will spring afresh into her lofty station.

Non meus hic sermo est : but, regarding the event, all the elderiy think it may be, and all the younger swear it shall.

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Pardon my recurrence to what is no longer a speculation ; be assured I rely entirely on your judgement ; and believe me ever, dear Mr Drew,

Your obliged and faithful servant,

J. J. P. RAIKES.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—He is a shabby fellow, this parson Talboys. The most he would dress for my album, as he calls it, is three meagre morsels. However, he does assure me (now he has assurance enough for a dozen of poets) that they are all three of the right sort, and will catch like wildfire, have a run like a rail-road, and take like a pretty nun at a masquerade.

“Only make twenty more such, Mr Stivers,” said he, “and you may carry your book to market, fill your pocket, eat your way into the best houses, and be acknowledged the crack poet and prime lion of the season.”

I believe he was quizzing me ; but another and graver man, the Rev. Mr Pettigrew, said, “There is probably more truth in the matter than either of you are aware of. I can assure you, Mr Stivers, that poetry of this nature is quite the rage, although it may appear to some people too much like a wash-leather glove, damp, dirty, but fitting any fingers by its fluid softness and untenacious flexibility. You may expect the whole brotherhood against you, in the beginning. Never mind if they throw you down ; the very same men who have trampled on you while unpopular, will hoist you on their shoulders at the first shout of the rabble. Your preface must not exceed fifty pages ; in which moderate space you must contrive to censure all your contemporaries ; or, if you fear to be stigmatized for ingratitude, omit the names of those poets who may have rendered you any service. This is enough to establish your reputation for delicacy, while your censures are setting up for you the throne of criticism ; which, provided the wood be strong-smelling, requires no great accuracy in the evenness of the legs. You must endeavour to make it plainly understood that you are unquestionably the greatest poet of the age ; and, my word for it, in the second edition you will be cried up as the greatest of any age since Shakspeare.”

Mr Pettigrew is a sensible man, as you perceive, and I find no difficulty in taking his advice.

I am, &c.

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MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—It has been decided that fewer than twenty small pieces are insufficient to make a whole. I shall certainly set about it, although my friends are paultry in their contributions. Although I must be as bold as a harlot in drawing my readers to me, yet (it seems) I must be modest and mincing in the title-page. And now, my lady, what do you think it should be ?

ATTEMPTS AT SIMPLICITY

BY J. J. STIVERS ESQ. &c. &c. &c.

I am rather a practised hand in attempts at simplicity ; but how to manage these twenty pieces is enough to turn my brain. I send your Ladyship the first and second.

BECK. A TALE

I said unto a little girl,
“ Is it a throstle or a merl
That sings in yonder bush ? ”
“ I do not know indeed,” said she,
“ Exactly, whether it may be
A *what-d'-ye-call-him* or a thrush.”

I gave it over—well I might—
Half-angry, disappointed quite,
And, pushing her, said sharply, “ Tuck, O
Tuck, little maid, thy apron up,
Come—never mind yon tramping tup—
Come, show me then the cuckoo.”

Scarce had I spoken ere we heard
That (afore-mentioned) two-toned bird.
The girl cried, “ *I do think yon 's she !* ”
Praises to thee, O Lord of Heaven !
Who to our sinful world hast given
A token of simplicity.

Ah, surely it becomes the wise
To blow away the mists that rise
Around the child of humbler station :
This girl (her name is Beck) next spring
Will have grown quite another thing,
And answer without hesitation.

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I was so pleased with what she said,
I would have shared with her my bread
(For meat and beer inflame).
"Becky," said I, "step with me home ;
I'll give ye a crust (I've eat the crumb").
I asked her, and she came.

Perhaps, in what I spake on beer,
Some there are who may think me queer,
But I have always found,
Sure as I passed the second pint,
So sure my eyes began to squint,
So sure my head turn'd round.

AN ECLOGUE OF CANTON

(*The idea of this Eclogue was supplied by the Captain of an East Indiaman.*)

I met a little boy on the canal,
And he was singing blythely *fal-de-ral*,
This little boy was singing all alone
The words a sailor taught him at Canton,
For sailors from far countries often sing,
And lads in China pick up any thing.
Now Heaven has placed it high mid human joys
To talk with elf-lock girls and ragged boys.
When one or other of these gems I see,
I never miss my opportunity.
At the first glimpse of this same singing lad,
I was resolved to puzzle him, egad !
But as it happened to turn out, you'll see
The singing lad, tho' simple, puzzled me.

"Have you a father?"

"Plenty," he replied.

"A mother?"

"She was yesterday a bride."

"A brother?"

"One too many."

"Any sister?"

"She's dead ; I never (till you named her) misst her."

At these quick answers (in due course) I smiled,
And tapped the shoulder of the clever child.
Nevertheless, it soon occurred to me,
There was a lack of sensibility ;
Which, taking off my fingers from his shoulder,
I prayed to God he might acquire when older ;

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Or, if vouchsafed not at the sight of sorrow,
He might have credit, and, when needful, borrow.

"*Alas ! but twain survive the girl !*" I said—

"*Yes ; three,*" he answered.

"*How so ? one is dead.*"

"*You reckon me for nothing then !*" he cried,

"*Or that fine puppy paunched to feast the bride.*"

I found a little flower, so small
I doubted were it flower at all,
But on the same ditch side
I soon found more, and each of them
Had under it its leaves and stem . . .
A flower then ! undenied !

To give a true account of this
Requires a poet's fire, I wis,
A poet's fire have I.
"Come to me, pretty flower !" I said . . .
Methought the shy one shook its head . . .
"Can't you ? let *me*, then, try."

One leg across the ditch then went,
My back toward the firmament,
My head toward the flower,
My right hand grasped its slender figure.
(But who on earth could wish it bigger !)
I mused for half an hour.

"O gentle one !" said I, "too little -
For dewdrop or for cuckoo spittle,
What is thy name, I wonder !
O happy ! o'er such flowers as thou
Iris may love to bend her bow,
But Jove ne'er shakes his thunder."

A sudden thought now seized my mind . . .
"I am resolved," said I, "to find
My tiny flower a story ";
And such, believe me, as shall give
Both flower and poet, while they live,
And after, loads of glory.

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Thou art as blue as blue can be . . .
Granted . . . well, now then let me see,
Who gave thee all this blueness !
It surely comes from Heaven alone
Higher than yonder starry zone,
Far higher than the moon is.

Fancy, bold Fancy, urge thy flight,
Urge it beyond our misty light,
Into the court of Jove.
And there is not on earth a court
Which will not sign the true report
Of what was seal'd above.

Juno and Jove, one hapless day,
At dinner in the month of May,
Fell into disagreement :
"What do you mean by that ?" cried he,
And just as resolutely she
(Akimbo) askt what *he* meant.

He threw at her his knife and fork,
And up she started like a cork
From sodafied Champagne.
"You've missed me, fusty, fumbling knave,"
Cried Juno, "and by Styx shall have
(Mind now !) your own again."

With all the spirit of a wife
And Goddess, forth she sent the knife . . .
It cut thro' curl and curl.
Glad to escape so well, did Jove
Seek upon earth some gentler love
("Tis said) and prettier girl.

He knew not that his blow had split
From the blue sky that little bit
Which fell on earth, my flower.
It carried on its way one hair
Of Juno, and hung quivering there,
And hangs so to this hour.

Dearest ! a name thou hast, no doubt,
Although I cannot find it out ;
Well ! since such case thou art in,

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I am resolved, from this day forth,
From east to west, from south to north,
Men call thee *Betty Martin*.

I have filled my sheet ; but I will not forget that I have a piece to transcribe, although I am told it will never do for printing.

I am, &c.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

My friend and coadjutor, as Mr Pettigrew calls Talboys, laid down an Italian poet on his knee the other day, and began to write on a scrap of paper what your Ladyship will see below. I asked him for it : and he said I was welcome to it.

Orlando, when he was beside
Himself (says Ariosto) cried—
“ Stop, gentle Sir ! my horse lies dead,
Pray will you give me yours instead ?
Come, swap him, swap him ! why so squeamish ?
Fore Gad ! he has no other blemish,”
One to the sages of the stable
Somewhat indeed exceptionable ;
But a mere fancy in a poet
And half who judge him never know it.

He wrote these verses in a very few minutes : so a very few thanks are due for them. However, he assured me that he spent above a couple of hours on each of the other poems. As there are seven or eight *scratchings out*, his hand can be but little in : let us hope he may improve by practice. I have a good mind to make the most of the matter, and to print what is scratched out as well as what is substituted. Mr Talboys says it is very much in fashion, and I may do as I like.

I am, &c.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Often and often have I heard your Ladyship say, “ Stivers ! we may take liberties with our friends.”

Assured on this point by so high an authority, I just lifted the lid of Mr Talboy’s writing-desk, and transcribed these lines :—

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The clouds, o'erladen, throw their burdens down
On mountain-tops : Man seeks the humble scene
When the heart's labour wants its pause, when tears
Would run for its refreshment. Gentle maid !
Disturb them not, nor check them, but permit
Their course before thee, bidding it flow on
Softly, and warm'd by thy celestial smile.

I have looked again into the desk of my contributor, and can find nothing more : even this may not be worth the trouble, in its present rude state. If your Ladyship can conveniently get them served up in a Sonnet by any clever hand, J. J. Stivers is not the man to grudge going as far as three shillings. Should there scarcely be quite enough of them, a few may be taken from the others and never be missed.

I am, &c.

MR TALBOYS TO MR RAIKES

SIR,—It is not difficult to amass a thousand proofs of the injustice and ignominy to which the English have lately been exposed in Tuscany.

Mr Jackson, late a Captain in the Eighteenth regiment of Dragoons, was passing the bridge in a gig, accompanied by his wife, when he saw an Italian groom leading a refractory horse. He drew in, and wished to take the side of the groom, rather than of the led horse, which the groom, thinking his skill and dexterity were questioned, resented with much abusive language, and, not content with this display of his Tuscan, followed up the carriage, and dealt several blows indiscriminately, some of which the lady escaped only by lowering her head. Complaint was made to various commissaries, for he was sent by one to another, and all neglected to punish or examine or apprehend the offender ; and the Chargé ad Interim, Mr Edgcomb, said he could do nothing in the business. If an Englishman had been guilty of such an action, he would have been immediately sent out of Tuscany, not without a torrent of abuse and impudence.

A coachman of Mr Landor being dismissed, drew a dagger in the presence of the domestics, and swore that he would murder one or other of the family before he left the premises. He was seen late at night within a few paces of the house. Mr Landor gave infor-

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mation to the Podestà at Fiesole, near which town his villa is situated, and to the President of the Buon Governo. No notice was taken. Soon afterwards his neighbour, formerly a vendor of prints and seashells, now an *attaché* to the French Legation, made a claim relative to a watercourse, which led to some depositions on oath, contradicted by six witnesses on oath, before a notary public, and by Mr Landor and his family. The *attaché* wrote a challenge, which the friends of Mr Landor said could not be accepted from a person labouring under so heavy and attested an accusation. It was couched in rather odd terms, threatening to come to the house with arms; when he knew that such a threat could only terrify the children, and only hurt the mother, whom he had seen subject to convulsions from the slightest cause, and suffering from an affection of the nerves, which endangered her existence, and for which alone Mr Landor was induced to purchase his residence in Tuscany.

Prince Corsini and the President of the Buon Governo had probably formed a plan, and, seeing it fail, gave an order for Mr Landor to leave Tuscany within an hour, though he had violated no law, and no order of the Government, and showed no displeasure at the person who had violated the laws more than once in this very particular and who had disobeyed the order (serious or not) of the Presidente del Buon Governo.

An *attaché* of the French Legation, a little while before, though a man of unimpeached honor and quiet demeanor, was sent out of Tuscany for being a second in a duel; but it may be supposed that he had rendered no services to the Tuscan Government.

Cases of tyranny there may have been more atrocious, but of naked, unblushing, aggressive injustice never was one beyond it. The French Minister himself, the Count de Garay, told Don Neri Corsini, that if Mr Landor was sent out of Tuscany, he would accompany him. The threat of a French Minister has far greater effect than the expostulations of an English one. The order to leave Florence *within the hour* was given, that Mr Landor might not apply to the Grand-Duke, as he had done two years before. His letter is in the hands of many, the copy having been stolen with many other papers, and shewn about to prove his disrespect to his *superiors*. A literal translation of it may not be unacceptable to you.

HIGHNESS! I am by the direction of my studies, unable to write

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a *Supplication*, and, were I able, I would rather die. I ask for justice; and under the son of Ferdinand, and the grandson of Peter Leopold, I am sure to find it. I have lived eleven years in Tuscany; in Tuscany my children were born; and from Tuscany I am to be expelled by an order of the President of the Buon Governo. The only motive for this violence is, that being robbed of my plate, I expressed with too much reason the feeble hope I entertained of recovering it. The President, on another occasion, when I was robbed of a valuable picture, comported himself in a manner quite unworthy of an elevated magistrate, and threatened what he now thinks to execute, “*if I troubled the Courts of Justice with such poultry business.*” At last comes the order: and what order? to leave Tuscany in three days; during which time examinations are being made of the suspected, and my presence is requisite to convict or to acquit them. Supposing (as I do) that the recovery of the property is impossible, are three days sufficient for this? Certainly not; but it appears that the guardian of the Tuscan laws is quite unconscious of it. Be it so: I have then all the furniture of twenty-two rooms, many pictures, some marble busts, some ancient and valuable books, and others given me as marks of esteem and respect by the first literary characters of the age. These are not to be packed up in three days, nor the cases made for them; and without my presence, the more valuable part of them would be ruined. It is very pardonable in the President of the Buon Governo to be ignorant of this, and very natural in him to be indifferent to it: but, sir, you who aspire with the fairest title to stand among the writers of impartial history, and who (I hope) are destined to adorn its pages, will not learn without displeasure of an action, committed in your name, worthy of Algiers or Constantinople and which after some few months will no longer be tolerated even there.

If I am to leave Tuscany in three days I must go without my linen, which is sent away about once in the fortnight, and which is washed four or five miles off: and I know neither the name of the place nor of the laundress. This indeed would appear a *poultry consideration* to the President of the Buon Governo, who probably has little to do with washing, little knowledge or conception of the quantity sent for that purpose in a fortnight by a numerous English family, and little care or concern that an industrious and indigent

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woman brings it back to a deserted house, and loses the fruits of her labour. Surely such expedition as the President's can only be necessary in cases of conspiracy, or turbulence. Now, Highness ! I take no interest whatever in the affairs of Italians : I visit none of them : I admit none of them within my doors : I never go to the gaminghouse, to the coffehouse, to the theatre, to the palace, or to the church : where then and with whom am I likely to be guilty of conspiracy and treason ? And so little am I turbulent, that I did not think my plate, however valuable, and the last of it, worth a bustle or even an inquiry. I told the Police that I denounced the fact to them, only because I considered it to be my duty to conceal no offence committed under my roof, and that I never expected to recover by their vigilance the slenderest portion of my property. Sir ! I leave Tuscany, but not in three days. The health of my wife (Doctor Cassini can inform you) and my own honour, equally but not more dear to me, will detain me somewhat longer. I go, carrying with me the consolatory idea that I never have violated the laws ; that I have spoken of the Prince with respect, and written of his father as he himself must often have thought and perhaps may write hereafter.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

Palazzo Guigni, 15th April 1829.

TO PRINCE ROSPIGLIOSI

(with the note above)

PRINCE, I place the enclosed in the hands of a humane and just man, of a prudent and faithful Minister. It interests the sovereign much, me little ; but for what little it does interest me, I have a request to make, at once novel and easy ; which is, that you will present it without a single word of recommendation.

I have the honour to be, &c.,

W. S. LANDOR.

Mr Landor took no steps whatever with our Minister in Tuscany : he made no complaint, he asked no protection, he mentioned the fact to nobody but his solicitor in the prosecution for the recovery of the plate, telling him that the Police had probably found it, since they were so urgent in sending him out of the way. But Lord

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Normanby, Sir Robert Lawley and Mr St John heard the story, and without the knowledge of Mr Landor, went in the greatest haste to Don Neri Corsini, represented to him the respectability of Mr Landor, and added a hint on the precipitancy and severity of the *sentence*, for such they called it. They perceived that Don Neri was exceedingly incensed against the injured man, and knew well that no public offence, no offence committed against a mere subaltern and dependant, could produce this intense and implacable commotion. They could do nothing with him : but Mr Landor's letter had its due effect upon his master.

The Grand-Duke immediately gave commands that Mr Landor should remain unmolested, but his Ministers did not obey them. Mr Landor neither knew nor heeded this. He remained thirteen days at Florence, then went to the baths of Lucca, and having stayed there one month, returned to Florence. He was met in the streets by a person in office, who looked amazed, and, after congratulating him, inquired (since the Ministers were indignant and outrageous at his appeal to the Grand-Duke) " Who had recalled him ? " He replied " My family "—not knowing that the Grand-Duke had actually done it ; and resolved in case of violence to insist upon a refuge and asylum in the house of the British Minister as is always done when such outrages are committed against British subjects in other parts of the Levant.

He was informed from the best authority that Corsini and the President would never forgive their signal defeat, and would soon avenge it. They were forced to wait two years, and could only wreak their vengeance thro the breach of their own institutions. The French Minister met them in it, and made them retire with shame and confusion. It is probable that henceforward all the English will place themselves under his protection. Among slaves fear generates respect ; and strong words paralyze weak minds. My paper will hold nothing more, and to say the truth, my dear sir, I have other and more pleasant thoughts for the remainder of the evening.

Very sincerely yours,
EDWARD TALBOYS.

VICE-ADMIRAL DONELLY, Colonel Oakes of the Guards, and Mr Aphthorpe, the Clergyman who officiates at Florence, live in the

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Square of Ogni-Santi, situated in the great thoroughfare to the Parade of the Cascine. There stands a dead wall at one extremity which not only hides the Arno and the beautiful hills on the other side, but serves for those indecent exposures attendant on all the Restorations in Europe. The French, not indeed too particular in these matters, had however prohibited them in Florence, and signally in this frequented part of it. The delicacy and generosity of these gentlemen were so far excited, that they joined in a memorial to the President of the Buon Governo, offering to remove the wall at their expense, to substitute an iron palisade, and to place in the middle of the Square the Centaur of Giovanni da Bologna, one of the finest, if not the very finest work, of the greatest among modern statuaries. It has been removed from lane to lane, and is now going to decay in the lowest and wettest and closest part of Florence. The President did not deign to return any answer whatever to these gentlemen: a certain proof that any offer to do public good in Tuscany, even with inert matter, is looked upon suspiciously. Perhaps this fact gave rise to the story about the Foreigner, and the new street: perhaps the Minister of Justice put it into the mouth of the Minister of Truth, in order to make every other seem incredible. The story of Spinella I believe has no other foundation than this; although, if any such project (and surely 'tis a more magnificent one and greatly more easy of execution than that projected by the French Government) were offered to the consideration of the Rulers, it not only would be discountenanced, but treated with as much disregard, disdain and insolence, as that recently offered by these distinguished Englishmen.

I have related, Sir, only what everybody knows here; only what has passed within these few weeks. Judge then how much interest, how much insolence and tyranny, have probably been exercised against the humbler and weaker portion of our countrymen. A servant, who had sought redress in vain, said to another, "Ah Thomas! we poor dogs are come to a sad pass when even the sheep worry us. I did not know that our Italian fellow-servants carried licenses in their pockets, to rob other than the master, the mistress, the children, and the governess. And must they draw knives too, to defend their honour?"

This reminds me of what happened a few months ago. An Englishman who came into Tuscany to undertake the business of

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straw hats, employed some hundreds of the poor in the manufacture of them. His name was Eade. He was personable and athletic : the young men feared him, the young women had more courage. There was a little dance a short distance from his residence. He went, and chose for his partner a girl whom he had advised against an imprudent choice. She appears to have taken the advice into consideration. Her lover was there, and was seen at first to speak in a very earnest manner to two friends of his, and afterwards to throw some animated glances at the partner of his chosen. Mr Eade, in his return home, was followed by him and his two friends. About a hundred yards from his own door he was assailed and stabbed by them, in three parts of the body. His great coat was found in the middle of the road. It is supposed he had thrown it aside, to fight them with his fist. For his stick was found also on the other side of the hedge. In due time three persons were apprehended ; in due time acquitted ; in due time they begin again.

Mr Apthorpe, the clergyman who officiates in the English Chapel, was robbed of his plate. He was informed that he might hear of it at the Monte di Pietà, a place established by Government for people in distress, to pawn their goods at the full value. He went to this office and found his plate. But it was not allowed him to know the name of the thief, nor to recover any part of his property, unless he paid rather more than what his silversmith said it was worth ; and if he had taken it, he would not only have been obliged to pay this money, but likewise to remunerate a gang of police officers for giving him the information. From this fact, and fifty similar that could be adduced, it is evident that the Monte di Pietà at Florence instead of being a charitable institution is merely a receptacle for stolen goods, under the protection of the Government. It was established to keep from immediate famine those who had lost all their money in the lottery, and that they might have more to put into it.

MR RAIKES TO THE REV. MR DREW

MY DEAR FRIEND,—Formerly all the Grand-Dukes of Tuscany, even the very worst, not only allowed but invited those who had any complaint to make against their Ministers, to come forward and present it in person. In our own days the late Grand-Duke Ferdinand

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did the same ; the Duchess of Lucca, the Duchess of Parma, the Duke of Modena himself, continue the practice. But the Ministers of the Grand-Duke Leopold of Tuscany daily violate the best usage of the country, and upon many occasions have intercepted and obstructed the beneficence of their master. I do not believe any Englishman would obey an order of theirs to depart from this city *within the hour* ; but the order has been given. Where there is no respectability, no public virtue, no private honour, there might at least be (one would think) some respect, some obedience to the Prince.

If the present system continues, few English will choose Florence for their residence. We spend in the city about six thousand crowns daily, which is double of what is spent in it by all the Ministers and all the nobility, numerous as it is. The greater part of these live chiefly on the rents we pay them for their lodgings : many of the remainder procure a scantier meal from the gaming table and the cards. Those strangers who play are not liable to be molested, because they leave money in the country, and do not send intelligence out. Mr Talboys says that many an Englishman here has had reason to repeat the hemistich of Ovid,

Cur conscia lumina feci ?

The Austrians have reason to be vigilant in Lombardy ; but, conscious that they are a great and powerful people, they never condescend to those petty vexations which those who possess authority in smaller states are perpetually committing.

While I was sailing on the Lake of Como, I could not but think how different would have been the condition of all Italy if the army of Gustavus Adolphus had not been infected by that pestilential fever which annually ravages its upper shore. Terror and despair had seized every heart in Lombardy, excepting those few which liberty and reason had fortified, and the towns on the Larius were deserted. But it appears to be the decree of Providence that when Italy is aroused, it is only to lie the lower for it. Her popular commotions, like her earthquakes, shake a parish or two ; and the people on the morrow set about their ordinary work again, as if nothing had occurred the day before.

I am, &c.

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TERESA LAURETTA BRUCHI TO MR TALBOYS

MOST ILLUSTRIOUS SIGNOR,—Your venerated leaf does infinite honour to your most humble servants, altho in this *facenda* my husband is desirous to count for nothing. We have indeed had the greatest offers made for our beloved and favourite daughter Serena, but something seems to have told us that we were to wait for your Illustrious Signory. Therefore we did wait, and are rewarded for our obedience to the decrees of the Madonna. Your Illustrious Signory is pleased to manifest Her intentions to waive the ceremony of dower. In fact, our family is not what it was formerly when the Bruchi had half Mugello: not that we are much below what we were; for my husband's half-brother is *fattore* * to Conte Guidi, formerly Lord of Mugello, and who has still a *fattoria* there worth a thousand crowns a year. The Conte Guidi has, not the *fattore*, but it is much the same. However where there are four children it requires a principality to give a dower. Marchese Nomi degli Squarcialupi would have taken the Serena with eight hundred crowns: we offered seven hundred, when Providence interposed, and threw the pen, ready for the signature, back again into the inkstand.

I glory to protest myself, most Illustrious Signor, Her humble servant,

From my house,

TERESA L. BRUCHI.

SERENA BRUCHI TO MR TALBOYS

SIGNOR ODOARDO!—Mama tells me I may answer your letter. I do not know what to say to it, Signor Odoardo! You tell me you love me very much: I would give the world if I might tell you that I love you very much. But I must not indeed, though Mama says I may write what I think proper. This is one of the things that are not proper; and there are a great many others, as you will hear whenever you let Canonico Rospone (the best confessor in all Florence) tell you them. I am quite ashamed: my face burns: I do not know whether it is the thought of any of these or the thought of writing to you, or the

* Steward or Bailiff.

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thought of anything else, tho indeed indeed I did not think of anything else, my Signor Odoardo ! Mama says you may come : but you must only come when she is in the house. If you do I must run into my room and lock the door. I take it very kind of you to write verses about my amethyst. I send you a little knot of violet with a gagia in the middle, all from my uncle's house brought by Geppone. You ask me in your pretty verses, when your heart will be free. This frightens me. What ! is it not free ? I thought it was. You should not love me then. If it is not free, I have so little practice I cannot tell really when it will be ; for it is Mama that always looks into the Almanack. But come and ask her, for I shall be very sad if it is long.

I am, Signor Odoardo, Her very Humble Servant,
From Mama's House,

SERENA BRUCHI.

THE FATTORE RAPI TO SIGNORA TERESA LAURETTA BRUCHI

SIGNORA,—That beast, my half-brother, has committed another great bestiality. He has left you to dispose of the hand, as the man calls it, of the Serena. I don't approve of it, and won't approve of it ; for unless she marries where there is money in the chest, how am I ever to get back again the hundred and twelve scudi you owe me ? Beside, where are your entrails ? would you give the wench to the devil ? If the *sposo* were a Christian it would be something. A thief may pick pockets at the gate of Paradise, and get in, an assassin may stab under the cross, and then kiss it : but the man who is no Christian, what can he do ? who will hear him, Saint or Saintess ? he must slink away again among the kicks and pinches of the righteous, until the devil claims him as his birthright. To be sure, that is no affair of the Serena's ; but suppose he bewitches her, what then ? That is an affair of hers, it beseems me. Mind me ; I will have the wench over here. She may sleep with old Domenica, who has one eye open all night where young folks are. I have sent Geppone and the cart. Put her in, and I will find her both man and money.

From me, Fattore Rapi, Giuseppe of the late Giuseppe,

At my house this thirteenth day of October, year from the blessed Incarnation, 1830.

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No. VII

SIGNORA TERESA LAURETTA BRUCHI

To the Illustrious the Fattore Rapi, Giuseppe of the late Giuseppe, into his revered hands, the patron most worshipful.

DEAREST AND MOST HONOURED BROTHER-IN-LAW, PATRON MOST WORSHIPFUL,—Your kind letter filled our hearts with joy. Geppone tells us that you are quite well, which makes them overflow. Geppone brought to the Serena seven fine violets and a *gagia*, which are rare in this season, tho we have roses. I doubt Geppone is not quite honest, for these flowers are worth three soldi in the market, and, as girls do not know what to do with flowers but stick them in the bosom or the hair or anywhere, I doubt you never gave him leave. Therefore look to him, for he is good-natured and affectionate; if not worse. We will send you our Serena, tho we have indeed, in a certain manner, given her to the Englishman. But the Englishman has no *quattrini*. His father, he says, allows him four hundred and fifty crowns a-year, and there is a chapel which he will have, he says, when he goes into orders. But he is only twenty-two years old, and must wait two more. The English priests, you know, may marry: they have the Pope's indulgence, because they are incontinent. In England they pay roundly for masses. Would you believe it, a priest in that country, not a bishop, nor canonico, but only a priest, can get seven or eight hundred crowns a-year, not reckoning wax candles. He will have all that; but he says that he will not ask his father for any increase to his allowance. Nor need he for himself and the Serena. But we wish him of course to live with us. His four hundred and fifty crowns will be an acceptable addition to our two hundred and eighty-six. We may then all live like Borghese, and pay the interest of your money to the day. To be sure, we can only hope it for two years: that is serious. We leave the thought to you and the Madonna, and pray her, &c.

MR. TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

SERENA, MY DEAR SERENA!—Did you not send me word that you would return to Florence in two or three days? And have not

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you been absent all the week ? This is the anniversary of it. Alas ! You will not understand the expression : I meant only the same thing that I have said in the line before. But we lovers can only say the same thing over and over again. We are birds in cages, that sing and sleep upon one perch. I cannot see why your mother or your uncle should refuse me the satisfaction of visiting you. She says he is odd and cross ; that they owe him much, and may owe him more. Surely no such hope can be entertained ; for she told me he had a married daughter and some grandchildren. And supposing your family were under obligations to him, is there anything in me to offend or displease him ? She exacted a promise from me that I would not attempt to see you at your uncle's. I gave it only when she said " I must entreat of you for our Serena's sake." O Serena ! I have given you my heart : I would give you my happiness, and not recal or regret it, could it add to yours. But surely it is better to cherish a heart than to break it ; and if we take away another's happiness we cannot retain our own. But, my little dear Serena ! we may mutually play with happiness as children play with hands, placing the one's upon the other's in constant and rapid interchange.

SERENA'S ODOARDO.

SERENA BRUCHI TO MR TALBOYS

DEAREST, DEAREST ODOARDO,—So you really know how to play at that delightful game ! But is not it very childish ? Sinforiano and I used to play at it, until at last he scratched me on purpose, and said that he had a right to scratch me because he was the only brother.

Oh how we shall amuse ourselves in the winter, if you will never play with anybody but me. Geppone will carry this ; and I would send you a *gagia* by him with a kiss upon it ; but he says it's as much as his place is worth. I am glad you call me *dear*, but do you really think I am *little* ? You must quite forget me : I am as tall as Mama within two fingers. She says I shall not grow when I am married. Why would you keep me down ? I hope you will not tell the maid to lace me tight, as Mama does, so that you could hardly put your hand under the bottom of my corset. To-morrow is my birthday : I shall be fourteen. Uncle Rapi will have a world of people at

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dinner : that is, two other *fattori*, and the richest silk-merchant in all *Mercato Nuovo*. He invited them in the kindest way possible, saying they would be heartily welcome, but begging they (that is the two *fattori*) would not bring their wives, because one woman in a house was exactly one woman too many. He did not say this about their spouses, but about me. I fear I am in his way, and, when to-morrow is over, I should be glad to return to Florence. I have nothing to do here, and I suppose you have nothing to do there, so I think it would be a very nice thing if you would write some more verses, and I promise you faithfully I will read them, every word. You may write them either on the tucker of Brussels lace, or on the canary bird. On recollection, you have written a little bit about the Brussels lace in your poem on the Amethyst.

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA

THANKS and obedience to my Sweet Serena !

Dialogue between a Lover and a Canary Bird

LOVER

You little pert and twittering pet
Why triumph so ? do you forget
That wooden bolt and wiry bar
Too plainly shew us what you are ?

CANARY BIRD

You taunting, envious, monstrous thing,
You who can neither fly nor sing !
I would not, if I could, forget
I am a little twittering pet.
Proud man may banish from his mind
A mistress, lovely, gentle, kind ;
The wildest woods have never heard
Such manners of the grateful bird.
I wish one instant you could see
The blessed fate allotted me ;
I should exult that Heaven had sent
The vision for your punishment.
No language but a bird's can speak
The transports of my quivering beak ;
My quivering beak alone can sing
The glories of my golden wing.

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What though I tremble as I stand
Perched high on her protecting hand,
As my reflected form I view
In two clear founts of heavenly blue,
My ruffled wing her fingers close,
Her bosom bids my fears repose ;
So froward is my fondled will,
I struggle to be nearer still ;
The beating of her breast I hear,
And yet would I be still more near.
I chirp—but oh, my voice ! how dull !
Where flies it when the heart is full !
Tell me, vain mortal, when will you
Sip the live rose's fragrant dew ?
Riot and revel in her hair ;
And dream of nests and nestling there ?
Then may you triumph, and forget
The little pert and twittering pet.

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No. VIII

* As readers not intimate with Italian manners appear to be occasionally mystified with these masterly papers of Mr Landor, which we will venture to say contain not a syllable without its weight and significance, whether the subject be grave or gay, we think it may be as well to remind them, that the said manners are here painted to the very *letter* as well as in spirit, including specimens even of idiom, and of the phraseology of obsequious intercourse. The whole scene, for instance, of the corrupt application of the noble and rascally *cognoscenti* to Cardinal Albani, respecting their dealings with the Englishmen, besides containing some excellent criticism, is a literal picture of the way in which such applications are made and justice and foreigners treated on legal occasions, exhibiting at the same time that extraordinary mixture of childish simplicity with cunning and of real enthusiasm with pretended, which on the shabbiest and most provoking occasions hinders one from hating the people that are cheating us. So in the letters of Serena,—a vein of exquisite superinduced art, family and otherwise, runs through a ground of nature of the most unsophisticate order, and such as with a good education would have been as honest as genial. The Italians, a nation full of genius and formed to lead the world (as indeed they have generally contrived to do somehow or other), impress you with this curious mixture everywhere. They are a people, by nature, of the best and finest kind, spoilt by priestcraft and want of education, but contriving to see fair play somehow between the vices of convention and a natural healthy cheerfulness, and retaining (except among the very worst of the noblesse and the upper traders) an absolute *bon hommie* in rascality.—EDIT. M. R.

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REV. WM. ALDER TO MR TALBOYS

MY DEAR TALBOYS,—On the receipt of your letter I went over at once to your father, who treated me with his usual friendliness and cordiality. He knew that you had promised your old tutor to entrust him with every thought and every feeling which might influence your future happiness. There are few, my dear Talboys, who at once feel acutely and think profoundly. Of these few you are one. Your father and I compared the letters you had written to us on the same occasion. In his place, I think I should have discountenanced your attachment more gravely than his generosity has permitted. Indeed I should have forbidden it. In vain do you tell me that, although the girl's beauty first attracted you, it was her innocence, her simplicity, which led you into captivity so far from your native land. My friend ! my friend ! these are more fallacious than beauty. When we see beauty, we cannot mistake it : but the wisest and best of men are the most frequently mistaken in those other qualities. No effort is more noble than to snatch them from perdition : but, when they are sinking, they often draw down irrecoverably the weak devoted rescuer. Your expressions have indeed more of sentiment than of passion in them ; but alas ! in young men sentiment is only the perfume of passion, and it usually flies off first. What a happy world would be ours, if every man continued in that lofty purity which is inspired by the first influence of love ! In few words, if you can save this girl from bad example, if you are sure that at present she is quite uncontaminated by it, and equally so that your happiness is inseparable from hers, my soul and your father's send you, across the sea, that blessing, which I hoped to have pronounced, one day, with more solemnity in our parish church.

Your ever affectionate

WILLIAM ALDER.

MR RAIKES TO THE REV. SILVESTER DREW

O MY DEAR MR DREW !—I have just been witnessing the most deplorable sight ! worse, I venture to affirm, than the horrible one of the young woman in the *Cascine*. An elderly gentleman, with whom I was slightly acquainted in this city, had become indisposed. I called on him, from time to time, and found his strength declining.

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Yesterday I met his physician on the stairs, who told me he was not long for this world. Very much shocked, you may suppose, I was. I entered the room softly, and expressed a hope that he found himself better.

"Do you understand the pulse?" said he.

"A little," answered I, "but by no means perfectly."

"Just feel mine," said he.

What was my horror at finding 'Don Quixote' between his thumb and the palm of his hand! He did not loose the volume while I felt his poor wretched pulse; a mere pigeon's. I told him, in a voice which I commanded as well as I could, that it seemed to me calm and tranquil. He replied, with a smile, "I think it will be calmer and tranquiller in another hour or two."

It was impossible to misunderstand him. I pressed his hand between mine, regardless of the unworthy book it was holding, which now dropped, and exclaimed, "My dear Mr Maplebury! you then are aware of your condition: the gentleman I met on the stairs has informed you of it?" "Oracularly," answered he: "but I have an oracle in the interior of the temple which speaks more plainly."

"O then," cried I, "permit me to change this volume for a better."

"Even this has tired me," said the unhappy man, "and my eyes at this moment seem inclosed in a lanthorn." I looked about, and found only one other work. My dear Mr Drew! what do you suppose it was? You must have heard of it, although you never read it . . . my pen refuses its office . . . on my veracity, it was 'Tom Jones'! In the absence of a clergyman, I thought it my duty to expostulate. "My dear Sir!" said I, "what authors are these?" "Delightful ones," he quietly answered. "Allworthy and Sophia and hearty Tom are refreshment to the sick and sated heart: and no longer ago than this morning I took my canter with the gentlemanly Don among the lavender and gum-cistusses on the romantic heaths of Spain." I began to think, from this language, that he was growing delirious: it went off however. No time was to be lost: I summoned up resolution and said solemnly, "Mr Maplebury! Mr Maplebury! it really is time to think of another journey, which we all, sooner or later, must take. We must prepare timely, according to present appearances, which may indeed be, and often are fallacious." I pressed his hand; it returned the pressure: I

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looked in his face, and grieved to observe the smile remaining on it. I then said earnestly,

"My dear friend, you must prepare for this journey; you must indeed, and without delay."

"Good Mr Raikes!" said he—but how can I throw the poisonous words from off my pen!—"Good Mr Raikes," said he, "I have packed up and strapped my valise: I have no time, no strength, no inclination, to open it again. Beside, my dear friend, it would hold nothing more, I do assure you."

O Mr Drew! If I had but my prayerbook, my bible, only a chapter of Genesis, only a psalm of David, in my pocket, this unhappy man might have departed and not have smiled!

I remain, my dear Mr Drew, your afflicted friend.

P.S.—He was no chicken: he was near our age.

SERENA TO MR TALBOYS

DEAR ODOARDO,—Uncle Rapi is the kindest man in the world. He has given me leave to gather for you the only rose-bud in the garden;—that just behind the beehives.

Alas! I thought you knew the place and all about it; for you seem to be always with me. What have I been writing? No, it cannot be that you seem so, for I often say to myself, "*Why is Odoardo not here?*"

I have been sitting idle a quarter of an hour since I wrote the last word: but I must not any longer. Just then I was very grave, and hardly saw the paper that lay before me: but your pretty verses put me in spirits and make me smile. And now, dear Odoardo! do canary birds speak in England? I have heard it is the language of birds; we have a proverb that says it; and when you speak it, I am convinced. Our language is not half so sweet; and yet ours is very sweet too, when you speak it. O what a delight to hear you pronounce the word *Serena*! and then *mia*! I could almost leap upon your lap, if I were not afraid of falling. . . . I wish you had written on *my* canary bird, instead of that in England. I wish to know whose it is: I am sure it is not half so pretty as mine: I hope you do not like it better; or quite so well. And yet perhaps all the while I am mistaking the matter. Perhaps you have been

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giving those graceful terms to the very few notes you picked up in the pauses of conversation. O that is pleasant ! What you heard was the parrot at the next door : and he can only say *Padrona bella*. Our neighbour did not like him at all before she taught him to articulate. She offered him to Mama for half-a-crown : but she now thinks him the handsomest and cleverest creature in the world, and declares no other repeats those words so distinctly.

I have but a little piece of paper, as you see, and I have doubled and crossed it, and must put it round the rose-bud. Ah me ! ah me ! the outward leaves are dropping off, bud as it is, and those under are green rather than white. I dare not kiss it : I dare only put the point between my lips, gently, gently, and pray the Madonna to preserve it for your bosom.

ODOARDO'S SERENA.

From Uncle Rapi's.

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA

MANY thanks for the rose-bud, my Serena ! There is a poem, the most delightful of all antiquity, in which a white dog (as we gather from the name of *Argos*) lived just long enough to see his master and to recognize him after an absence of more than twenty years. With equal fidelity your white rose performed its mission, and perished when it had performed it. Carefully as I detached the paper from it, my solicitude was vain. Petal after petal fell upon my table, and even the centre was dissevered from the stem. Nothing is lost, however. Every leaf occupies a leaf in my Petrarca, in the tenderest parts of the lover's poet.

Believe me, it was *your* canary bird, and no other, that my imagination represented as giving us men a lesson. He is not prouder of his captivity than I of mine, although he has many advantages which I must wait for.

Is it possible, my sweet Serena, that you are only just fourteen ? Your Mama told me a month ago, that you were fifteen : and surely she is likelier to be an accurate reckoner than you are. If my judgement were to be guided by your simplicity and innocence, I should think you still younger than the youngest of these ages : but when I look on your beautiful form, on the full perfection of your slender structure, which assures me that you never will be much (if any)

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taller ; and above all, when my grateful heart records the clear responses of yours, I am inclined to think your mother the best computist. Happy as you have made me, my Serena, by your preference, I will not urge forward the brightest of my days with blind precipitation. To see and hear you, to lay before you the imperfect fruits of my poor experience, and to refresh my soul with your purity, is bliss beyond all desert. Yet in my confidence I bid you love, love more than ever,

ODOARDO.

SERENA TO MR TALBOYS

AND now, Odoardo ! Odoardo ! what have you gained by asking me whether I was sure that I was only fourteen ? Uncle Rapi, of whom I inquired, looked hard into my face, and hooted twice, ‘ *Only ! only ! Per Bacco ! thou art thirteen, neither more nor less.* ’

But *fattori* have so many reckonings of their own, they soon forget other people’s, and easily let something drop. Mama told me, on my last birthday, that I was thirteen then, and reminded me that I had gone to confession five entire years. Very true ; and this settles the matter. Children are never taught before eight what sins are, nor how they are committed, excepting lies and thefts, which they learn sooner, and quite out of their own heads. These are sins, or almost ; though confessors tell us they are not worth any long discourse. I once stole a needle of Mama’s, having lost mine, and she whipt me for it ; not indeed in anger, but because it was as good as anything for my first confession, and whipping would make me remember. In consequence of this, the next wrong thing I did I told a story about : it was pulling up a geranium to hide some filberts under it. The geranium withered ; and when the mould was turned out the filberts followed. Mama, for a punishment, made me stand by while she cracked and ate them all : and this served for my confession the next Lent. I have been puzzled many times since ; the questions were so very odd, and asked in a voice so different from when I was little. I have told of the kiss ; I have told of the hair ; not because they are sins, but because I thought about them in my prayer to the Madonna, and broke it off, and could not find the place again.

And now do not ask me any more about my age ; for I have given

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you plenty of reasons, and you have given me some, why it is impossible I should be a day younger than fourteen. When you were fourteen, my Odoardo, were not you very proud and happy? that is, if you were not kept away at your uncle's.

SERENA.

SERENA TO MR TALBOYS

ODOARDO ! I am quite ashamed of writing, and the ink has grown dry upon my pen several times : and this will account to you for the broad double stroke in the letter *I*. But I must always do what Mama tells me. She ordered me, twice before, to ask you for a gold chain to wear about the neck. And now, Odoardo, I have done my duty. But, pray, pray ! do not lay out any money at all ; particularly in a gold chain, or chain of any kind for me. I like only the narrowest black ribbon just wide enough to hide from observation that beautiful little lock of dark hair which I sewed against it. Odoardo ! it tickles me so, it often wakens me in the night : for I have lately begun to wear the ribbon round my neck in bed ; because it prevents colds and coughs : and in the country, they say, people are very liable to them. But again and again I entreat you never to buy that *vezzo*. Your cool white hand is so pleasant on my neck ! and a chain would so disturb it ! Beside, I think you could buy a rabbit for as little, or even for less ; and we could play with it on our knees both together. You should take one ear, I the other ; and our little-fingers might touch again, as they did on the head of Fido, the eleventh of October. Oh Odoardo ! I think fingers grow callous after lovers have once touched them. Nothing since that day has ever run along mine, into my throat, into my temples, throwing down my eyes upon my bosom. It made me so happy I began to fear it was a sin.

I love you, Odoardo ! I love you dearly ; I love you more than you told me, until you told me to love you more than ever. Show me how this is possible, that I may do it. I am sorry and confused I have not written it before : I was often on the point of it ; but I have frequently left off (God help me !) in the moment of doing what I ought.

YOUR OWN SERENA.

P.S.—I am really fourteen, Odoardo ! never doubt it.

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MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Quarterman is scarcely so serious as Pettigrew : indeed I feel uncertain in regard to this disposition in him, on several occasions. On my inquiring further about the two charity-schools, which, if you remember, I mentioned in my last, he answered that they were very well known, not only in London, but over half the country : that the scrag-and-turnepers are nicknamed the *Norfolk Blues*, from the colour and substance of the vegetable ; and the riotous lads of the richer school, who snatch their pastry through burning spirits, are known by the appellation of *Lucifers*, from their readiness to *take fire* and *set fire*. Luckily, there are few of these ; but they appear to have much liberty and a large playground. My informant tells me that girls are admitted into it, who soon become such Spartans, as he calls them, that they fight anybody who quarrels with the lads. Either the thing tickles his fancy, or the gentleman is quizzing me, for he rubs his elbow at the recital.

Examinations of MARCHESE SCAMPA, CONTE BIANCHERIA, *and*
SIGNOR CORAZZA, *before the* CARDINAL-LEGATE ALBANI, *in Bologna.*

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Most illustrious Signor Marchese ! I grieve deeply to have incommoded you. Most illustrious Signor Conte Cesare ! I am sorry to have caused you any disturbance. Most esteemed, prized, and ornamented Signor Corazza ! I feel somewhat of uneasiness at requiring your attendance.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Your Eminence may dispose of me purely at Her pleasure.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. I am your Eminence's most obsequious, most devoted, and most humble servant.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. I kiss the sacred hem of her purple, humbly inclining myself.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. On my faith, Signors ! a pretty piece of pastry you have been making ! A fine embroilment ! on my body !

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Eminence ! all men have had their embroilments.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Pieces of pastry all men have made, Eminence !

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CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signors ! I fear these will stick upon your fingers some time yet, although I pray God you may, with His help, wash yourselves clean.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. We are in His hands.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. —And your Eminence's.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. I meant Hers all the while.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Surely ; securely ! I am in hers, the whole of me.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. 'Tis well. Now in the name of Dominedio, most gentle sirs, how the devil could you play these tricks ? What doings are these ! I accuse you of nothing : I am convinced you are innocent, most innocent, more than most innocent. And yet, *diamene !* they will have it otherwise.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. God and your Eminence with us, our uprightness is not to be disputed.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. We know what we know : we are what we are : we can tell them that. Let them mind it. What says Signor Marchese ? Do I speak well ?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. True ; most true ; Signor Conte ! always under the correction of his Eminence.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Forasmuch as I have understanding in me, there are not two honester gentlemen in Bologna. Very old houses ! vastly rich heretofore : rich still : honey does not run from the pot without leaving some against the sides ; ay, Signor Marchese ? (*Aside*) It sticks hard ; but I have a spoon that will scrape it. You appear to be incommoded by a cough, Signor Marchese ! will my snuff box relieve it ?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Infinite thanks, Eminence ! immortal condescension ! It would cure Cairo : it would have stopped the seven plagues of Egypt.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Conte ! we are coming too abruptly to the business. Pardon my habits of despatch ! Only be explicit, be clear. I must do my duty. I may be lenient. Much is left to my judgement and discretion ; and you noble personages are the very last in the world who would wish to lead it astray, or make it harsh.

An English gentleman, with more earnestness than——

ALL AT ONCE. As usual with the nation.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. —has applied to me personally.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Personally ! to a Porporato !

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CONTE BIANCHERIA. Personally ! to a Cardinal-Legate !

SIGNOR CORAZZA. *Ohibo !* Personally ! to an Eminence of Holy Church ! with a maggiorduomo, four cooks, six chaplains, and (San-Antonio) the six finest mules in all the Patrimony ! *Cospetto !* the heretic !

CARDINAL-LEGATE. So it is : by letter to me I mean.

ALL. Letter ! more and more presumptuous !

MARCHESE SCAMPA. No preliminary !

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Secretary of State, even secretary of state, had been too high. Maestro di casa, maestro di scuderia, cameriere, page, porter, or any other dignitary of the household, might have received it in the first instance, under the form of supplication. But letter ! letter ! letter ! my head turns round with it

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Carbonaro !

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Giovane Italia ! disguised as an Englishman.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Eminence ! we are gallant men, men of honour, men of garb, Signor Conte and Her most obsequious. Some regards are due to persons of distinction—I do not presume to say, from your Eminence, but from this Englishman. Why should he trouble your Eminence with his concerns ? petty matters ! trifles ! trivialities ! Law indeed to an Englishman is like his native air : he flies to it as he flies to his ship : he loses his appetite if he misses it : and he never thinks he has enough of it until it has fairly stripped him and begins to lie heavy on his stomach. It is his tea, his plum-pudding, his punch, his night-cap.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Happy ! if he can throw it off so easily when he wakens. Law in England ought to be in capital condition if exercise can accomplish it.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. There are common laws and common lawyers in Bologna, blessed be his Holiness ! And nothing new about them, nothing wild and extravagant, nothing visionary. They are ancient and awful as our Garisonda, and like Garisonda, lean toward the inhabitants.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Talk of patriotism ! this I call patriotism.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Signor Marchese would melt St Peter and persuade St Thomas, when they were stubbornest. I am ready to weep.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. At what, Signor Corazza ?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. *Ca !* at what ? it lies beyond expression.

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CARDINAL-LEGATE. Well, in this article of weeping we perhaps may help you.

SIGNOR CORAZZA (*aside*). *Per Bacco!* it grows serious!

CARDINAL-LEGATE. The foreigner threatens——

ALL. The assassin!

CARDINAL-LEGATE. —to send the Process before the *Ruota Criminale* at Rome, first submitting it to the Pontifical Chancery.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Chancery! we are fresh eggs; we are live oysters; we are swallowed up, the Day of Judgement cannot piece us again! If anything reasonable had been offered, then indeed who knows? Eminence! only hear the Englishman's proposals! That the pictures should be sent back; true, at the purchaser's charge; but what compensation for losing the sight of our pictures? pictures that have been hanging in our palaces for time immemorial; pictures that have made men, women, and children stand breathless under them; pictures that at last were given to the Englishman at his own price; for he would not listen to reason. I told him I had a presentiment of heartbreaking: I clasped my hands: I lifted up my eyes imploringly to the ceiling, until my sighs carried down a cobweb from a highth twelve *braccie*, and almost blinded me. I made no complaint; I bring no action for damages. There is one Scampa in the world; only one; here he stands.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Think! figure it! Eminence! he offered us our pictures again, with only one half of the money! Could a Jew do worse? The Pontifical Chancery and the *Ruota Criminale* would never tribulate gallant men in this guise. We must go to Rome with sacks in our great coats: and the judges there can smell silver from gold through a Russia-leather portmanteau, mix it as you will. Here in Bologna the judges are our neighbours, and act like neighbours. No pride, no fastidiousness: they have patience and hear reason. Only one word from your Eminence, and all stands well.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Reason too is heard at Rome.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. It goes by the Diligence to the banker's, and (Santa Maria!) makes but a short stay there.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Yes, Eminence! at Rome too they hear reason and have patience: but they require more reason from us, and more patience. Sacks! Eminence! sacks and sacks, Eminence! exterminated mountains! Mexico, Peru, Cordilleras!

[We are sorry to break off the printing of this article at a point

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which renders the immediate subject incomplete; but circumstances compel us. The scene with his Eminence the Cardinal will be concluded next month.—EDIT. M. R.]

No. IX

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Is money chaff, Signor Marchese? Signor Conte! is money swept off with the beard and suds at the barber's? To me it does not seem so. I am a poor man, but honest. I work, I work hard; *ca!* if any one knew it!

CARDINAL-LEGATE. At what do you work, most respectable Signor Corazza, my most worshipful master?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. At my business; day after day; all day long. O the life! to gain a crown-piece after years and years, and many and many; to stand and stand, and sigh and sigh, with my hands before me; now straight down, now across; sad variety! now looking at one Virgin, now at another; now at this Bambino, now at that; never mending me; tiring my heart and tearing it, and gnawing it, summer and winter, spring and autumn; while others are in villa; hosiers and hatters, who cannot distinguish a picture from a counterpane, a Porporato from a Pievano. *Ca!* and these people get more money than they can spend: what livers and brains! what capons! what trout! their wine comes from twenty miles off; *cospetto!* One keeps his *civetta*, another his billiard-table, another his—what not! Here am I! no wine, no billiard, no *pallone*, no laughing, no noise! The very carts in the streets grumble to be in it at such a season. All I possess of the country is a *grillo* in a cage of straw. The blessed Saint who lost her eyes—if she can be said to have lost them when she carried them in a dish—suffered less than mine did when I lost my Guido.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Have you nothing of the kind remaining?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Providence never abandons the faithful. A Ludovico . . . pure, sincere, intact; purest, sincerest, intactest—but alas! no *minestra in pentola*; no more *minestra* than if there were no rice-ground in Lombardy. This I call *enduring fatigue*, Signor Marchese! This I call *sweating*, Signor Conte! This I call *tribulation*, Eminence! Your Eminence can feel all this for us poor people in the trade. Look now! look now! only look! Here

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comes an Englishman to the Pelican ; a milord ; a real milord of London. The fame of the finest pieces in the world reaches him on the steps ; not mine, I do not say mine ; but the pieces of Signor Marchese and Signor Conte, rimbombing through the universe. He hardly asks for dinner : Signor Perotti, Signor Flavio, you, Eminence, must know him, padrone of the Pelican, says, "*Leave that to me.*" Now Signor Flavio speaks English as well as milord Beron or milord Scacchesperro. "*Do you want cash, sir ? I will take any till upon London, two months, three months.*" O the ingratitude of the *canaglia* ! The pictures are given ; thrown away (Do I speak well, Signor Marchese ?), packed up, sealed at the custom-house, sent off ; Signor Flavio goes along with them, loses his business, his rest, his peace of mind, crosses the Apennines, as Annibal did, and reaches Florence, eviscerated, exossated, with nine great packages ! nine ! the treasures of Bologna !

CONTE BIANCHERIA. We lie near the woods, or we never could have given the empty cases for the money we gave the pictures at.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. I doubt, after all, whether they will cover the carpenter's bill.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Be tranquil, Signor Marchese ! I have calculated that they certainly will, if he waits (as usual) a reasonable while for the payment.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. It was a great inconvenience to me : I made a great sacrifice : I thought of building a palace with the planks. Will your Eminence just look over the ground-plan ?

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Prodigiously magnificent elevation ! Blessed Saints !

MARCHESE SCAMPA. One might imagine that a little of the timber would be left. Quite the contrary. I have ruined the way through my estate by the carriage of supplementary loads ; and I should not have regretted it if I could have given satisfaction. I am ready to do the like again for any one who thinks more liberally.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. It must be by particular favour, and with strong recommendations, that an Englishman ever enters my house again. My stock of timber was small : however, if it had pleased His Beatitude the Holiness of our Lord to equip a galley or two against the Turks or Greeks, I had wherewithal at his service. Now, now indeed, not a stick is left me ! not a thorn, not a dead leaf on the floor ; the packages took all.

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SIGNOR CORAZZA. Men of humble condition must be cautious in their resentments. My temper is forgiving; my heart is large; I am ready to press my enemy to it again when he sees his error.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. He fancies he has already seen it, my most ornamented friend and worthy patron! His correspondent at Florence assures me, on the authority of the whole Academy, that he has been defrauded.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. If this gentleman is a gentleman of the law, he may lie legally; but if he acts merely as a friend, and in private, he acts insidiously. What gentleman in Italy ever took upon himself the business of another, where he fancied the other had been imprudent and might lose by that imprudence, whether life or property? The English alone are discontented with their own dangers, and run into those of other people. They pursue thieves; they mount upon conflagrations. Instead of joining the stronger, they join the weaker, subverting the order of things. Even dogs and wolves know better.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. I am ruined by them; this is all I pretend to know of their doings. Since I sold them my pictures, I am infested and persecuted and worried to death by duns. They belabour and martellate my ears worse than the *terza rima* of Dante, the next taking up the rhyme of the last. I am not a dealer in pictures: I only sell when anyone takes a fancy to this or that; and merely to show that we in Bologna are as condescending and polite to strangers as the people of Rome or Florence.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Very proper; but this double baptism of pictures, this dipping of old ones in the font again, and substituting a name the original sponsor never dreamt of giving, this methinks, Signor Marchese! under correction! is somewhat questionable and exceptionable.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Under the correction of your Eminence, bending myself most submissively, I have as much right to call my pictures by what appellation I please as my house-dog. He whose son has been christened by the name of Tommaso, may deem it more pleasurable to his ear, or more conductive to his welfare, or more appertaining to the dignity of his beloved heir, to designate him by that of Pietro or Giovanni. Again, I have as much right to ask a thousand crowns as a hundred. Asking does not cut purses nor

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force open bankers' desks. Besides, have I ever transgressed by laying claim to infallibility? Only one upon earth is infallible; and he not in pictures: it is only in things that nobody in this world can comprehend.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Piously and judiciously spoken.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Eminence! I am liable to errors; I am frail; I am a man, we are all of us dust; we are all of us ashes; here today, there tomorrow: but I stick to my religion; I wear my honour next my heart. I should like to catch this Englishman by twilight: I should like to hear how he would answer an honest man to his face. No subterfuges with me. Accidents have happened; malaria; judgements. Many have fallen sick by holding their roses too close to the ground, like dogs in the grotto at Naples yonder.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Be calm, Signor Marchese!

MARCHESE SCAMPA. My blood rises against oppression and injustice. These proud Englishmen shall never govern us. We are under the Church; God be praised! We are under His blessed Saints and your Eminence. Englishmen! What are Englishmen? In their ships they may do something. Give me one visage to visage in the shaven field, and *capperi*! he should soon see who was before him: ay, *capperi*! should he. Uh! uh! I almost crack my teeth with my courage.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Spare them! spare them! good Signor Marchese! they are worth their weight in gold at your age. Let us respect our veterans so sadly thinned by the enemy.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. I have the blood of youth in my veins.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. You must feel it very comfortable.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. It boils within me.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Let it; let it; better within than without. Surely it is applicable to pleasanter purposes than broils.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Stains upon honour——

CARDINAL-LEGATE. —may be covered with blood more easily than washed out with it. You are calmer, Signor Conte! Let me remark to you, then, that the Englishman in question has sent to me an attestation on a certain picture, purporting to bear the seal of our Academy: this seal is declared by one of our own Academicians (now in Florence) to be a forgery.

ALL. A traitor! a traitor! a traitor to his country!

CONTE BIANCHERIA. The Englishman himself forged it.

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SIGNOR CORAZZA. The English are capable. I never saw people write with such ease and fluency.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Very great forgers ; very notorious. Many are hanged for it every year in London ; some of the most respectable persons in the whole nation, who spend several thousand dollars a year ; milords, bankers, bishops.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Bishops ! more shame upon them ! Ours in Italy are long-dips ; four-and-twenty to the pound ; in England they are as substantial as sausages. What the devil should they forge but their credentials ?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. I said, and I repeat it, many English are hanged for it every year ; not one Italian. Lord Kenyon, the greatest judge in the kingdom, declared it lawful against an enemy : now Catholics are enemies in the eye of the Anglican Church, and the English laws acknowledge and act upon it ; therefore, on their own principles, we may fairly and justifiably be guilty of it, at our good pleasure. Not that we ever are.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. A secretary, by inadvertency, may affix a seal to a wrong paper. We cannot look to these bagatelles : we cannot light the taper for all our letters : we have extensive correspondences : a good deal of money comes yearly by this way into the Legations.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. An easy quiet liberality ; some slight preference to the native ; a little more regard to his testimony who is a Christian than to a Quaker's, a Turk's, a Lutheran's, an Anabaptist's, a Freemason's, may benefit the individual, consolidate the Government, and calm those uneasinesses and ranklings which have kept our wretched country——

CONTE BIANCHERIA (*aside*). *Ohibo ! take heed ! diamene !*

MARCHESE SCAMPA. —wretched, until the arrival of your Eminence, by perpetual insurrections. Only two years ago (horrible to think of !) Cardinal Rivarola was shot in his carriage. God knows why. Mystery hangs over everything here below. Idle men are seen about, ready to be hired : their work requires but short instruments and short warning.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Pooh ! pooh ! Signor Marchese ! never fear them ; we will watch over you. Government can pay them best : they are idle or at work as we judge proper. Englishmen have long purses, but never hire any help in their anger.

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SIGNOR CORAZZA. Economical indeed ! mean-spirited creatures.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. But they carry sticks, and confound distinctions with them.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Bloody rogues are left yet in the Legations ; and not all of them on the mountains. Have a care, Eminence ! they pretend to love their country. Such folks are always dangerous : their whistle is heard farther than any. We have seen, O Christ ! O holy Virgin !—Surgeon's work does not stand well. I weep at thinking—my eyes overflow—I kiss the feet that represent His Holiness.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Marchese ! you overpower me. And, Signor Conte ! you also at my other ! Nay, nay, in the name of—Cazzo !—you go too far. I do intreat you to rise up from my feet : your lips make them too hot : they do indeed. Gentlemen, the pleasure of your company has almost caused me to forget that you do me the honour of consulting with me on business of importance. Forgery is really an ugly thing, in my view of the subject. Swindling sounds indifferently. The Academicians of Florence have formally and unanimously decided that your pictures are not only no originals, but are wretched copies. Fifteen names, the names of all present, are subscribed to the declaration, signed by the president, the senator Alessandri ! “ Siamo di concorde avviso che il primo sia una copia mediocre, &c : che il secondo appartenga ad un debole imitatore della scuola Bolognese ; e gli ultimi due sieno fatti da un cattivo seguace, &c.”

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Eminence ! let the Academicians of Florence look at the pictures that the most liberal and intelligent of our Italian princes (I mean secular ; no offence to our Lord and Master His Beatitude) has bought in their own city, and under their own eyes. How happens it that he has friends about him, who recommend to him the purchase, at many thousand crowns, of pieces not worth five figs ? Domenichinos, Salvators, Leonardos, Murillos ! Is the Guido in the Tribuna any Guido at all ? Would your Eminence give three crowns for it, out of the frame ?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Their Domenichino in the same Tribuna, did Domenichino ever see it ? However, it is better than a real work of his in the Palazzo Pitti, which the Grand-Duke's purveyors bought for him at the price of fifteen hundred louis. Eminence ! would you give fifty crowns for it ? Our Lord would never have

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talked a half-minute with such a Magdalen as that : he would have thrown her pot of pomatum in her face.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Under favour, how happens it that they recommend to the Grand-Duke restorers and cleaners who never learnt anything of the art, and never attempted it on their own dirt and rags ?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. How happens it that the finest pictures in the world have been ruined within these two years ? The friend of His Imperial Highness, who recommended these rascals and their rubbish, has unquestionably his profits.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. And why should not we have ours ? We who rub nothing out at all, and put little on——

CARDINAL-LEGATE. —except in price, most adorned sir.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. I would not wish my observations to transpire. If the scourers at Florence go on as they have been going on lately, the collections at the gallery and at Pitti will be fit only for the *Committee of Taste* in London, and the Grand-Duke must have recourse to us for what is unsold in our corridors.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Sorry am I to understand that so zealous a protector, and so liberal an encourager of the Arts, has fallen among thieves.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. However he has purchased some fine pictures. Old pencils are red-hot iron to young fingers : all are burnt at first.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Unhappily, the two purest and most perfect works of Raffael are transferred from Tuscany to Bavaria : his Bindo Altoviti and his *Tempi Madonna*.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Raffael has been surpassed in portraits by Titian and Giorgione. But Tuscany may weep for ever over her loss in the Bindo Altoviti, which I have often seen in the palace where it was painted. Towns, fortresses, provinces, are won, recovered, restored, repurchased, kings will keep Raffaels ; kings alone, or higher dignitaries, should possess them. Leonardos, Correggios, rare, very rare : but only one genius ever existed who could unite what is most divine on earth with what is most adorable in heaven. He gives sanctity to her youth and tenderness to the old man that gazes on her : he purifies love in the virgin's heart ; he absorbs it in the mother's.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Many allow him the preference over our school.

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CARDINAL-LEGATE. *Ca! ca! ca!* your School! an immon-dezzaio to a Sistine Chapel.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Eminence! in Rome, protected by popes and cardinals, he reached perfection.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Protected! He walked among saints and prophets, their herald upon earth. What a man! what a man! his shadow in our path will not let lies pass current, nor flattery sink into the breast. No, Marchese! At Rome he thought he could embellish what is most beautiful in sentiment: at Florence, until the scourers brought their pestilence into the city, his genius soared in all its light angelic strength. At Florence he was the interpreter of Heaven: at Rome he was only the conqueror of Michel-Angelo: he had left Paradise, he had entered Eden.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. In your Rome the great Florentine taught him dignity.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Strange mistake! Was ever painter so dignified as Frate Bartolommeo, whom he studied before he went to Rome? In amplitude, in gravity, in majesty, Fra Bartolommeo is much the superior of Michel-Angelo: both want grace: both are defective in composition. These two qualities were in the soul of Raffael: had he looked for them externally, he might have found them on the gates of the Battisterio. I admire and venerate the power of Michel-Angelo: but the boy of Urbino reached the head of this giant at the first throw. He did not strip your skins over your heads to show where your muscles lie, nor throw Hercules into the manger at Bethlehem, nor fall upon Alcmena for Mary.

I know not how it happens, but love of the Arts leads me astray. When persons of intelligence on such subjects are about me, I am apt to prolong the discourse. But the pleasantest day must end; the finest sunset is at last a sunset.

Gentlemen! on the word of a friend, and such I am to all entrusted to my governance, and especially to men of merit, to persons of distinction, true Bolognese, real professors—Gentlemen! you will find it better to contrive, if possible, that this awkward question do not come before the ordinary tribunals.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Eminence! what in God's name can they do against us if we are protected?

CONTE BIANCHERIA. The milord erred in his judgement; we did not err in ours. If men are to suffer for errors, which, alas! seems

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the lot of humanity, let those suffer who *do* err, by no means those who *do not*. No man was ever brave at this embroidery of picture-fancying until he had often pricked his finger. Now I would advise milord to put his between his lips, and not to hold it up in public with a paltry jet-head of blood on it, as if he endured the sufferings of a martyr. We ought to complain; not he. Is it right or reasonable, or according to justice or law, that good quiet Christians, pursuing the steps of their forefathers—do I say well, Signor Marchese?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Capitally! admirably! sound argument! touching truth! But I am not to judge.—I am a party, it seems!

CONTE BIANCHERIA. That good quiet Christians, *et cetera*; loyal subjects, *et cetera*; gallant men, men of honour, men of garb, *et cetera*, *et cetera*—should be persecuted and ransacked and trodden upon and torn and worried and dilacerated and devoured by these arrogant insatiable English.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. *Bravo! bravo! bravo!*

SIGNOR CORAZZA. *Ancora! ancora! bisse, bisse, bisse!*

CONTE BIANCHERIA. These arrogant insatiable English, what would they have? I gave them my flesh and blood; would they seize my bones? Let them, let them! since for even one's bones there is no rest on earth; none whatever; not a pin's point; saving upon the breast of your Eminence.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. *Ohibo!* where is the need of weeping and wailing, Signor Conte?

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Magdalen wept and wailed, Peter wept and wailed: but they had gone astray, they had slipped and sidled: I have followed my line of duty; I have acted consistently; I have gone on as I began. Why should these infuriated monsters run from under the North Pole against me? why be permitted to stroke up, in a manner, my spinal hair from tail to nape in this fashion? Merciful Jesu! Eradicating, eradicating! flaying, flaying! The acquirer of the pictures, he complained too! he complained! After spoiling his own speculation! Had he kept his tongue from ringing, his seven hundred louis, the poor compensation for our masterpieces, would have procured him a seat in the *Committee of Taste* in London, and every piece would have turned out a miraculous loaf; a *Christ in the Garden*. What power! what patronage! And they eat, Eminence! they eat; or they are much belied.

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If another man's macaroni is a foot long, theirs is a yard. Fry, fry, fry, all day; the kitchen hums and buzzes like a spring meadow: it frets and fumes and wheezes with its labour: one cook cannot hear another: you might travel as far as from Bologna to Ancona between the boiled and the roast. And what do *we* get? at the uttermost the scale of an anchovy, with scarcely oil enough to float it——

SIGNOR CORAZZA. —And perhaps, late in the season, the extremity of a radish, so cursedly tough, you may twist it twenty times round the finger.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. We are amenable to your Eminence: but what has the Academy of Florence to do with us? Presently, no doubt, we shall be cited before the *Committee of Taste* on the Thames. Let us discuss a little the qualifications of our future judges, now we have plainly shown what our present are. Has not this glorious Committee paid several thousand louis for a false Correggio, which was offered at Rome heretofore for fifteen crowns, and carried to Milan ere it found so much? Has not this glorious Committee which snatched so eagerly at a false rejected a real one, at a low price? Have they not allowed the finest Andrea to slip out of London and to hang on a banker's wall at Paris? Could they not have bought it at a third less than what the banker paid for it? and will he sell it again for a third more?

CARDINAL-LEGATE. In almost all the works of this otherwise admirable painter there is a vulgarity which repels me.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. But what truth, Eminence, what truth!

CARDINAL-LEGATE. The most endearing quality, I perceive, with Signor Conte Biancheria.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. It stands indeed high with me.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. There is no answering any of the Count's questions on the *Committee of Taste*.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. The facts are known all over the world. Not a cottage or cavern, not a skiff or felucca, not a gondola or canoe, from Venice to Van Diemen's Land, that does not echo them.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Indeed!

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Upon my faith as a Christian!

MARCHESE SCAMPA. There is a certain duke at Rome, a duke made after buckles were left off, who can always sell what he proposes. He recommends an original: over comes milord, sees it

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finished, accepts in his condescension an inlaid table, and fills the newspapers with the fine contours, the aerial perspective, the topazes, rubies, and emeralds, of this precious oil-cloth.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. We poor Bolognese cannot give such dinners as a Roman duke and banker can. We are hungry ; yet we invite the stranger to partake with us.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Of your hunger, most illustrious ?

CONTE BIANCHERIA. With what we have we serve him.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. An honest man would do his business regularly ; a good citizen makes no disturbances, and is ashamed of troubling the courts of justice or intruding on his superiors. Peace, concord, faith, veneration, are inherent in the highest and in the lowest of the Bolognese.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. And yet the Academy of Florence makes war against the Academy of Bologna ! Would it not be wiser if those who preside over the Arts imitated the conduct of those who preside over the nations ? Would it not be better if they agreed that the same system should govern all ? Cannot our Bologna and Florence come closer, like England and Turkey, France and Russia, Spain and Persia, Portugal and Congo ? Are we never to follow our betters ? *We* indeed do : why will not they ? Times are very much altered for the worse, Eminence, since we were children.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Ah Marchese ! you were a child long after I was one.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. A year ; or maybe thirteen months. I have seen forty, some time.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. I approach eighty.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. In dreams and visions ; not otherwise. I am as near to Purgatory as your Eminence is to Paradise.

CARDINAL-LEGATE (*aside*). I believe it ; on the wrong side too.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Did your Eminence speak to me ?

CARDINAL-LEGATE. I was regretting to myself the strength of the Declaration that lies before me.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. A mere formulary ; signed by fourteen or fifteen rival Academicians. Our pictures had no such pedantry about them. We too have signatures : the pen trembles with their emotion.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. True enough ; few of the names are legible, and those unknown.

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MARCHESE SCAMPA. There now ! convincing ! convincing ! The better part of them could not see the paper under them through their tears.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Well might they weep. Such pictures then must leave Bologna ! our beloved country must lose them for ever ! our dear children must not enjoy what their fathers and forefathers gloried in !

SIGNOR CORAZZA. What could we do ? The English are powerful at sea : they have a fleet in the Adriatic no farther off than Corta.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. The question is, the authenticity of the pictures.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. And after an attestation on the spot, the Academy of Florence has the impudence to sign and seal against it !

SIGNOR CORAZZA. May not pictures have suffered on the road ? May not malicious men, artists and dealers, jealous of the Bolognese school, jealous of an honest man's good fortune——

MARCHESE SCAMPA. —Carpers of titles, revilers of dignities——

SIGNOR CORAZZA. —Ay, ay !—have given them a few false touches ?

CONTE BIANCHERIA. May not the air of Florence, moister and heavier than ours, have suffused with a duller tint and disturbed the transparency of the glazing ?

MARCHESE SCAMPA. People sign without reflection, Eminence ! My uncle Matteo the Canonico, your Eminence's old worshipper, used to say, well and truly, that the day of judgement is the last day we can expect on earth, and that he saw no signs of it.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. We have no proof of malice in the decision.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Even good men have some. Saint Cyprian said that the face of Saint Jerome, in Correggio's picture, would have done better for the lion, and the lion's for him.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Whether Saint Cyprian said it may perhaps be questioned.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. O the Magdalen ! what a tint ! what a touch ! the hair ! how it swells ! how it falls ! how it undulates ! how it reposes ! music to the eye, to the heart, to the intellect, to the soul ! the music of Paesiello ! than her—*ca ! ca ! ca !* what tongue can reach it ! Eminence ! look ; behold her ! She has kissed the Bambino with the endearing curl of her lip, where it loses itself in the paler roses of the cheek : and she holds the kiss, one would think, between the lip and the child, afraid to drop it by moving.

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Tender, tender, tender ! And such an ankle there ! oh ! oh ! the heart cannot contain it.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Nevertheless, the holy child is a young satyr, and the Saint a wild beast, come rather to swallow than fondle him. Somebody seems to have driven him up into the corner, else his claws might alarm us. As to the lion, he has been in the menagerie from his birth, where some other beast begot him.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. If this picture has its faults, well may ours have them too. In regard to authenticity, we did not see the artists paint them. We may have been deceived : and because we have been deceived must we be called deceivers ? Fine Florentine logic forsooth ! turning everything the wrong side upwards.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. I have studied the art from my youth, and have made the pot boil with it, although there is not a cinder, at present, hot or cold, under it. I do know a little of the matter, if a modest man may say it : a little I do know. These Florentines—my patience escapes me !

CARDINAL-LEGATE. We must attempt to catch it again for you in this room, most prized and ornamented Signor Corazza.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. I but humbly follow Signor Marchese. Enter the *tribuna*, where the best pictures are supposed to hang. The Magdalen's head is more like a boiled calf's. She was flesh and blood, the Magdalen was, I warrant her. She had fingers fit for anything ; and here are long sticks, no better than those which some blockhead has stuck upon the Medicean Venus, for Englishmen to admire upon tradition in this age, and Kamskatkadales in the next. We do not read that the fingers of the Magdalen were broken or dislocated at the cross or elsewhere, as these are. How would you manage her heavy stupid head ? Guido would have put it in its right position : Guido would have given it expression and grace, tenderness and emotion : it has verily no more of these than an ox's heart at the shambles. Another step, and we stand before the Holy Family of Michel-Angelo.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Corazza, my patron ! do not pull down this picture : this is genuine : it was painted for the Medici, and was never out of their sight. There is some (however slight) reason to believe that the other is a Guido : but Guido was a youth before he was a man, and a boy before he was a youth, and often painted a picture by lamplight, or by none, to get out of a scrape.

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MARCHESE SCAMPA. Historical facts ! recondite biography ! Guido has got drunk upon a Magdalen, gone to a brothel with a Saint Catharine, and gamed upon Christ's coat. In Michel-Angelo's Holy Family, why does the Virgin (who looks neither like virgin nor mother) toss the poor Baby so carelessly across her shoulder ? And why do those idle vagabonds sit naked on the wall behind her ? Have they no reverence ? no decency ? God's blood ! master Michel-Angelo ! I suspect thy nose was flattened by divine judgement for this flagrant impudicity. In the same *tribuna* is another Holy Family ; one among the few bad works of Giulio Romano. Beyond it are two Correggios by Vanni of Sienna, and then another Holy Family, also by Vanni, but undoubted for Correggios.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Ah Signor Marchese ! There is somewhat of his sweetness in the colouring of the landscape.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. But that wench with her twisted face, her twisted hands, and her child sprawling before her, like what has dropped from one's head under the comb ! yet our judges, our censors, our incriminators, firmly believe in the transcendent excellence of those works. They know nothing of any school but their own, and little of that. What a Perugino is there locked up in their academy ! while these inferior pictures occupy the most conspicuous situation, the satellites of the Medicean Venus. They have heard, and they repeat to you, that Perugino is hard and dry. Certainly those who worked for him were so, and so was he himself in the beginning : but what at first was harshness became at last a pure severity. He learned from the great scholar he taught ; and the easier his followers were, the more they venerated the abilities of their master. He had no pupil so great as Raffael, nor had Raffael any so great as he.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Titian ennobled men ; Correggio raised children into angels ; Raffael performed the more arduous work of restoring to woman her pristine purity. Perugino was worthy of leading him by the hand.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Eminence ! we have Titian, we have Raffael, in our Academy ; we want only Correggio. At my decease perhaps—and yet he, who was quite at home with angels, played but a sorry part among saints : he seems to have considered them as very indifferent company for him. How they stare and straddle and

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sprawl about his Cupola ! But what colouring on his canvas ! Would your Eminence favour me with a ray of light on him and Raffael !

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Marchese ! I am afraid I can say nothing on the subject that has not been said twenty times before ; and if I do, I may be wrong.

ALL. Impossible.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Even the colouring of Correggio, so transparent, so pure, so well considered and arranged, is perhaps too rich and luscious for the divine ideas of Raffael : it might have overshot the scope which his temperate suavity attained. The drapery of Correggio is less simple than becomes the modest maid of Bethlehem, chosen by the all-seeing eye for her simplicity.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. And yet, under favour, in the Madonna della Seggiola there is almost a fantastic charm in the vivid colours of the tartan dress.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. So much the worse. Let us admire the composition, but neither the style of the drapery nor the expression of the countenance. The Virgin has ceased to be a virgin ; and the child has about it neither the sweetness of an amiable infant, nor the mysterious indication of a half-human god. Raffael in Rome had forgotten the tenderness of his diviner love ; and the Tempter has seduced him to change purity for power. Nevertheless he remains, far beyond all comparison, the greatest genius that ever glorified the Arts. He was not, like Michel-Angelo, a great architect, a scientific sculptor, an admirable poet : he attempted not universality ; but he reached perfection. What other mortal has ?

ALL. Oracles ! oracles !

CONTE BIANCHERIA. I myself possess a little bit of Perugino : honey, sugar, cinnamon !

SIGNOR CORAZZA (*aside*). And a good deal of each ; two dollars would not cover it. How he kisses the tips of his two fingers and thumb, all three in a cluster ! I wish he would pay me my twelve livres for this honey and sugar and cinnamon, in which, however, he will never catch the wary old wasp. The thing is fairly worth a couple of zecchins, and he knows it.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Corazza, were you saying your prayers behind me ?

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SIGNOR CORAZZA. Fervently. Alas! I have no Perugino: I had a Saint Peter: tears like pearls; an ear you might have put your finger in it up to the elbow; hair, I was afraid of blowing a fly from it. Strangers, when they entered the room, cried, "Signor Corazza! do you keep poultry in your saloon?"

CARDINAL-LEGATE. What of that?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Incidental. The cock in the distance, red, gold, emerald; six, seven, eight crowns' worth of lapis lazuli; wings displayed, neck outstretched, eyes that might have lighted up our theatre; comb—I would never let a cook enter the room, lest he should have cut it off. Everybody fancied he heard him crow; for fancy it must have been. And what became of this picture? Two Englishmen tore it from the wall: I thought they would have carried the house, the street itself, away with it. They stopped my mouth: no stirring; no breathing. England, monopolizing England, possesses now Saint Peter! The milords threw down their paltry hundred zecchins, leaving me lifeless at the loss of my treasure, and sacking our Bologna in this inhuman way. O had your Eminence seen that cock; had your Eminence seen that hair, fine, fine, fine as an infant's; the crown of the head smooth as the cover of a soup tureen; nothing to hide the veins on the temples: he would have been bald within the year, unless by miracle. I had also an Andromeda: Signor Conte knew her. Dignitaries of the Church have stood before her until their knees bent under them.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Did Englishmen dispossess you likewise of your Andromeda?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Half the nation fell upon her at once: all were after her: what was to be done! I was widowed of her too: they had her. One would think, after this they might have been quiet: not they: we must bleed and martyrize: no end or remission of our sufferings. The English are very unlike what they were formerly: surely the breed of milords is extinct.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Quite the contrary, I believe.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Then they are turned into chapmen. No sooner do they come to an inn, than they enquire how much the host asks for so many; and if they do not like the price, they drive off. Formerly if you skinned a milord you only tickled him. Who, in the name of the Holy Virgin, could have begotten the present race? They have shockingly illtreated our worthy fellow-citizen, the most

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esteemed Signor Flavio Perotti of the Pelican. He offered them his house ; he placed everything before them ; all unreservedly at their disposal. He serves his country with consummate zeal and fidelity : much money flows into it through his hands : many pictures that might peradventure do great dishonour to the names of Domenichino and Guido, and the whole family of the Caracci, and sweet Albano—my tears will flow at the name, it so much resembles our illustrious protector's. Yes, yes, many and many slip quietly from the Pelican out of the country, by Signor Flavio's intervention. Hence there is scarcely an auction, I hear, in England, without a dozen of Domenichinos, while in Italy dukes and princes lie on their deathbeds and gasp for one. The milords in Florence conspired against poor Signor Flavio, as an accomplice in what they were pleased to denominate a cheat and forgery. Figure it ! your Eminence ! figure it ! an accomplice ! Signor Flavio told me that, unless he had quitted Florence on the instant, the Police would have consigned him to the Bargello. This comes of accepting bills from foreigners ! this comes from facilitating business !

CONTE BIANCHERIA. Eminence ! we live in an ungrateful world, a world full of snares, frauds, and perils. Many saints have said it, and all honest men have experienced it. I gave my pictures to this Englishman, merely not to disgust or displease him. He had them not at my price but at his own. I abandoned them ; I stood in desolation. Recovering my senses, I saw bare walls ; *Chiusi Populonia*.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Conte ! most illustrious ! had the purchaser ever had any dealings with you before ?

CONTE BIANCHERIA. He never was before in Bologna. We see many Englishmen from time to time, but none come twice : the reason is, they take the other road. Beside, they are men of business, and carry off at once everything they like.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. I never heard of one entering the same shop a second time. The French are called inconstant : but in inconstancy the English outfly them by leagues and latitudes. Him whom they call an honest man one day, they call a rogue the next : they are as mild as turnips in the morning, and as hot as capsicums in the afternoon.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Whenever an Englishman of distinction was inclined to favor me, he always found my palace at his disposal. I

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began at last to give a preference to the Frenchman. Instead of such outrageous words as accomplice *et cetera, et cetera*, when a Frenchman has rung a few changes on the second and sixth letters of the alphabet, his temperament grows cooler : you may compromise with him : but the *Got-dam* of the Englishman sounds like the bursting of the doors of Janus, and his fist is always ready to give it emphasis. I regret that I have encountered more than once such rudeness, after making him the master of my house and servants.

SIGNOR CORAZZA (*aside to the Secretary*). What servants ! they are all the Pelican's. Old Baltazzare-Cincinnati never leaves off his cobbling under the palace-stairs for the best heretic in London. He has orders to the contrary, or the Pelican would stand still in the negotiation. He has other perquisites.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Most prized and ornate Signor Corazza, my patron ! I commend your modesty in taking a place behind my chair, whilst Signor Marchese and Signor Conte do me the honour of indulging me with their presence on the opposite side of the chamber ; yet, if you are desirous of whispering any remarks of yours to my Secretary, who appears to be an old acquaintance, pray, in courtesy, go as far from my chair as possible ; for whispers are apt to divert the attention more than a louder tone.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Signor Secretary ! accept this small cameo.

SECRETARY. Don't mention it ; don't think of it ; impossible ! Not to be observed (*pockets it*).

I would render you service for service, my dear Signor Corazza ! you are a man of parts, a man of business, my most worshipful patron ! I have only my good fortune to boast of, partly in the satisfaction I give his Eminence, and partly in the precious acquisition of your friendship. His Eminence has taken under her protection a young person, a relative of mine, sage, good, gentle ; they call her handsome. She embroiders ; she can get up fine linen.

His Eminence wishes her well. There can be no scandal in it ; there never was a suspicion ; seventeen comes too far under eighty. He would not puff off the girl ; but he has told me in confidence that five hundred crowns lie somewhere. And her friends are men of substance ; they may come down with what is handsome.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Signor Secretary ! the sooner we are in the midst of these things the better.

SECRETARY. I may misunderstand you, since your impatience

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seems to have little of the rapturous in it. Why, then, the better the sooner in the midst of them ?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Because the sooner out.

SECRETARY. *Ohibo!* no better reason than this ?

SIGNOR CORAZZA. My most ornate and erudite Signor Secretary ! I love women in canvas better than in linen : they change less speedily, do an honest man less harm, and are more readily off hand.

SECRETARY. Eh, eh ! well, well ! I would not build up a man's fortune against his will.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Signor Corazza !

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Her slave !

CARDINAL-LEGATE. I have been turning over the papers very attentively, and begin to think the affair looks serious. If anything can be suggested to relieve you, lawfully and conscientiously—reflect upon it ; meet half-way. There is nothing that cannot be arranged by wisdom and concession.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. Wisdom does much——

CARDINAL-LEGATE. Concession helps her materially, my dear Signor Marchese.

CONTE BIANCHERIA. The gifted persons who enjoy the supreme felicity of frequent audiences with your Eminence admire the prodigious ease with which she performs the greatest actions.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. What a stupendous wisdom falls from the fountain of Her most eloquent lips ! As the shallowness of some is rendered less apparent by an umbrageous impenetrability about them, so the profundity of others is little suspected in the placid and winning currency of their demeanour.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Ah Eminence ! She has fairly won her red stockings.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. God put them on me only to try me. He has since visited me with many afflictions. In His inscrutable wisdom, He permitted the French to plunder me of my pictures. I have yet some ; very few—worthy friends have been ambitious to sew up the rents and rips of my fortune : one has offered me one fine piece, another another. They only showed the heart in the right place. I am sorry I rejected so many : I might have restored them by my last will and testament, with a slight remembrance, treating some according to what I conceive to be their necessities, and others in proportion to their rank and dignity. But why these reflections ?

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Gentlemen ! I am involved in a multiplicity of affairs, an account of which must instantly be laid before His Holiness. In obedience to his Edict, I must enquire into the women who wear silver * combs and show their shift sleeves : I must ascertain the number of equally grave offenders whose houses are open in the dusk ; and the names of those who enter and go out.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. Your Eminence turns round and looks at me. Upon the faith of a Catholic, I went out but—that is to say—

CARDINAL-LEGATE. It is indeed, my patron ! it is to say—quite enough. Respectable persons, substantial house-keepers, are allowed an honest liberty ; but Vice must be tributary to virtue. The serpent may bite the Woman's heel, as was ordained ; but, if he rises in his ambition, we must detach a golden scale or two from his pericranium. In plain language, gentlemen, the fisc is cracking into chinks with dryness and vacuity : we must contrive to oil it among us.

SIGNOR CORAZZA. I am no defaulter ; I am no frequenter—

SECRETARY (*aside*). Why tremble, why hesitate, why excuse yourself, most worthy Signor Corazza ? Nobody can suspect you, my patron ! you stand erect, above suspicion : your Venuses are upon canvas.

SIGNOR CORAZZA (*aside*). Signor Secretary ! no jeering ! You shall never cram girls down my throat. There are some that might be too large for it ; do you understand me ? Mind, look-ye ! I do not say all are : I do not say one is : no offence to any relative or friend of yours : I had not a thought of the kind in regard to the lady in question ! God knows it !

SECRETARY. You convince me, my dear patron !

CARDINAL-LEGATE. In this life, we must all make some small sacrifices, and the sooner we make them the more certain is our reward. I myself am an instance of it. The enemy had despoiled me of my gallery : but the Virgin opened my eyes the wider the more I wept before her, the more promises I made her, and enabled me to foresee the fall of paper-money. I effected large purchases in it, very large indeed, engaging to repay it in the same kind after six months, with great interest. My blessed Patroness enabled me

* There was issued an Edict against them by Leo the Twelfth. Creditable women among the poor usually wore them, and they were heirlooms for many generations ! It is reported that His Holiness had received his last serious injury from a person who usurped this matronly decoration.

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to perform it, at less expense than a plate of unpeppered cucumbers in August. Nor did her favour and inspiration end here. I went, I remember not on what business, to Massa di Carrara. After passing through all the bedchambers, at the desire of the Duchess, in order to make my choice, I fixed upon one in which there was a Holy Family by Titian.

A noble picture, Signor Marchese ! I do assure you, Signor Conte ! the picture is worth ten thousand crowns. Signor Corazza ! if you had seen that picture, you would have cut off the head of the Bambino for pure affection. Impossible to resist the idea. I prayed and prayed before it, and took out first my scissors, then my penknife ; then I thought it would be a pity to lose the rest : for there are parts about the Virgin too, most delicately touched. Ah, what a carnation ! what a carnation ! the warmest local colours, the most subtile demitints, a glow that creeps on insensibly to lose itself in the shades, making the heart pant and the innermost soul sigh after it.

ALL. I seize it ! I seize it ! I seize it !

CARDINAL-LEGATE. It was no easy matter to put up penknife and scissors ; but it was easier than to sleep in such a presence. About midnight I rose and prayed to my Protectress, vowing that, if she would incline the heart of the Duchess to my wishes, I would place a crown of gold over her head, and another of silver over the Bambino's ; whenever, on the following day, any person entered the chamber, he or she found me on my knees before the picture. In the morning I looked pale : I sighed at breakfast ; I abstained at dinner ; I retired at supper. The Duchess told her chaplain to inform me that her surgeon might be depended on, being a man equally of ability and discretion. I assured him I seldom had had occasion to put any surgeon's ability to the proof, and never his discretion and taciturnity. I rose in her good opinion for both these merits, if we may call them so. I then expressed to him, in confidence, my long sufferings and exceeding love for the Virgin. Whether he or she informed the Duchess of them, I never have discovered ; but Her Highness said so many kind words to me on the subject, that I could no longer refuse to eat whatever she recommended. Yet I was obliged to retire immediately after dinner, partly from weakness of stomach, and partly from the rigid devotion which occasioned it.

"What can be the matter with the poor cardinal ?" said Her Highness. "Highness ! the naked truth must out," replied the

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chaplain. "He does whatever you command or wish: he smiles, however languidly; he drinks, one would almost think with relish; he eats, I will not say like one with an appetite, but at least as much; to remove all anxiety from your Highness."

"Well, but this naked truth—I have the courage to encounter it," said the Duchess. "There are baths at Pisa and Lucca, both near, and there are minerals and instruments quite at hand."

The worthy chaplain shook his head, and answered, "His Eminence does nothing, day or night, but kneel before the Holy Family in his bed-chamber."

"Then get the cushion well stuffed," said her Highness, "or let him have another put upon it: bring him the green velvet one from the chapel; and take especial care that no loose gold-wire in the lace about it catches his stockings."

When I was going away I began to despair, and I prayed again to my blessed Benefactrice.

Signor Marchese! Signor Conte! She never abandons those who put their trust in her.

BOTH. Never, never. So bountiful is she that she leaves them nothing to desire. She gives all at once.

CARDINAL-LEGATE. On the morning of my departure, the Duchess sent up some fine Dresden porcelain to my room, and several richly bound books, requesting my acceptance, she was graciously pleased to say, of the few trifling things she had ordered to be placed there. I humbly told her I could not deprive her of any luxury, to every kind of which I was indifferent and dead. Again she politely asked me if there was nothing I would accept as a remembrance of my visit to Massa. After a pause, and after those protestations of impossibility which good manners render necessary, and indeed after four retrograde steps, it occurred to me as an urgent duty, to declare positively that I would only take the picture: which, if left where it was, might deprive others, equally devout, of as much sleep as I had lost by it. The Duchess stood with her mouth open—and very pretty teeth she had in those days—I abased my head, kissed her hand, and thanked her with many tears and tendernesses, for a gift which (to me at least) was a precious one, said I, and a pledge of her piety, although no proof of my desert.

MARCHESE SCAMPA. The Duchess is wealthy, and——

CARDINAL-LEGATE. I do assure you, Marchese, she was then a

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fine woman, little above fifty. Gentlemen, I will visit your galleries, knowing their contents, and will hear your reasonings, anticipating their validity. (*Rises and goes.*)

ALL. We are lost !

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Upon my life, I am vext and dumb-founded, to hear your account of my poetical speculation. I shall be sadly out of pocket then ! What ! nobody read a poem that has not a Turk or a daffodil in it ! I must indeed turn over a new leaf, and entreat my purveyors to take back again the contributions at half-price. But, on recollection, the greater part has been handsomely given me, and the remainder is for the present unpaid. I am sorry the money was advanced for my glorification ; the *famous*, the *palmy*, the *unearthly*—not a word of them four years old in their present acceptation ; and there are others more expensive still, as being still fresher, loftier, and more exuberant. I would give forty pounds to be fairly off, and never to have been hand in glove with this gentry. However, I will take your advice, and get up a novel. *Get up* is the word, from the laundry to the House of Lords. I know so many girls of all sorts and sizes, that the devil is in me if I cannot get half enough out of them for three volumes. The mischief is, none of them have more than a smattering of French ; I want no assistance in Italian : I have several poems in it, and moreover the roadbook. One or other of those will supply enough to head three hundred chapters. A bright thought at this moment leaps into my head. Our prime ones discard the modern languages as too common and courier-like, put on spectacles and cauliflowers, turn over Greek and Latin authors, transcribe at haphazard a couple of lines from each language (not without some attention to the *arts of design* in the Greek) and head the chapter as bravely with them as old Ringwood headed the foxhounds. Devil take me if I do not show them a trick worth two of that. I know a Jew and a Turk : the Jew got the better of me ; the Turk I worsted : but we are friends. Now I not only will have an epigraph (as they call it) for every chapter, but for every page : and not only shall it be Greek and Latin, but Hebrew and Arabic. What delicate flattery to the readers of the circulating libraries ! Impudent dogs have insinuated to them that, of course,

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they perfectly understand all the European languages, and such common ones as Latin and Greek : I will leave no doubt in any of their minds that they are up to Ali-Pacha and Moses. Now it is impossible to lose by a novel : the very worst pay something : all the great publishers can command the sale of five or six hundred : it will go hard with me if my oriental dress does not carry me through as many thousand. But it is not money I aim at ; it is glory. I am reputed by some envious people to have a few slight stains on my character. I am resolved to bleach it in the brightness of renown and in the tears of the fair sex. I have made a few of it cry before now ; and without a pen in my hand : what will become of them when they are under this talisman ! Like other fashionable authors, I shall display myself in several mirrors. I shall be rich, well-born, disappointed ; I shall carry in my bosom the best heart that ever was, but swelling with unmerited sorrows. I shall hate mankind ; but I shall take especial care how I show that mankind has reason to hate me. I shall be tender to only three or four women ; but he will be a cunning fellow who finds out that she who has been the tenderest to me is not in the number. Beside all this, I will give places in the novel to my friends as prodigally as a whig Minister on a reform in parliament. Lucky thought ! master said to me one day,

“ Stivers ! you speak fluently ; you would almost make a figure in the House of Commons.” From that day to this, the words have lain in my ear like the wax. They do really and truly talk about a reform : seats will fall : what is now honestly worth three thousand pounds, between Jew and Turk, will not fetch one : I have the best part of that : George Canning has had his seat and his statue : why not

JACK STIVERS ?

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

It is easy to laugh at a story when we have not to write it out. Nobody but your Ladyship should have obliged me to undertake this business of the Cardinal and the dealers. At the end of my last sheet about them (and thank God it *is* the last !) I have just room enough for a copy of verses on an *Eclipse of the Moon*, written, I suspect, when it was at the full. It does not seem to me to be good for much ; indeed where is the book (Bible excepted) which has

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nothing but what is good in it ? To make a black-pudding there requires not only fat, blood, and barley, but bladder and packthread to hold them together.

ON THE MOON'S ECLIPSE

Struggling, and faint, and fainter, didst thou wane,
O Moon ! and round thee all thy starry train
Came forth to help thee, with wide-open eyes,
And trembled, every one, in still surprise,
That the black spectre should have dared assail
Their glorious queen and grasp her awful veil.

Well, my lady, here below are six better : you deserve them to reward your patience.

O thou on whom Rubens had revel'd ! O fatter
Than Bacchus, and uglier than Faun or than Satyr !
What was it thy impudence breath'd in the ear
Of Oenanthe, all redden'd with shame and with fear ?
I'll cover thy carcase with blanket and sheet
And, by Jove, she shall sleep on't the first time we meet.

I should have liked to see this bond signed : would not you ?
I am, my Lady, &c. &c.

COMMUNICATION OF MR QUARTERMAN

The Parroco Apponi's night at Poppi, related by himself.

THE inhabitants of Arezzo were among the first in Tuscany to rebel against the French domination. Monks and priests were the leaders in this insurrection of theirs, in which, however, many of the softer set were implicated, and particularly the wife of one Marre. She was a person of distinction, being the mistress of Wyndham, then British Minister at the Court of Florence. This lady acted with such resolution under the Plenipotentiary, that her husband was promoted to the rank of colonel for it. A spirit of religion animated the whole body of the Aretines, clearly announced by the battle-cry of *Death to the French!* and *Viva Maria!* In this apostolic army few displayed greater energy than Fra Romoaldo de' Battipetti in his capacity of confessor ; he knew the habitations of the more unfortunate and vicious of the weaker sex, whose vices however he turned to the glory of Holy Church, by pardoning, on the easiest

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terms, any backslider who had disabled or betrayed an enemy to the faith. Long after the invaders had been driven from our Tuscany, and the happiness of ancient times had been restored, Fra Romoaldo, not only at matins and midnight, but frequently in his sleep, was heard exclaiming *Viva Maria!* I myself had a singular proof of the fact. Being at the fair at Poppi, on the road to Vallombrosa, it was with difficulty I could obtain a bed. The inn was extremely crowded; and the apartments, which are very spacious but very few, were, for the convenience of the more respectable part of the company, separated temporarily as they best might be; some with petticoats, and some with matting, and some with flour-sacks, and some with empty barrels. A sheet, drawn tight, and so dirty, that even a man who had but drunk moderately might, in the dark of the evening, have taken it for a wall, constituted the partition (I afterwards found) between Fra Romoaldo and me. Probably no wider interval lay between his Reverence and two young maidens, whose names were Catarina and Beppina. They were infants, or unborn, when *Death to the French!* and *Viva Maria!* were shouted in the streets of Arezzo, and perhaps had small suspicion that Fra Romoaldo was so constant and so punctilious in his worship. I myself, as well as they, heard him in the midst of his snoring, and like one affrightened in his dreams, cry out twice *Viva Maria!* I likewise heard at the same instant, and within a yard (I will be sworn) of the same distance, these words: "Hush! it was in his sleep. The Frate has forgotten that your name is Catarina and mine Beppina. His Maria is gone to try her fortune at Livorno; and yet forsooth the old goat must needs be dreaming of her!"

THE REV. PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR. RAIKES

To the Most Illustrious Signor,
The Signor Milord Raikes, Grand Esquire, &c.
To His Revered Hands.

ABSENCE from our beloved city, most illustrious Signor, my patron! and business of a delicate and somewhat intricate nature, have never for one instant removed your venerable image from me, or abated the ardor wherewith I sweat incessantly to execute your desires. In the capital of the Christian world, selected for its purity

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and holiness, by inscrutable wisdom, to enjoy eternal power and prosperity, have I been tarrying eight whole days. Even in this favored, even in this blessed city, are there some unworthy ! Not only the dregs of the populace, but the pious men and women, have been strangely tossed together by the fermentation of the times. Never were such freedom and happiness as what I myself have witnessed in Rome ; and yet (I blush to acknowledge it) I heard from the lips of a bishop what I am about to communicate. His Lordship was returning from *Via del Babuino* to the *Piazza di Spagna*, where he saw just before him the carriage of the Contessa de Pompona. It stopped, and, as she alighted from it, she coughed and sneezed. I do assure your Excellency they were veritable coughs and sneezes, such as became a personage of her elevated rank, and not such as, even in Rome, if report be credible, are sometimes false, fraudulent, malicious, and uttered for purposes to which I have not the courage to allude. His Lordship was no less intimate at the house where the Contessa had alighted than she herself was, and, being unwilling to neglect the duties of humanity and politeness, he ordered his chaplain to pull the cord and await his return. He was not indeed quite in time to support the elbow of the Contessa up the staircase, which afflicted his noble heart and sank deeply into his gentle manners, but he had, in reward, the felicity of bowing to her before she was seated, and augured to himself all good in saving her from the incommmodity of rising.

The painful part of my duty is now at its commencement. Delicacy will not allow me to intermingle my words with those of the illustrious personages, whose conversation was thus repeated by the bishop.

BISHOP. Signora Contessa ! there was no possibility of mistaking the graceful step that preceded me : but I hope I am in an error as to something I heard not unlike a slight cough. Could it be yours ?

CONTESSA. Well may you look concerned, my lord. Not indeed about me, for I am not worth a thought, but about the Government.

BISHOP. What has happened ?

CONTESSA. I must be explicit. Your Lordship was pleased to express a hope that the cough was not mine. How could it be otherwise ? We have no police, no authorities that regard us.

BISHOP. Contessa ! this is all apocalypse to me. You may command the services of the highest as of the lowest. But what

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reference have we here to the cough and—*Ohibo ! felicità ! felicità !* what a charming sneeze !

CONTESSA. I wish those had it who caused it ; and I would give them the cough into the bargain.

BISHOP. May I, without temerity, ask *whose* negligence lies under so heavy a responsibility ?

CONTESSA. The Government's.

BISHOP. Indeed ! I am fortunate then to be out of office. I tread on thorns ; and yet, were permission granted me, I would hazard the further imprudence (such is my interest and anxiety in it) of requesting to hear by what particular act your Ladyship was so aggrieved.

CONTESSA. In few words then, my lord,—for I can scarcely speak any plainly, such is my cold—the Government left open the *Porta del Popolo* ; and there came such a cursed blast through it as cut me and fifty more in two, and swept clean off (I foresee) the better half of my Carneval.”

If the complaint of the Contessa should transpire, it might cause dissatisfaction among the higher ranks. And yet perhaps, had she obtained permission to shut the *Porta del Popolo*, the market-people might have been rude and insolent. Governments in these days, most illustrious patron ! have difficult cards to play : it was not so when we were children : there was a large liberality on the right-hand side, and an impregnable wall on the left.

I kiss, &c.

CONTINUATION OF THE POETRY BY MR STIVERS

AH who could believe in the days of his youth,
When Bath was the gayest of places,
When time had not ravisht a friend or a tooth,
And he walkt with the Loves and the Graces !—

When Tyson was ruler o'er pleasure's wide realm,
When the sun 'she was warm'd by ne'er set
And Sotheby held the poetical helm,
Such another, as Rogers is yet—

Ah who could believe, O my dearly beloved !
That the ardor of passion will cool,
That he ever can look upon beauty unmoved,
Unmoved upon gooseberry-fool !

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RONDEAU

Sent with some rosebuds from the conservatory

Couleur de rose behold the tape
That checks and hinders from escape
Flora's fair children, all agape,
Couleur de rose !

Gentlest of ladies ! do untie
These innocents ! Should creatures die
Who just have left the nursery,
Couleur de rose !

So, for such liberal watch and ward,
Soon may some happy youth have dar'd
To gather hope from one regard,
Couleur de rose !

ON "THE DEVIL'S WALK"

Dick Porson ! thou whoreson ! what made thee pretend
I' thy drunken wild talk
To have taken that walk
With the Devil, thy hearty old friend ?
I very well know thee,
I also knew Southey,
And altho' thou hast much the best right
To claim from the Devil
Whatever is civil,
Thou hast claim'd what thou never couldst write.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

HERE we are again at Florence. The first evening of my arrival I went as usual to lounge upon the bridge, called Ponte Vecchio. The centre is the only part of it uncovered with shops ; and in this part were crowds of people. I pushed thro them to see what they were doing and looking at. Some below were pulling a poor devil out of the water. They took him into the nearest house that stood open, the house of a lawyer, one Maldura, on Lung' Arno.

"What !" said I, "gentlemen ! do you take a half-drowned man into a lawyer's ? For the love of God ! throw him in again—he has more chance there."

They would have handled me roughly, had it not been for an

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old woman, who said, "Let him go with God : he is no Christian " My being no Christian saved my coat from a rip or two, and my hair behind from some feats of heroism against it—I had forgotten to go on with the story of my man—happily there were some English people in the house, to whom I bowed and sate myself down, while in the room adjoining they were busy about the water-rat, running in and running out every moment. As they offered me lemonade, I waited for the upshot. After a while I heard a voice.

"O my friends ! O my children ! why did not you let me die ? I have nothing for you ; not hope, not patience, not trust in Heaven. What have I done that I must see you eat the last morsel that is to come into the house ? and that I must be threatened with imprisonment and blows, for asking that I might labor to procure another ? "

The Italians about him cried out upon this, and declared that, if he went on in such a mad way, they must leave him ; that they were ready to serve him, and would do anything but hear language that might compromise them ; that their names would be marked, and that the plague-spot would break out upon every member of their families, if the police should hear it ; in fact, that they would be cut off from offices and from society by aiding one who raved against the authorities. The sufferer seemed to listen, and grew composed. "Thank you, gentlemen !" said he, and closed his eyes : "forgive me ! I now feel I ought to have died. Why did you save me ? "

The beginning of the story is this.

Being well-educated, but feeble, and having a numerous family, for which it was impossible with his slender means to provide any longer a sustenance, he went to the Minister Don Neri Corsini. Don Neri, hearing that a poor man and some well-looking children were at the door of the Office, thought that the man might be of another profession, and that at least one of the children was of a maturer age. He was vexed and irritated at his disappointment, and asked the unfortunate father what he wanted.

"Excellency !" he replied, "I want work, I want bread, a protector, a patron, a saviour. I am reduced, as you see, to rags, to misery, to famine, to desperation."

"How can I help that ? " said His Excellency.

"The lowest employment, the hardest labor, before my limbs

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are paralyzed, before my heart is broken, while I can yet do something, while I can exhort and instruct my children. See them here ! unable to work, for they are young, and feeble. O sad, sad union of Infancy and Want ! God never sanctioned it. I would teach them to labor : I could not teach them to beg."

" Away, away with him," cried His Excellency.

" Nay, do but hear me, Excellency, to hear is to relieve me : have pity ! have mercy ! let me wait at the door, on the stairs."—" Off ! off ! " cried His Excellency, now violently enraged, " I have nothing for desperate people but whips and cudgels."

Striking his hollow breast, and uttering one more groan of intolerable anguish, the frantic man disappeared. His Excellency and his Secretaries, judging from their own feelings that the threat of whips and cudgels caused this precipitation, laughed aloud.

" My children," said the father, (who ran to clasp them but forbore on reaching the first), " O my dear children ! God will be with *you* even yet. *You* may stay for a moment, even on this staircase ; I must go elsewhere."

I open my letter again to sign my name : I had forgotten it : I have horribly torn the paper above the seal, in my hurry ; do not think that others have broken it. I have not been tipping, yet my hand shakes unaccountably.

I am, &c., my Lady,
J. J. STIVERS.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Serena Bruchi, I find, is the name of the little girl of whom Mr Talboys is so desperately fond, and your Ladyship so singularly curious. She however being now fourteen, has never been left alone for these last two years, but has always the maid servant by her side. Her brother and sisters, all much younger, may go to Church by themselves ; and I have often seen them playing with the dogs there, or putting thistle-heads into the hats of the devout, or letting loose a mouse under the drapery of the dowagers. But Serena seems entirely of another quality and breed. Never was girl more modest. She is not afraid to encounter the glance or even the smile of an admirer. But it makes no more impression on her than on the Bishops (in plaster of Paris) stuck against the wall of

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the Duomo. She thinks it no more belonging to her than the music and the sunshine, and if it gives her pleasure, it is just as they do : She does not shew any. In her coolness and whiteness and composure and self-possession, she looks like some beautiful little marble Saint, supported both from above and from below by beautiful little marble angels, yet wanting no support of theirs, and looking more like angels than they.

I am, &c.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

YESTERDAY, my lord Grand Esquire ! was a glorious day for Tuscany, and ever to be received among the most memorable in her illustrious annals. His Royal and Imperial Highness, our most gracious Sovereign, has returned again to the favourite seat of his domination. The city of the lilies and of the lions, our fair Florence, has burst into ineffable joy under His immediate Presence. The sacred bronzes announced to the Earth and the Heavens his jubilant return, and Monsignor the Archbishop went to humiliate his obsequious duty to the grand Chief of the Tuscan nations, accompanied by the Canonics, in their richest embroidery, and by the Chamberlains of the Court, with their swords by their sides, and buckles at their knees, and new silk linings to their richly-laced coats, as such great joy requires.

I kiss, &c. &c.

MR STIVERS TO THE PARROCO SPINELLA

PARSON !—A word in your ear. We have heard that your Grand-Duke returned from Saxony mightily down in the mouth. How was it ? and then who are those sacred Bronzes ? Master wishes to have immediately this information. He has looked into the Dictionary, and, not finding a word about them, he supposes by your calling them sacred you must mean *Bonzes*, a sort of priests, and lying ones, I dare say, as any going. We know from good authority that the people in Dresden illtreated the Grand-Duke, hooting and pelting him ; and we were very sorry to hear it. I myself have a great respect for princes : and if I had seen one treated as these ancestors of mine (master says the Saxons are our ancestors) treated that

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young gentleman, I would have opened the coach-door, helped his coat and waistcoat off, made a ring as wide as whip can make one, and been his bottle-holder, for want of a better.

Now tell us all about the illumination, and why there was not any. For master says an illumination makes a bright page in a Tour, and is worth its weight in gold.

J. J. STIVERS.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR STIVERS

MOST PRIZED AND ORNAMENTED SIGNOR, MY MOST WORSHIPFUL PATRON!—That I may reply to the enquiries of Her venerated person, and continue to act in obedience to the wishes of His Excellency Milord the Grand Esquire, I have collected all possible information in regard to the demonstrations of joy on the return of our most gracious Sovereign.

But first I must revert to the sacred bronzes. By this name our most elegant prose-writers, always emulating our most figurative poets, call what the common people call bells; the same bells being metallic, and notably of bell-metal, or bronze, and being sacred, both as belonging to churches or chapels, and as having received the holy ceremony of baptism.

Now in regard to the illumination. It being hoped that all Europe, as before, would unite to replace the legitimate ruler on the throne of France, our wealthiest patriots were zealous to demonstrate the malice of their enemies, and to evince in the most luminous manner their real sentiments. To which effect they resolved to receive the Grand-Duke on his return with a most magnificent illumination at their own expense. But when it appeared that it would cost them a hundred crowns each, or nearly, their ardour cooled, and they went from house to house, requesting from all who held any office under Government, or served it in any manner, to pay a quota. This raised much discontent among the poorer, and those who had families; and His Royal and Imperial Highness expressed His Royal and Imperial displeasure, ordering that no illumination should take place, and that the *livres* collected from the necessitous should be repaid. This is said to have caused great dissatisfaction to the rich patriots. They were among the number of the Royal and Imperial chamberlains, just as your Signory is to the Grand Esquire, and

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fancied they should perplex His Royal and Imperial Highness by going to him at once and resigning their offices. They expected to be desired and requested to retain them, but were disappointed, and have only the satisfaction of thinking that they are the most devoted of all his subjects, and the farthest from any visionary schemes of what people call reform. They have effectually wiped away the stigma of patriotism, which was very unjustly fixed upon them, and the defilement of carbonarism, with which their enemies blackened them while they were dreaming of very different things, and wait patiently for the good pleasure of our most considerate and clement Prince, to cover the aching void with the gilt key again. It is believed that they will shortly sign a *Supplica* to His Excellency Count Saurau, Aulic Counsellor and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Austria to obtain that grace, and we hope His Excellency, commiserating their repentance, will condescend to accept it.

I kiss, &c. &c.

SERENA BRUCHI TO MR TALBOYS

DEAR SIGNOR ODOARDO !—If you cannot come to see me, surely you may write to me. My birthday was the saddest birthday I ever spent. Nobody gave me one kiss, not even uncle Rapi. Mama might have sent the children after dinner : I would have kissed them all over and over again, for I was very unhappy ; I could even that bad boy Sinforiano, who tells me he never will love me, and who bites and scratches us all, because he is our only brother, and perhaps too because he is not whipt or scolded for it. But who could whip or scold him, he is so very pretty. And yet Mama used to whip me ; tho it was only for an example to the rest, and to make God love me.

Uncle Rapi is very hard-hearted. He told *fattore* Persicari and *fattore* Scannicani, by the Madonna in Paradise, he would not board me : and that if somebody who had *quattrini* did not marry me, he would make nun's work with me. How my heart leaped at this ! for tho he doubts of your marrying me, I do not. Signor Gaddi encouraged me : as good as to say, *I understand him ; don't you ?* He would not let me be out of spirits all the rest of the day : but I went to bed soon, that while I thought of you I might see nobody else. When I think of you and any one comes near me, I

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feel as if he stood between us, and the Madonna sends tears into my eyes to hide him from me. Dear Dear Signor Odoardo ! I may love you now : I may write your fond *Sposa*

SERENA.

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

PITY me, sweet Serena ! I see plainly that you never have received * the lines I wrote to you the day before your birthday ; and this afflicts me ; I must have seemed so unkind. I feel as if I really had been so, your generous silence on the subject so severely wounds me. I can remember the little I said on the occasion : I believe it was only, My beloved Serena, I send you a little cross of chalcedony (it was exactly like the one you will receive with this) and when you turn the ring at the top, it opens the golden globe : but the odour comes through without.

As all the flowers are fading everywhere, the smell of roses may remind you of summer, and summer of the Church del Carmine. Imagine that the disembodied spirit of the sweetest, of the one that you would have chosen had you met with it, and that would have chosen you if its sense were equal to its sweetness, whispers these words.

The pride of Persia once was I,
The envy now of Italy.
The breast whereon I breathe shall find
I leave nor thorn nor stain behind.
Form, colour, life, these disappear,
But my concentered soul is here.

I am not quite happy ; and yet your letter ought to have filled my whole heart with contentment and delight. May the Madonna send no tears into your eyes, my Serena, and least of all—no, not least of all—but not even the tears you tell me of. You may indeed write fond *Sposa* to your ever fond *Sposo*

ODOARDO.

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

DEAR SERENA,—Surely you will remain no longer in the country. The weather is growing damp, the rains are falling. How can you

* It does not appear that either of the letters or either of the crosses reached its destination.

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pass your time there ? you have not your work nor your sisters, nor your bird—and perhaps there is one more object which it little interests you that you have not. I will forbear to tease you then. The person who took my last will take this, and await your answer. Never never cease to love me, Serena ! for if you cease to love me, you will be less happy. Love, like the most precious of the precious stones, bears every violence and remains unbroken ; but weakness can do what force cannot, and, it being once split asunder, the world must perish ere it forms itself anew.

MR TALBOYS TO MR BEACONLEY

AM I still in a dream, or am I wakened out of one ?

At nine o'clock this morning I received an open paper, and found to my utter astonishment an order to attend the Commissary. On my entrance he said " Do you know, Sir, the reason why you are called before me ? " *No, Sir.*

" Are you acquainted, Sir, with a family named Bruchi ? " *Slightly.*

" And yet, Sir, slightly as you are acquainted with this family, you have written letters to the daughter, and without the knowledge of the parents." *I deny the fact.*

" Are these of your writing ? " *Yes.*

" And yet you deny the fact ! " *Not of writing, but without the consent of the parents.*

" Sir ! they disavow any such consent ; and the uncle of the girl, a person of property, a *fattore*, was obliged to remove her from your seduction." *That is false.*

Away I went, and was rapping at the door of my lodgings when another man came up and rapped too. I turned round : the man stared in my face, and said " I fancy, Sir, this is for your Signory."

It was an order to leave Florence in one hour, Tuscany in three days. I went to the house of Mr Raikes, where I had left a few books before I thought of marriage, and met him going downstairs. I related the story to him. He said " Excuse me, Mr Talboys ! I have left my purse behind me."

We then took leave of each other ; but he told me, tho he had said *adieu for the present*, we should meet again, and invited me to dinner ; when he returned he put a note into my hand, permitting me to remain in Tuscany until further orders.

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"Sir," said I, "never will I be subject to the caprices of these insolent and venal slaves."

"Venality," said he, "venality, Mr Talboys, which would be thought the most odious crime in England, is the only thing that makes the highest character here at all endurable. Had these vicious men one vice less, we could not live amongst them. Do not abandon a delicious climate, beautiful scenery, and whatever is most exquisite both in nature and in art, merely because it is in the power of inferior men to disquiet you : Superior men could not do it ; the qualities of their hearts and minds prevent it. I have heard you say you are a sportsman : do you abstain from shooting, because there are thorns and briars ? from hunting, because there are five-barred gates and double ditches ? are there not snakes in the greenest meadow-grass ? and must we not eat our Stilton cheese because the mice may nibble it ? Do not molest yourself, and Spinella and Onofrio will see that others do not molest you."

Having related all this conversation I am now sinking back upon myself. What am I to think ? what am I to do ? Serena, so innocent, never could betray, never can abandon me. The mother's duplicity, the uncle's barbarity, the father's nullity, are too well known. And must she live among them ? This thought torments me. I can no more tell what they are doing than what they are thinking. I have no rival : no man marries here without money : no girl refuses one richer than herself, unless for one richer than he. Serena, who little excels in such computation, will never hang her slate against her lover. Ah Beaconley ! you cannot counsel me. Nobody knows in these matters how much advice may be wanted, or how much can be taken.

SERENA BRUCHI TO MR TALBOYS

ODOARDO ! you never loved me : if you had ever loved me you would love me still : for it is impossible to love anything and not to love it for ever !

Why could not you have told it me, Odoardo ! instead of telling it Mama and uncle ? what do you think I should have said to you ? I was never angry with you ; I was never angry with anybody. I should only have been sorry ; and that would not have hurt you. And I should have been less sorry than I am now ; for I am both

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sorry that you do not love me any more, and that you have done so wrong in telling me you should love me always. But, Odoardo ! you thought you should love me, did not you ? If you thought so, you were not *very very* wrong, no indeed, nor wrong at all ; so that I am less unhappy than I might have been—and yet I do not know how I could be more. It is cruel not to have written one word to me in eighteen days. I do not like the old man you sent with your letters : he would always ask for uncle, tho I gave him a needle-case and a mole-skin. I like Geppone better ; for tho he would not carry you a blossom of the *gazia* for twenty kisses, he will carry this for one, next Sunday. On that day I am going to be confirmed by the bishop, who will finish the whole confirmation the Sunday following, either he or the Priore.

We have had nothing but wet weather ; no walking out. I am confined to my bed-room, and see nothing but rain from the window, and nothing but those three saints, in red pantaloons, blue mantles, and yellow beards and bodies, on the walls. Pity and love Serena !

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA BRUCHI

MY DEAR SERENA,—You have brought me back to life again, and to the desire of life. Believe me, sweet Serena, my love was never less nor greater. The ocean has always its vast inheritance of waters ; the streamlet and the torrent may vary.

Your mother, then, and your uncle have deceived us : I must say it : and this is the only offence I can ever commit against you. Your family will not receive my visit : I would make but one. They have had the civility not to send back my last letter, and perhaps may condescend to answer it. Good Geppone is rising from his dinner. He has given me the flower of the *convolvulus* you gathered, and the one ripe seed in that which is decayed. Whatever spot of the Earth I inhabit, it shall form my bower. It may not be so sweet as the violets, which were your first gift—what strange, what extravagant, what maddening thoughts come across me . . . no, no, no—this is not to be the last.

He must go, he says—what ! eleven whole miles this evening ! he must indeed, or night will overtake him in the mountains. Adieu !

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SERENA TO MR TALBOYS

ODOARDO ! Odoardo ! Why did not you ever tell me what Confirmation is ? I thought the Bishop had confirmed me quite enough : I was confirmed as much as any of the other girls or boys. Only one girl and myself were desired to come before the Priore the next Sunday, that was yesterday ; and the Priore, and my uncle, and Signor Ferdinando Gaddi, led me again up to the altar, and desired me to take the next sacrament. Teresina del Rovere looked so pleasant and happy, and the young man next her just the same, that we all joined hands, as if we were going to dance. I looked at them more than at the Priore or at anybody else, and said exactly what they said. All on a sudden it struck my uncle that we were married : Signor Ferdinando called me his *Carina Sposini* : I laughed at him ; but when he dared to offer to kiss me, I told him I would tell you if he did. I am quite ashamed to think of his rudeness. Would you believe it ! I was hardly in bed before he tried to open the bedroom door. But Mama had told me what to do when I went upstairs ; and I did it. Uncle was as bad as he ; but uncle is not always quite sober ; Signor Ferdinando always is. Uncle was fiercest and noisiest. They will both be very much ashamed when they come down to breakfast ; I shall scold them.

Annina Sapini, who is carrying her little girl to the hospital, will carry this with her. I have given her a *crazia* ; I had not another : if you have one, pray give it, for she is poor and very kind.

I am, dear Odoardo, my true *Sposo*,

Ever your SERENA.

MR EDW. TALBOYS TO THE REV. WILLIAM TALBOYS

MY DEAR FATHER,—Let your generous heart be now at rest concerning me. Marriage is out of the question. Knowing, as I do, your delicacy, I do not entreat you never more to mention the subject, and only wish I could claim the merit of ceasing to think of it thro your commands. And yet the object of my choice is innocent and virtuous : what little she thinks she thinks rightly. Her parents have now united her to another, and I hope to one who will improve her mind, respect her simplicity, and merit her affections.

Believe me, my dear father, your ever affectionate son,

EDWARD TALBOYS.

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REV. W. TALBOYS TO MR. EDW. TALBOYS.

MY DEAR EDWARD!—Neither we ourselves, nor our most considerate and cautious friends, can always bring about what is best for us. I could have produced but little effect in the hurricane of the passions, and therefore did not cast myself into it. If I have ventured to say so much now, it is rather to reconcile you to your loss, than to admonish on the prudence of your choice. In many respects it may have been excellent: but would the lady's parents, my dear Edward, have appeared to you worthy of an alliance? are they not likely to have brought shame and sorrow on you, and perhaps to burst forth again in your progeny? My opinion is formed from attentive observation that vicious propensities are transmitted in men no less than in horses. I perceive it in the tenantry of our parish: I perceive it in the gentlemen we visit. Discipline may do much: but horses stand not always with the curb in the mouth, neither do men.

Death itself, to the reflecting mind, is less serious than marriage. The older plant is cut down that the younger may have room to flourish: a few tears drop into the loosened soil, and buds and blossoms spring over it. Death is not even a blow, is not even a pulsation; it is a pause. But marriage unrolls the awful lot of numberless generations. Health, Genius, Honor, are the words inscribed on some, on others are Disease, Fatuity, and Infamy. Edward! may Providence guide you either *in* this state or *from* it.

O that I could now be more than I have ever been

Your affectionate father,

WILLIAM TALBOYS.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR. RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS!—The army of His Royal and Imperial Highness has marched towards the frontier, in order that if the French, united to the Poles and Bavarians, and others their allies, should attempt to succour the insurgents in Romagna, we may repulse with signal chastisement such vain attempts. In the meantime the *civic* or, (as that word is grown offensive) the *urban guard* has been enrolled and disciplined, composed of the gallant writers, lottery-office keepers, livery-tailors, cooks, green-grocers, and whatever else is in the employment of the Palace. To-day they were reviewed by His

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Royal and Imperial Highness in the gardens of Boboli, and, to the admiration of thousands, it was found that the greater part of the privates, and no few of the officers, had acquired the rudiments of that military profession, which exalted our ancestors the Romans to the summit and pinnacle of human glory. One of your own countrymen, a military man, could not contain himself, but said aloud, calling on the Deity to attest his veracity, "These gentlemen, if ever they should meet the enemy, would soon put the right foot foremost." Our brave commanders have declared that Europe may remain perfectly tranquil; that it is not their intention to claim the sovereignty and achieve the conquest of the world; that they only take up arms to protect their wives and children, their hearths and altars, and to secure the supremacy of the Roman-Catholic faith, and the tickets they have purchased in the lottery.

In order to separate the loyal from the disloyal, it was devised that a young man of good family, and himself of the highest respectability, should induce the ardent and inconsiderate to form a plot, in short an attempt to obtain a constitution. It was to be carried into effect on the evening of the Berlingaccio. He mentioned to those with whom he was intimate the resolution of the more powerful patriots, to seize at the theatre of the Pergola the sacred person of His Royal and Imperial Highness, or if not to seize it, to surprise from it a Charter of Representation. The conspiracy ramified, until the number of the implicated amounted to nearly four hundred. But suspicion soon crept in among them, when their seducer boasted that a certain rich marquis, stung by the disgrace of losing his gilt key, two pheasants yearly, and ice, had subscribed five crowns toward the enterprize. Aware of treachery, they sounded the *ritirata*, and sang *Domine, peccavi*. Several were exiled: the inventor of the scheme will in due time be elevated to the post of Presidente del Buon-governo; an office always filled by persons who have given similar proofs of ingenuity, alacrity, and fidelity.

I kiss, &c. &c.

MR TALBOYS TO MR RAIKES

SIR,—You tell me that a letter from Florence makes you desirous of learning the particulars of the lottery. I have been making some

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enquiries about it. In England and France the tickets were so costly, that only those gamblers who perhaps would have gamed more desperately in public or private houses, could conveniently purchase them. Even the quarter-shares were above the reach of artisans and inferior trades-people. Here, however, in Tuscany, in Rome, and in Naples, tickets may be purchased for a few half-pence ; and to what extent they actually are purchased in this city, and the remainder of Tuscany, is manifest from the fact, that one *quattrino* (half a farthing) is paid out of every ticket to the public hospitals ; and that those hospitals receive yearly more than fifty thousand dollars. More than two million tickets are distributed annually ; this is at the rate of two tickets to every individual, including the religious and children.

Infirmity is supported by crime, Government by fraudulence.

Many of those poor creatures in the hospital were in want of wholesome food because they gamed away in the lottery all they possessed. Sickness followed : their children took refuge in thievery and prostitution. A gentleman here, formerly of high distinction in the law, informed me that, in the course of his profession, he had found in five thousand criminals fewer than three hundred whose crimes might not be traced, directly or indirectly, to the lottery. If you knew how little furniture, how few movables, the middling classes in Florence possess, you would be astonished to learn what a portion of it is carried every week to the pawnbroker's. And who and what is this pawnbroker ? The Government—the Government itself—always facilitating the crime and ruin of the subject. The hospitals would have been rich enough without such a revenue, if the lands belonging to them had not been let out in perpetuity at nominal rents. Formerly the tenants were obliged to bring into the wards a fixed number of eggs, a fixed quantity of milk, and other wholesome and necessary food. This, being brought no longer by the farmers, is never purchased. Little as was the comparative harm done in France and England by the lottery, not even the weight of national debt was thought a sufficient plea for its continuance. Here, in countries where there is no debt whatever, where the ordinary taxes (if properly applied) amount to the *double* of what is requisite for the maintenance of Government, fraud, robbery, murder, are instigated to swell the revenue. Surely it is less just to punish any of these crimes in the ignorant and unwary than in those

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who invite to the offence. How shocked any religious prince would be, if it were clearly proved to him that he had ruined, in one year, only one hundred families ! Yet here the proof lies open, and waits but for inspection : I say nothing of crimes, I say nothing of examples. It might be demonstrated, I think, that two-thirds of the expenses in the courts of judicature, and nearly two-thirds of those incurred in the hospitals, would be saved by the abolition of the lottery. Those who doubt it, if any doubt it, do not consider the poverty of blood arising from insufficient and unwholesome food ; the corruption of it arising from Prostitution, daughter of Necessity ; and the contagions, which are inevitable by crowding too many in one room ; for the first things abandoned are comfortable lodgings, then every bed that can be spared ; the unfortunate find solace with the unfortunate ; the criminal find countenance with the criminal ; and the infected find death with the infected.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS !—The greatest empires, the most glorious institutions, have their days allotted and their terms appointed. Generations are numbered and swept away : the solid earth, on which they moved, must perish. The Urban Guard is dissolved, under a Royal and Imperial Rescript. The officers were invited to a farewell dinner by His Excellency Don Neri Corsini ; and the servants of the Prince, His Excellency's brother, waited on them round the table, in their new red liveries of the year 1825. At the close of the repast, His Excellency Don Neri thanked them singly and collectively, in the name of his Royal and Imperial Master, their Most Gracious Sovereign, our Lord, Leopold the Second, &c. &c., announced their dissolution, placed his seven *paoli* in a plate, with tears in his eyes, and left them the example. Some of them who very imprudently came with no money, were irritated into observations, and said, if they had understood it, they would have ordered the dinner themselves. This surely was rather intemperate ; for Don Neri, with all his trouble, could not have cleared three dollars. Your Excellency, then, is returning ? God be praised ! With this catastrophe, therefore, I close the history of my country, as an Athenian would do with the battle of Cheronea.

I kiss, &c. &c.

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THE PARROCO BENCI TO THE PARROCO SPINELLA

BROTHER PARROCO,—Do not, prythee, ask me for news ; we have none here in Romagna, absolutely none. The people are discontented from Comacchio to Otranto, and above and below and all about. Do you call this news ? If you do, take it and welcome. You ask me another question, quite as hard—when I shall be again at Florence. Last time I was there my friends *undermassed* me. No mass was worth more than three *paoli* to me, and many a one I have I said, with a heavy heart, for two. This would not be so much amiss if I were sure of one every day. I wish you could see my purse ; tripe and a pointer's ear stiff to it. Eggs indeed do roil in from time to time, but slowly ; and even eggs are less now and narrower and worse-flavoured than time back. Bacon we had formerly, but I fear we have lost the breed of pigs that make it. We have Austrians, however, who eat our bread and cheese to preserve our property. I wish to God they would eat my property and leave my bread and cheese. The people want any thing but what they have, and the devil himself does not hold good against them any longer. One asking me whether it was the devil that roasted his kid ; another, whether it was the devil that ripped his daughter's best gown ; another (a man of my own age) told me he never had seen him, and should not know him if he met him, and enquired of me whether I thought I should. Before I could answer his question, he said, " Come along with me, Signor Parroco, we have something that smacks of him under our bed-room window." I went with him, and my friend Paolo Susino took a pitchfork from the cow-house, and turned over some fresh dung against the cottage, and showed me the body of a stout tall soldier, in what must have been white regimentals. " What think you ? " said he. " Nothing," said I ; " cover him up again in his bed, for he sweats." He covered him, and then told me that the gallant had made an attack on his old woman in the field, who drew the pin that fastened her kerchief on her head-piece, and drove it into the pit of his stomach. Nevertheless he made a desperate blow at her with his fist, but broke his knuckles against the good faithful chestnut-tree in her stays. She kicked off her *sabots*, but trusted as much to her tongue as her legs, which, in poor dear woman, always fail first. I ran from the coppice, where I had been tying the two goats, and hiding the half stock-fish,

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and found her *Cavaliere*, with one hand, like a glutton, upon his belly, and the other with the back of it against his mouth. "Fair Sir!" said I, 'do you kiss your own hand because you cannot get your lady's?' He looked at me, and drew his sword. Now the Madonna has given us of this country a good store of field-pieces: I picked up only one eight-pounder, and laid him upon his back with it. Old Assunta's virtue grew fiercer than ever; she ran back for his spade, and would have soiled his flaxen hair with it, but I threw him on her shoulder, (he's reposing against it quite lovingly) and carried the legs as carefully as if they had had red stockings upon 'em.

Now you see, Signor Parroco! tho the Church might demur to my giving him the fair hand of Assunta, I have made him at least one of the family.

THE PARROCO SPINELLA TO MR RAIKES

ILLUSTRISSIMUS!—Your Excellency is graciously pleased to write me a few lines from Parma, in which city she says she probably shall remain a fortnight. Most happy should I be if the study of theology, and many others next in weight to it, had allowed me time to form an opinion on painting. The whole world resounds with the praises of our Royal and Imperial Gallery here; and Your Excellency is graciously pleased to inform me that there is likewise one in Parma. Ours at Florence I have often thought of visiting; but years are now come upon me: my legs are less long than slender, and people count the steps by the hundred. Lest, however, she should think too highly of it, and suffer a disappointment in hearing that the objects of her admiration are unworthy, I have entreated a learned man, one of my parishioners and presidents, to write out fairly his opinion in the form of a memoir.

MEMOIR

The Chamberlain Montalvi is director of the Royal and Imperial Museums. You must not believe what the Bolognese say about him. If His Excellency and they could have come to a clear understanding, there might have been reason on both sides. He would have bought any pictures from them: we have good ones enough: we only want a few worse, to set off their merits. He would not

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have minded the price—but chamberlains must be treated handsomely. His Excellency has entered into a sort of copartnership with the Egregious Signor Acciaj, and both have thriven since. Signor Acciaj has too much prudence ever to clean a picture of his own; but he is learning the profession by cleaning those of the Palazzo Pitti, the Gallery, and the Academy; and with such success that you would not know them again. The very finest pictures in all these places have been quietly brought down to the same modest order as those around them. The lovers of equality may here be gratified to the heart's content. A certain symmetrical beauty is already given to all those grand collections: within a few months no one picture will be worse than another: and the Arts will profit as much by the labours and genius of these illustrious men, the Signors Acciaj and Montalvi, as society will profit by the abolition of the rights of primogeniture. In fact, my dear Parroco, all nations are doing good progressively. Some believe that great fortunes should be broken down, others that great reputations should. It must be confessed that we have seen many mortified by the presence of overshadowing genius, but nobody at all is out of humour at the presence of one inferior to his own. Those who remove our discontent are our benefactors. We Florentines, who have been six hundred years in erecting a statue to Dante, may probably within six months erect a pair of them to Signors Acciaj and Montalvi. All our living painters will subscribe their *scudo*.

SERENA GADDI TO MR TALBOYS

DEAR SIGNOR ODOARDO !—I have been married now three months, and am the happiest creature in the world. The only thing I wish is the friendship of Your Signory. My husband is the most loving man in Florence, and buys everything for me at the best milliner's. I very greatly desire your approbation of my choice—not mine, indeed, but Mama's. I am sure you might like him, or at least endure him, if you knew him. At present I do not venture to introduce you, lest he should be jealous, as every one must be—I worse than he—of so fine a person.

I can see you only from nine in the morning till a quarter before one, and only from three till a quarter before nine in the evening. If you come, tho but four or five times in the week, I shall be quite

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enchanted. I said *times*, I mean *days* ; for, you know, every day in this country has a morning and an evening.

I am ever, dear Signor Odoardo, your very fond and devoted
SERENA GADDI, *born BRUCHI*.

MEMOIR.—In the cards of address the married ladies in Italy always give their two names, that after marriage and that before.

MR TALBOYS TO SERENA GADDI

Do you love me ? Continue then to be the happiest creature in the world, and let Serena Bruchi be the mistress and bosom friend of Serena Gaddi. Such is the best advice, such is the truest love of
ODOARDO.

MR EDWARD TALBOYS TO REV. W. TALBOYS

MY DEAR FATHER !—I have been too long away from you. I begin to like Italy too well. Am I sure that I should be worthy of you if I protracted my delay ? Do not answer my letter : This evening I begin my journey. Adieu, adieu, lovely Italy ! but I fly to embrace a father.

MR RAIKES TO REV. MR DREW

MY DEAR MR DREW,—You very goodnaturedly ask me how I can possibly leave so long together all the comforts and conveniences of England. Indeed in the beginning one feels awkward ; but the Italians, I do assure you, have learned the use of carpets, and many have fireplaces in one, two and even three rooms. Altho' they are so economical that they always strip off at home the dresses they wear in the streets, yet they are not afraid of rotting their carpets, by spitting on them most prodigally. They indeed are far from costly, and are taken up after four months.

In the beginning of the warmer weather we cease to think of comfort, and are more than compensated by long galleries and lofty rooms. These usually have the bare rafters for ceiling, yet sometimes the woodwork is painted in compartments ; and many Englishmen prefer it to the ceiling of our houses in England, flat and white as a mangled tablecloth. Others are vaulted, others only curved a little way above the cornice : both these kinds look more magni-

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ficient than, in this particular, the first mansions of our rich nobility. But in every thing Italian there always is something mean and shabby. At the entrance of their palaces in the cities, the flask, and a little square door by the side of an immense one, shew you that for five-pence you may partake of the marchese's hospitality : at the entrance of their villas you meet the contadina's children covered with vermin, who occupy a large part of them, among oil-jars, barrels, bags, baskets, and bunches of rotten grapes suspended from the beams. In the midst of these you generally smell salt ling and goat's milk cheese as solid as the best of them, and sometimes tame pigeons fly down from this open storehouse and cover with dust the dawbling they have given you. I never saw the expression of astonishment in the face of any Italian except once ; and that was when I ordered my servants to brush the ceiling, the day after I had hired my apartments. They thought me mad : how was it to be done ? what instrument could be imagined by which a similar undertaking might be accomplished ?

The French however made them clean their streets ; and during the occupation of Florence by the Intruder, the town was sweet and healthy. At present it is I fear the filthiest capital in Europe ; and I can speak from experience that it is impossible to walk thro the market with dry feet unless you go upon stilts, or with dry shirts unless you go in a jacket. So long as the taxes are paid, the lower orders may do, or omit to do, what they please. Excessive filthiness sweeps away excessive population, and serves for moral restraint.

I am, my dear Mr Drew, &c.

MR TALBOYS TO MR BEACONLEY

DEAR BEACONLEY,—Prophecy seems to come independently of any knowledge in relation to things anterior or present. You predicted that I should soon be inclined to leave Italy. Never was man less inclined at that time ; yet here am I at Leghorn ; and as no ship is sailing in this truly wintry and tempestuous weather, I proceed by land to Genoa, and travel thro France. Well have you remarked that insects only, and even of insects only the weaker and smaller kinds, are venomous : that in Paris, in London, and even in Madrid, the laws act against offences, and not the feverish and puny passions : that where the man is offended the man comes forth,

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where justice, there comes forth justice. Well have you remarked that we Englishmen carry no arms offensive or defensive, against a Canidia or Locusta in man's clothes. The bulk of your advice I need not and can not take : I do not pass thro Venice nor return to Italy.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Master is another man. This morning there came an order from some magistrate for master to pay one hundred and thirty-one crowns, supplied to a person in his service, a Signor Odoardo Talbossi. It turned out to be a claim, the most ridiculous, made by a Signor Bruchi, with whose daughter Mr Talboys was smitten. The claimant did not make his appearance at the invitation of master, who sent me immediately afterwards with a very civil note to his daughter, requesting to learn whether she knew any thing of the matter. She enquired who was waiting for the answer. When she saw me she blushed, and asked if master would receive her : I said, “ Yes certainly, Signora ! I will accompany you.”

This offer she declined, but said she would be at our house in half an hour. I admired her beautiful pearl-necklace, and fancied its changeful colours took their changes from the cheeks above. I often walked to the window, and twice down stairs, to look into the street, fearing she might have mistaken the door. The last time I went to the *postone* she was at it ; she held down her head, and asked if master was at home and alone.

I said “ Yes, Signora ! Since we lost Signor Odoardo we have had nobody with us but Lieutenant Cockles, who has left us several days.”

I tried to make her blush again, it became her so ; but she would not.

Master received her gravely and pompously.

She said “ Sir, you cannot, I know, receive me very kindly : I have been the cause of your losing a friend. He was gone several days before I heard of it, else I would have brought him back.”

“ *You ! Signora ?* ” said master, “ and pray what would you have done *then ?* ”

“ What he desired me,” said she.

Master threw himself back on the arm chair and stared at her.

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"Madam!" cried he angrily, "Mr Talboys is a virtuous man; he would desire nothing from you."

"I am sure," said she, "he would have commanded me to return to Uncle Rapi's: I have thought much about his letter: I have found out its meaning: it is only there that Serena Bruchi could be the mistress and bosom-friend of Serena Gaddi."

We thought her rather mad; but mad people's eyes are staring and dry. She took several Napoleons from her reticule, where they were loose, and asked master whether it was true that they, with some little silver pieces, were worth one hundred and thirty one crowns: she said she could not believe it. He counted them over, and assured her they amounted to that sum. She said "I am certain Odoardo never owed papa any thing; for papa is very poor, tho very honest, and I gladly, O how gladly! pay the money, that neither of them may be perplexed. Do not, for the world, tell either."

"Ah my mama! my mama! why did she persuade me that only three months after marriage, I might see Odoardo again and be as fond of him as ever."

Her throat swelled; the necklace, I observed, was no longer round it—Talboys and I are no saints, you see.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—We have had a great, or what fashionable people call, an irreparable loss in our family. When Lieutenant Cockles came to us, master did every thing in his power to amuse him, and would have gone every night with him to the Pergola, where Signora Grisi sings. But the first night he fell fast asleep in the midst of the song. A noise has always this effect upon him. Afterwards he usually persuaded some friend or other to accompany the gentleman. Until this time he never would let his horses go to the theatre; and even he would rather miss church than let the beasts go there; *that being*, as he said, *the very worst of sabbath-breaking*.* He was indeed at

* Truth and religion are imperative that this aspersion on Mr Raikes be wiped away. That horses should have perfect rest on Sundays must be admitted by all who are Christians; but the question has never been settled, whether it be better to go to church in a carriage or not to go at all.

The name *Bista* is an abbreviation of *Battista*. Horrible! to give a horse the name of the Precursor!

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all times very good to the cattle. Nevertheless Bista, the best of the two, caught cold at the playhouse the very first night, not being used to it ! and I told coachman to say nothing about the matter, else we should lose the play, the dance, and all the fun.

Coachman said Bista was possessed ; for he saw a man squint at him and pass on : if it had been a cold, Saint Antonio would settle that ; but other Saints whom he never pray'd to, and did not know even by name, were the lads for dispossessing a devil !

I recommended a dose or two of nitre ; he said Saint Antonio would take it ill, supposing we got rid of the devil, and the saint had his part to play. I gave a monk five crazie to undevel poor Bista ; and upon this *scacciadiavolamento*, good Beppo began his functions with his saint. He bought a relick, a strip of woollen (torn, I suspect, from an old carpet), and when he found that it did little good by being tied for three nights round the neck, he tried what it would do by being pushed down the throat. The consequence was, Bista is now in the bosom of Saint Antonio. I never thought the Catholic religion could do so much harm in the world. Do not mention the story ; or old Eldon and his associates will drive Dan O'Connell stark-mad, being armed with a stronger argument than such untravelled folks could pitch upon in their own grounds.

MR STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY LADY,—Was there ever such a lucky dog as I am ? Chief mourner and joint executor ! The old boy is off at last. He has left me a thousand pounds. Paltry enough ! after all my trouble and attentions. But I took care to do as much for myself, when I ceased to have wages, and began to have a stipend ; or what the Italians more properly call an *onorario*. They have the best names for the worst things and the worst people in the world ; not that the *onorario* is among the former, or the Cavalier Stivero among the latter. Quite the contrary.

I shall return to my native country, and perhaps shortly, but not *mister*, nor *sir*, nor any such low thing. I have a marquissate in view, under the Pope. They want ten thousand crowns for it ; I have the money, but they shall not : seven or eight will do, adding five hundred as perquisite to the *gallantuomo* who sells it for his master at Rome. He told me he could make six hundred crowns a year of it,

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and that if some marquises have more, nineteen in twenty have less. The contract will be signed within a week, so I request your Ladyship to address your next letter in this fashion—

Al molto Illustre Signore
Il Nobil-uomo, Sua Eccellenza
Il Signor Marchese Giovanni
Jerónimo Stivero
fu Segretario di Stato
Mio Padrone Coleadissimo
Alle Sue Riverite Mani
in Roma.

After this, three *et ceteras* will do ; some add a fourth ; but you need not trouble yourself to write more than three.

Nothing is more foolish in a man than to be proud of anything, particularly of rank or fortune. I love simplicity, and as I do not intend to give dinner-company, nor to let the people of the country sit down at table with me, I shall purchase but a spoon and a fork in silver, just to keep up the family arms. Talboys told me that some family had taken a part of my motto : I shall make enquiries into it. He wrote down the words, which have lost the first letters from their great antiquity. At present they stand

Vero Nihil Verius.

Talboys says the real reading is,

Stivero Nihil Stiverius.

These little things, my Lady, are unworthy of a wise man's consideration. When we meet we shall meet as we did formerly ; and pray never let it once occur to your Ladyship that a Marquis is above a Countess.

I have the honour to be, with high consideration,

&c. &c. &c.

(three, you will remember, are enough)

THE CHEVALIER STIVERS.

MY LADY,—Did I ever happen to write to you (surely I must have done it) about one Spinella ? a little pocket-parson, to be unscrewed and screwed, taken to pieces and put together again, in the easiest way possible. Well ! I have made him a Father in God, on good security. His uncle, a warehouse-keeper in Leghorn, had, after

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fifty years' service and some usury, amassed three thousand crowns. He died a short time ago, and left the whole of it to his worthy nephew. Upon this the Parroco grew shy of me, and plausibly proud. He would no longer say mass for eighteen-pence, but struck for twenty-two, because he said it in a new coat and clean surplice. He next began to look melancholy and saintly, and walked every morning and evening on Lung' Arno, before the palace of the Minister, principally when the carriage was coming in or going out. A groom, fancying he had a mind to one of the horses, was ordered to inform the Parroco that there was an excellent, quiet creature in the stable—a horse that would just do, that had been there for months, and was stiff for want of work. Such a beast in fact, excepting in duration of residence, was there; brought on purpose; the price paid was eighteen crowns; the price demanded was twenty-five. Reasonable enough.

When it was found that the Parroco did not want a horse, never having mounted one, it was discovered that he was no other than the very worthy Parroco Spinella—that he had lately lost a rich relation—that he was a man of unblemished character and exemplary life. Indeed he was so like a Bishop all above the knee, that it would be a pity not to make him one. His merits had been too long overlooked, not from any negligence or any fault whatever in others, but from his own excessive modesty.

He came to me one morning, begged to be pardoned if he had appeared of late to be less attentive to me than formerly—laid the charge entirely on the weight of his grief, and told me he wished to make up the sum of three thousand five hundred crowns. He then whispered that for particular reasons he would rather borrow it of a stranger than of a native. The woman in whose apartment he lodged gave me security on her house to the amount of eight hundred crowns. The Tuesday following he became a Bishop; and never were learning and piety given more profusely and more suddenly than now. Every gazette in Italy spouted it forth on the mitre of Monsignor Spinella. I made him, however, pay down the first half-year's interest, and showed my respect to the memory of the worthy uncle by following his good example in the amount. After the consecration I had a mind to have some sport with my bag-fox, and running up stairs the next morning, and looking through the key-hole, as I was accustomed on other occasions, I saw

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him stand before his niece, Aurora, and practice the giving of the blessing, which I think I could have done as well myself. The day following, being Thursday, he gave us the slip, taking off with him everything he had, excepting his old maid-servant, who has lived with him thirty years, and who (he once told me, with a sigh) was half worn out. However, he said to her most affectionately at parting—

“Beatrice! I recommend you to God’s holy keeping. He has taken care of me, he will of you.”

“Poor Padrone!” said Beatrice, and wept, when the two mules started, “who will knit for him such warm hose as I have done, sitting night after night at his side all winter long! He has but three pair and the odd one: he might have waited another week, or left the ball behind him.”

I have the honour to be, &c. &c. &c.

THE CHEVALIER STIVERS.

MARQUIS STIVERS TO LADY C.

MY DEAR LADY C.,—It certainly is my intention, when I have settled the affairs of my marquisate, to visit Old England and old friends. I hope I shall find your Ladyship in good health. One cannot expect everything. After six years people must alter a bit; and the handsomer they are, the likelier.

There is more change in a guinea than in a shilling.

I am ready and prepared for a little disappointment, because it is long since you talked of having grown an old woman, and of having discovered a grey hair. Women never cry out when the thing in good earnest comes upon them.

I nearly had forgotten to answer your question concerning the Gaddi.

What, in the name of wonder, can make you ask any more about her? She is the daughter of one Beppo Giulio-Cesare Bruchi, and her father a young Bavarian ensign, *cavalicre serviente* to the mother when the French were among us here in Italy. He was called Baron von Altenheim. The Gaddi has nothing of the Italian in her composition; for not only the most ignorant, but even the most simple and foolish girl in this country has more cunning, wariness, policy,

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and contrivance, than a Minister of State in most others. I myself am, perhaps, the only male creature, native or stranger, whom their artifices have never circumvented. When they have come round Marquis Stivers, they have won the world, and may cry, like King Alexander, for that at next door.

I have often thought what a treasure a few of their old women would be in the British parliament. Could not my Lord bring in a bill to import a dozen or two into his House, as he calls it? I suspect it has already been done by smuggling; but smuggled goods are never of the best quality.

If we could have them only for Judges, we should get justice very cheap. The fear is lest, when a thief was brought before any of 'em, they might put their hands into his pocket to take a sample of the article; and this would throw the jury off the scent. Then the scene would be like one I myself performed in my boyhood.

A fellow went about the country to show the good behaviour of some cats, whom he had taught to sit at a tea-table, like ladies and gentlemen, in court-dresses; the gentlemen with bag-wigs, slit-sleeves, stars, and swords; the ladies with hoops, lappits, stomachers, and trains. He had taken care that the cream should be true London cream, from Chalk Farm, so that they could not covet it, having once tasted it. I, who had twopence to pay for the sight, made it worth sixpence to the company. And how? Why, I went in the morning of the day before and caught some minnows at Chelsea.

The ladies and gentlemen, when I came pretty near them, began to change countenance, if not colour, and, in spite of *the presence*, though His Majesty grinned, stared, stamped, and lifted up his sceptre of bamboo, set about to wriggle and romp, arching their backs and tails, making their round eyes rounder, their green eyes greener, watering at the mouth, and speaking sensibly in their native tongue—which court-people should never do. At last I threw my minnows in among them. Then, my Lady, they were true courtiers, indeed, and fought like devils even for the scales.

History will record this event among the youthful frolics of

THE MARQUIS STIVERS.

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MARQUIS STIVERS TO THE EDITOR.

WHY ! Mr Rodney Raikes ! you must be as stupid as a brute beast. Do you imagine, Sir, I would have sent you the copies of my letters, and the answers to them, unless I thought you would fairly and honourably publish them *all* ? By the by, there were some, I now recollect, written by very low people. Here you might have exercised your discretion, as you call it. These you *might* have burned ; I thought I had done it long ago ; and I trust you will not neglect it, if you can anyhow pull out the sheets to a proper length without 'em. Of course you have thrown them back. You would hardly let tag-rag and bob-tail make their appearance with me and your uncle. It is true I placed all my papers at your disposal, for the *consideration*, as you gentry term it, of one hundred pounds. I am much too negligent in such matters ; and, besides, I thought they would probably be found, at least the worst of them, among the sealed treasures of the old codger.

I have no right to call you out for declining to publish the letters from persons of rank, which I took care he never should see, and which would have shown the estimation in which I have always been held by the great, even before I was one of them myself.

But, Sir, I do insist upon it, that you cancel (I have lived so long in Italy I have forgotten in part the elegancies of our language, and may write the word wrong) all that are *not quite the thing*, as the old-one used to say. On recollection, I think the word, though pronounced *cancel*, is written *chancel*, from *chancellor*, in whose court whatever enters is said to be *chancelled* ; viz. *reduced to nothing*. My Lord Eldon sits upon more addled eggs than all the old hens in Christendom, but they come out at last as dry and clean in the inside as the outside.

Again to business. You may think you have obliged me by letting me have the shabby thousand, when I rather wanted it, and before it was quite due in law. But let me tell you, Sir, I will be under an obligation to nobody ; so don't think it. And *due in law*. Pretty words to a man of rank in Italy ! I wish you were here and used 'em ; you would be walked by the *sbirri* out of the country in five minutes.

I am, Sir, &c.

THE MARQUIS STIVERS.

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EXCULPATORY MEMOIR

THE Editor little suspected that Marquis Stivers could be displeased at the omission of letters written to him in confidence by the lady in whose house he had formerly resided. There are some which would bear a very sinister interpretation among the mal-evilent and the unwary ; and his own, indeed, are not extremely far from countenancing it. The Editor does not understand what the Marquis possibly can mean by the venerable Earl of Eldon sitting upon addled eggs. Never was there more than one single imputation objected with any show of plausibility to the venerable Earl, on which, as a member of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, the Editor feels himself bound to animadvert. At the same time he is most willing to allow in the large and liberal sense of Christianity, that the noble Peer (although others might be misled by the bright example) always called upon his Creator in the genuine spirit of heart-felt piety. Declaring one day at dinner that, from his Infancy upward to that very hour, no action, word, or thought of His Lordship ever had any other scope or object than the imperishable glory of his country and the equitable administration of her invaluable laws, he solemnly added, "*And I call God to witness it.*" Mr Jekyl was awed at the consequences, and said audibly, although in an undervoice, "*Better not, my Lord ; He may show contempt of Court.*"

To which His Lordship replied, with his usual readiness and smartness, "*Mr Jekyl, eat your soup.*"

The company looked grave at Mr Jekyl's untimely interruption, but laughed exceedingly at the facetious turn His Lordship had given to the conversation.

Evidently the Marquis Stivers was unaware that the Noble Earl is no longer Lord High Chancellor of England, and the Editor hopes sincerely that his country may never have to regret the removal of that learned Lord from the woolsack. It is true, some hundreds of families are come into possession of long-disputed property, by the prompt decisions of his successor, I mean Lord Brougham ; but it may be questioned whether such promptitude is suitable to the dignity of the office. Certainly it is unprecedented ; and these are days when precedents ought to be searched into and brought forward, as the only bars against the file and pick-axe of innovation.

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The greatest and most authoritative men, of all ages and all countries, have ever been the most adverse to it. Whenever there was restitution to be made, the Earl of Eldon, like the Dictator Fabius,

Cunctando restituit rem.

The Editor hopes he may be pardoned for quoting the strong words of another great poet on the subject of innovation—

Curse on the innovating hand attempts it !

Safer if the word were *Blame* or *Shame* ; but the poet placed the most awful responsibility on his own head, to warn his countrymen, by inference, against the crime of innovation. He pitches hot burning coals upon it to serve as a beacon to his native land.

Far be it from the Editor to interfere with the prerogative of his King. He, however, may, in duty and loyalty, suggest a query, whether, in these days, men of eloquence, literature, and science, are exactly the men adapted to the management of our affairs. If we wish to cope successfully with our rivals, those who govern *us* should be as like as possible to those who govern *them*. Their minds should not be distracted by reflection, distempered by patriotism, or bent down by books. They should be men of bustle and business, and if they knew a little of accounts and commerce, so much the better. These are the men that should be looked for ; and such men may be found. What did the great Mr Pitt know ? What did the great Lord Melville ? Why, not one book, nor one page, in any language. But they knew their trade ; they knew the folks they dealt with ; and hence they obtained so much credit that all the nations in Europe could not pay what they could borrow.

If we cannot recall them to life again, we may recall to our assistance those who sate at the feet of these Gamaliels, and caught a portion of their wisdom.

MEMOIR

RELATING TO THE DECEASE OF THE MARQUIS STIVERS

THE reader will be shocked to learn the melancholy exit of the Marquis Stivers : but it serves to shew the vanity of human dignities.

Scarcely was he installed in his marquisate, when the Signora Aurora Madelena Augusta Spinella, to whom he appears to have paid attentions in Florence, was conducted to his castle in Romagna by her noble cousin the Marquis Portaferrata. An English youth,

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Laurence Kirby, his only attendant, gives the narrative. He admitted them to the presence of his master, at whose feet the lady fell, claiming the immediate execution of his promise.

"What promise?" asked the marquis laughing.

"Marriage," said she timidly and tenderly.

"Well, well, my pretty Aurora! we will go on with it as usual," answered the marquis, touching the tip of her ear.

"No, no, Sir!" exclaimed the Marquis Portaferatta, "not as usual, if you please. Innocent girls are easily beguiled."

"More easily than found," said Marquis Stivers, clapping her on the shoulder.

"You interrupted me, Signor Marchese!" said the Marquis Portaferatta. "When Monsignor the Bishop was only the Parroco Spinella, such an indignity might be endured in the family; but not if I had known it, even then. I have carried arms, Signor Marchese, under Napoleon."

"Signor—whoever you are!" cried Marquis Stivers.

"Marchese Portaferatta, at your service," answered the cousin, bowing profoundly.

"Signor Marchese Portaferatta! you have carried arms under Napoleon, it seems; and I heartily wish you carried them under him now, in his entrenchment at Saint Helena, instead of coming to trouble me here, about a piece of fun and nonsense."

"Do you call it fun? do you call it nonsense? my dear Signor Marchese!" said the cousin in his finest tone of moral expostulation.

"More of nonsense than of fun, if you mean marriage," said the Marquis Stivers, "but I, for my part, do not mean any such thing. The most I ever told Aurora was, that I would love her all my life long. Would you have me break my promise? And marriage must as surely break it, as a cannon ball must break a man's head."

"Were I worthy," said the cousin, "I myself would now aspire to her hand, since evidently you decline it. Allow me, Sir, to present to you the Pontifical Ordinance, by virtue of which three hundred crowns annually are payable out of your marquisate to the noble Donzella, the Signora Aurora Madelena Augusta Spinella, on your renunciation of the alliance."

"How now! Aurora!" cried the marquis in amaze. "What! are you not betrothed, are you not married, to Onofrio Tegola?"

"I espoused! I married! to what Onofrio Tegola?" exclaimed

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the Signora Aurora in absolute bewilderment. "O now indeed, indeed, I do comprehend you. Onofrio was the name of the creature we used as a blind—in our fonder moments" . . . said she, drawing the back of her hand across her eyes. As Marquis Stivers did not take advantage of the pause she made, her cousin asked her who and what was this Onofrio, and hoped there was no mystery.

"A very good worthy beast was Onofrio," said she, "but for a Bishop's niece, not for Aurora Spinella. No, Marchese Giovanni, I might have had a pope, if popes could marry: people who may be popes have told me so: I do not ask you, dear Giovanni! I do not wish you, Marchese!"

"The deuce you don't!" cried he.

"Cousin! It is late," said she turning round.

"At that rate you don't love me then!" said Marquis Stivers, partly in wonder, partly in vexation.

"Others love *me*," said she, after a pause.

"Others love *you*," he exclaimed, as one who had more right than they had.

"Did you look at your watch, my dear cousin?" said she.

"Dear cousin!" and the Marquis started at the sound.

"A tall fellow . . . but who minds him?"

Signora Aurora then walked up to Marquis Stivers, took his hand, lifted it to her lips, but hesitated to kiss it, and only said gaily, "Good evening, Marchese!"

"It is late," said Marquis Stivers, "won't you stay?"

She drew back haughtily. "*Stay* indeed! Signor Marchese." He stood silent.

"You disown me. *Stay* indeed, after that! My pride is left me still, if nothing better is."

"The torture of base, the support of elevated minds," said gravely and slowly the Marchese Portaferatta.

"Three hundred crowns!" said unconsciously the Marquis Stivers. Then turning to his groom,

"What right? what rascals! Three hundred?" he stamped, sprang forward, and embraced the Signora Aurora, and said,

"Upon my honour I love you more than ever, my dear Aurora! I only wished to try your constancy a little; and this trial has brought out all the nobler parts of your character. Sunshine shows only the beauty of the leaves, storms show the firmness of the root."

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"My noble cousin the Marquis Stivers," said Marquis Portaferrata, pressing his hand, "talks bravely. We do not find such thoughts now-a-days ; if they ever start up, they are clapped into a book, and nobody dares meddle with 'em afterwards."

"Signor Marchese, I am frank and open with everybody, as becomes a soldier and chevalier. My happiness arises from the happiness of my friends, my glory from their reputation."

He sighed deeply ; and then with his hands upon his heart, and his eye turned towards heaven,

"My love, too richly rewarded by inestimable friendship, pure (and alas cold !) as gems first gathered from the unsunned deep, shall never interfere with the sacred obligations my cousin Aurora has contracted. May you live happy ! "

He was a long man, says Mr Laurence Kirby, and though he held both their hands in his, he almost threw his head into the high window at the other end of the room, standing quite aslant, in such a manner that he might have made his fortune by it. However it was but for a moment : he soon grew upright again, and said solemnly "The hour appointed there above now strikes. Having witnessed the union of two persons so worthy of each other, I retire to my estates, shamefully neglected, where, my beloved cousins, I shall pray incessantly for your happiness."

The last words were not ended, when the worthy priest of the parish, the Parroco Tibuzzo Peruzzi, entered the room. He made his obeisance first to Marquis Stivers, and then to the Illustrious the strangers. Having but that moment heard, said he, of their arrival at the castle-gate of his most noble patron, he was come to incommode them. This customary phrase was answered in the customary manner. *On the contrary ; she always does us the greatest pleasure.* Nevertheless, says Mr Kirby, the words were immediately followed by the shortest (though very reprehensible) of our English imprecations. It came against the Parroco Peruzzi by rebound, not being addressed to him but more immediately to his valet and chamberlain whom likewise he apostrophised in these words.

"*Lal !* I did not imagine Spinella had any relative above a washer-woman, since the death of the warehouse-keeper. But now, as the beggarly thief is a Bishop, great people own him. We personages of somewhat recent rank must think of forming adequate alliances. The girl has no money ; but the uncle may lay aside a

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thousand crowns a-year, and he may be a Bishop these forty years. Surely he may easily do that, having lived six or seven and forty as merely a parish priest, with bad wine, bad oil, rank salt fish, and rotten fresh. What think you ? ”

“ No doubt, sir,” said Mr Kirby.

“ He may provide then for my younger children if there are a dozen.”

Mr Kirby, it seems, unwittingly shook his head. Upon which the Marquis, recollecting the dignity of his visitors and the attentions due to them, turned round to Marchese Portaferatta, and said with great concern,

“ Signor Marchese ! I have been giving orders to my valet about your bed-room. I am sorry to find, by the shake of his head, that the sheets and mattresses are damp, and the walls themselves not quite dry. Aurora has confidence——”

Here he was interrupted by the measured and long-drawn words, “ Sir ! the confidence of my cousin, I am afraid, has been unlimited. She is now under the protection of a man of honour. Providence has sent one of the most worthy of her ministers to perform one of the most important of his functions. Permit me to present a gold ring to you, lest in your transports you might forget it.”

The Parroco Peruzzi stepped forward, and said to Marquis Stivers,

“ Signor Marchese ! I shall mark this day with a white stone.”

The Marquis turned to his valet, and said impatiently,

“ What does the fool mean ? For my part, I want no marker at this game : I shall remember it, I warrant me.”

The ceremony was performed ; the Lady Aurora took possession of the castle and the dignity annexed to it : Marchese Portaferatta was invited and induced by the Parroco Peruzzi to accept a night’s lodging under his humble roof.

Whether the former guilt of Marquis Stivers preyed upon his conscience, and remorse at not having reserved the entire bloom of innocence for the nuptial bed, or whether his spacious rooms, long uninhabited, were uncongenial to his constitution, his health in a few weeks declined, and his admirable high spirits quite forsook him. He refused the medicines that were prescribed, saying he knew his own complaint as well as any doctor could know it, and would physick himself. He took a strange aversion to his Marchioness,

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calling her by the most unworthy and unbecoming names, which is usual in cases of insanity. At last she and her cousin, with tears in their eyes, submitted to the hard necessity of binding him in his bed and keeping him in the dark. During all this time he was as hoarse with rage as with weeping. They however kept all improper medicines from him, applying only the most innocent simples. In spite of every care and attention, he departed this life, after a lingering illness of several months. From some external spots and ulcers on the body, poison was suspected. Repelling the foul insinuation, the Marchese Portaferata insisted that the body should be opened in presence of all the physicians and all the surgeons in Romagna. The widowed Marchioness at first was greatly horrified at such a proposition, but as rumours were growing louder and louder, the adored image of her deceased lord, now lying in state, was submitted to scientific inspection. The viscera were discovered to be perfectly sound, and the heart and pericardium fresh and florid. The more intelligent of the medical men were entirely of opinion that the symptoms of the disease were similar to those under which Pope Leo the twelfth resigned the cares of our world for (let us hope!) the rewards of a better. When the peasants of the vicinity heard this declaration, their suspicions were suddenly converted into the most extravagant and boundless joy. They would have sainted Marquis Stivers for his spots resembling the Pope's, and for his ulcers being, as they expressed it, the very ulcers of His Beatitude.

The Marchioness, who ill supported the shock, was long an invalid. Ultimately she has been prevailed upon to transfer her hand to her gallant cousin, the Marchese Portaferata, who now unites in his sole person the dignity of both houses.

We as protestants are incapable of receiving into our breasts what was the principal source of joy to this noble couple. In the last moments of the Marquis Stivers, my Lord the Bishop, uncle to the Marchioness, deigned to visit him in his melancholy apartment. At the first recollection of His Lordship's voice, which was low and placid, he grew quite outrageous. His Lordship used all the arguments in force to bring him over to the catholic church, at which he scoffed, and, sick as he was, treated the Bishop and his creed with various unseemly levities. His Lordship bore them admirably, suppressing all exterior signs of grief, and expressed with

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equal calmness the most earnest wish of his heart, the subject of his daily cares and nightly vigils, of all his tears and all his supplications, namely, that it might not be the will of Providence that he should live long enough to attend the funeral of a relation so many years younger : but that, whenever it should please God to call him to Himself, he might tranquilly lay down the symbols of his earthly greatness where also was embossed the coronet of Giovanni-Geronimo Marchese Stivers.

The ancient chapel of this renowned castle, continued His Lordship, contains rank enough.

"Ancient chapel !" cried the marquis, who seemed until this moment to have been dozing very comfortably : "what ! is there a chapel ? Turn the dogs out : I will have the best place."

"But unless it pleases the Divine Mercy," said my Lord the Bishop, "to touch your heart and convert you, it may be doubted whether the Lord Bishop of the diocese, who is unknown to me, will allow you even a corner in the cemetery by the roadside : certainly no inscription, no tombstone."

At this remonstrance the Marquis Stivers turned upon his face, and swore and wept.

"Happy moment ! auspicious interposition !" cried the Bishop, "he swears and weeps like Saint Peter. Turn, my son ! I am now your confessor ; confess your sins : it is only to me."

"I confessed them to everybody when I committed them," said the Marquis ; "and one fresh is worth ten stale."

"Very true," replied the Bishop ; "but it is never too late. Do you repent ?" The question came home.

"Repent ! yes, by my soul do I : I must have been mad."

"Alas !" replied his Lordship, "mad indeed ! but mad people in their lucid intervals may confess, and get into Paradise just as soon as the sane."

"Come, come !" cried the noble sufferer, "one that is bed-ridden cannot carry double ! I would not fain be priest-ridden too, fired and glandered as I am. Prythee be quiet with your mad people and lucid intervals ! Let us have an end of it. Wine, oil, wafer, out with 'em : give us the first, the first that is ready—no roadside for me—I have never cut my throat—it wants no knife—there are holes enough in it. Anoint me, sacrament me, wax-light me, and bedevil me ; but give me the chapel—and hark ye !—I

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would have the coronet double-gilt upon white marble. I feel I am going ; you have bothered me fairly into bliss."

The Lord Bishop in great haste and trepidation administered the sacrament of his church with his own hand. After which, he ran into the drawing-room, crying,

" *He is safe !* "

And the two mourners the Marchese Portaferrata and the Marchesa Stivers, with equal confidence in the divine clemency, cried simultaneously,

" *He is safe !* "

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(*Foreign Quarterly Review*, 1842; *Last Fruit*, 1853; *Wks.*, viii., 1876.)

NOTE

THOUGH the plan of this edition precludes discussion of Landor's judgments, it has seemed to me proper to supply this Note on his dealings with the text of Catullus.

CARMEN I. "Acquiescat." The two lines have been very variously read by editors. Compare Postgate and Owen with Munro, and with Ellis. Landor has not noted the real difficulty.

CARMEN VI. "Necquicquam tacitum." "It is in vain you try to keep it a secret." But the idea is that the bed is by nature silent.

CARMEN VIII. "Scaliger's reading is probably the true one." But Ellis accepts "nocte" as natural and not far removed from the MS. reading "ne te"; and it is possible to read, "Scelestā, vac te! quæ tibi manet vita?" Landor's eventual proposal to read:

At tu dolebis quum rogaberis nullo,
Scelestā! nullo.

has found no favour with later scholars.

CARMEN XI. Landor suggests reading:

Galliam Rhenum horribileis ad ulti-
Mosque Britannos.

Scholarship now, I understand, tends to follow Ellis:

horribilem insulam ulti-
Mosque Britannos:

or else to read: "horribile æquor," etc.

CARMEN XXV. The hopelessly corrupt fifth line, which Landor would read, "*Quum devias mulier aves ostendit oscitantes*," has been read by Ellis, "*Cum diva mulier aries*," etc., and conjecturally by Munro, "*Cum diva Murcia atriis*," etc. So far as I am aware no authority has accepted Landor's emendation. Nor has his "oscinentes" found support. Landor here seems to be over-ingenious.

CARMEN XXIX. Landor passes by the chief difficulty in the poem, the reference to Adonis as *omnium cubilia perambulans*.

CARMEN XXXI. Landor's suggested reading of the penultimate line has never, so far as I know, been adopted.

CARMEN LI. "Vocis in ore." This is Ritter's attempt to fill the gap: Landor's has not been adopted in its place.

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CARMEN LIII. Ellis admits that Landor may be right in rendering "salaputium," or "salapusium," by "little cocky." The word occurs only once elsewhere, in Seneca's allusion to the poem by Catullus, whence its meaning has been conjectured. A good example of Landor's scholarly resourcefulness.

CARMEN LXI. "Verse 129," actually verse 122. The emendation has not been adopted.

CARMEN LXIII. Without mentioning Landor, Ellis demurs to the proposal to take "labante languore," otherwise accepted by him, as the ablative absolute; nor is there real difficulty in construing the line after the manner in which Virgil, *Georg.*, iv. 414, is rendered. Landor's emendation of verses 75-76 is not original; it was effected by Scaliger.

CARMEN LXIV. "Verses 58," etc., actually verses 38, etc. The emendation appears worthy of acceptance but has not had it. The only serious evident objection is that the three verses beginning with "Non" would be separated by it. Verse 83, "Funera . . . nec funera." The worst failure in understanding I have observed in Landor. The meaning is, funerals of the living, and the phrase may be compared with Cicero's "insepultam insepulturam" (of Cæsar's disorderly burial). "Verse 340," actually verse 338.

CARMEN LXV. Landor's protest against the intolerable lines, verses 13-14, seems to have found no echo. Ellis invites us to compare with those verses the work of Barry Cornwall and of Homer.

CARMEN LXVIII. "In the sixty-third we must read 'At' for 'Ac.'" Rather "Hic." "Verse 143," actually verse 145. Landor's proposal to read "mirè" for "mira" in "sed furtiva dedit mira munuscula nocte" has not found favour. "Mira" ("rare") is possible; some editors prefer "muta."

CARMEN XCII. 4. Notwithstanding Landor's adoption of the reading, "totidem mala," etc., subsequent scholars have kept to "totidem mea," taking the meaning to be, roughly, "our scores are even, we are quits."

CARMEN XCV. Subsequent scholarship is with Landor in supplying "sodalis" for the missing last word.

CARMEN CI. Landor's qualified preference for "Heu nimis indigne frater," etc., over "Heu miser indigne frater," etc., is that of a Latin poet rather than that of a textual critic.

This note is far from exhaustive, but it may suffice to indicate the characteristic merits and limitations of Landor as critic of the text of a Latin poet peculiarly dear to him.

DOERING's first edition of Catullus came out nearly half a century before his last edition. When he returned to his undertaking, he found many things, he tells us, to be struck out, many to be altered

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and set right. We believe we shall be able to show that several are still remaining in these predicaments.

They who in our days have traced the progress of poetry, have pursued it generally not as poets or philosophers, but as hasty observers or cold chronologists. If we take our stand on the Roman world, just before the subversion of its free institutions, we shall be in a position to look backward on Greece, and forward on Italy and England : and we shall be little disposed to pick up and run away with the stale comments left by those who went before us ; but rather to loiter a little on the way, and to indulge, perhaps too complacently, in the freshness of our own peculiar opinions and favourite speculations.

The last poet who flourished at Rome, before the extinction of the republic by the arms of Julius Cæsar, was Catullus ; and the last record we possess of him is about the defamatory verses which he composed on that imperishable name. Cicero, to whom he has expressed his gratitude for defending him in a lawsuit, commends on this occasion the equanimity of Cæsar, who listened to the reading of them in his bath before dinner. There is no reason to believe that the poet long survived his father's guest, the Dictator : but his decease was unnoticed in those times of agitation and dismay ; nor is the date of it to be ascertained. It has usually been placed at the age of forty-six, four years after Cæsar's. Nothing is more absurd than the supposition of Martial, which however is but a poetical one.

Si forsân tener ausus est Catullus
Magno mittere *Passerem* Maronî.¹

(It is scarcely worth a remark by the way, that *si forsân* is not Latin ; *si forte* would be : *si* and *an* can have nothing to do with each other.) But allowing that Virgil had written his *Ceiris* and *Culex*, two poems inferior to several in the Eton school-exercises, he could not have published his first Eclogues in the lifetime of Catullus : and if he had, the whole of them are not worth a single Phaleucian or scazon of the vigorous and impassioned Veronese.

But Virgil is not to be depreciated by us, as he too often has been of late, both in this country and abroad ; nor is he at all so when we deliver our opinion that his pastorals are almost as inferior

¹ Mar., iv. 14.

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to those of Theocritus as Pope's are to his. Even in these, there not only are melodious verses, but harmonious sentences, appropriate images, and tender thoughts. Once or twice we find beauties beyond any in Theocritus : for example,

Ite, capellæ !
Non ego vos posthac viridi projectus in antro
Dumosâ pendere procul de rupe videbo.¹

Yet in other places he is quite as harsh as if he had been ever so negligent. One instance is,

Nunc victi, tristes, quoniam Fors omnia *versat*,
Hos illi (quod nec bene *vertat*) mittimus hædos.²

But now we must stoop
To the worst in the troop,
And must do whatsoever that vagabond wills :
I wish the old goat
Had a horn in his throat,
And the kids and ourselves were again on the hills.

Supposing the first of the Eclogues to have appeared seven years after the death of Catullus, and this poet to have composed his earliest works in the lifetime of Lucretius, we can not but ponder on the change of the Latin language in so short a space of time. Lucretius was by birth a Roman, and wrote in Rome ; yet who would not say unhesitatingly, that there is more of what Cicero calls *urbane* in the two provincials, Virgil and Catullus, than in the authoritative and stately man who leads Memmius from the camp into the gardens of Epicurus. He complains of poverty in the Latin tongue ; but his complaint is only on its insufficiency in philosophical terms, which Cicero also felt twenty years later, and called in Greek auxiliaries. But in reality the language never exhibited such a profusion of richness as in the comedies of Plautus, whose style is the just admiration of the Roman orator.

Cicero bears about him many little keepsakes received from this quarter, particularly the diminutives. His fondness for them borders on extravagance. Could you believe that the language contains in its whole compass a hundred of these ? could you believe that an orator and philosopher was likely to employ a quarter of the number ? Yet in the various works of Cicero we have counted

¹ Virg., *Ec.*, i. 75.

² *Ec.*, ix. 5.

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and written down above a hundred and sixty. Catullus himself has employed them much more sparingly than Cicero, or than Plautus, and always with propriety and effect. The playful Ovid never indulges in them, nor does Propertius, nor does Tibullus. Nobody is willing to suspect that Virgil has ever done it ; but he has done it once in

*Oscula libavit natæ.*¹

Perhaps they had been turned into ridicule, for the misapplication of them by some forgotten poet in the commencement of the Augustan age. Quintilian might have given us information on this : it lay in his road. But whether they died by a natural death or a violent one, they did not appear again as a plague until after the deluge of the Dark Ages ; and then they increased and multiplied in the slime of those tepid shallows from which Italy in few places has even yet emerged. In the lines of Hadrian,

Animula, vagula, blandula,

they have been greatly admired, and very undeservedly. Pope has made sad work of these. Whatever they are, they did not merit such an *experimentum crucis* at his hands.

In Catullus no reader of a poetical mind would desire one diminutive less. In Politian and such people they buzz about our ears insufferably ; and we would waft every one of them away, with little heed or concern if we brush off together with them all the squashy insipidities they alight on.

The imitators of Catullus have indeed been peculiarly unsuccessful. Numerous as they are, scarcely five pieces worth remembrance can be found among them. There are persons who have a knowledge of latinity, there are others who have a knowledge of poetry, but it is not always that the same judge decides with equal wisdom in both courts. Some hendecasyllabics of the late Serjeant Lens, an excellent man, a first-rate scholar, and a graceful poet, have been rather unduly praised ; to us they appear monotonous and redundant. We will transcribe only the first two for particular notice and illustration.

*Grates insidiis tuis dolisque
Vinculis jam refero lubens solutis.*

¹ *Æn.*, i. 256.

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Never were words more perplex and involved. He who brings them forward as classical, is unaware that they are closely copied from a beautiful little poem of Metastasio, which J. J. Rousseau has translated admirably.

Grazie agli inganni tuoi
Alfin respiro, O Nice !

How much better is the single word *inganni* than the useless and improper *insidiis*, which renders *dolis* quite unnecessary ! A better line would be

Vincla projicio libens soluta.

Or,

Tandem projicio soluta vincla.

In fact, it would be a very difficult matter to suggest a worse. The most-part of the verses may be transposed in any way whatsoever : each seems to be independent of the rest : they are good, upright, sound verses enough, but never a sentence of them conciliates the ear. The same objection is justly made to nearly all the modern hendecasyllabics. Serjeant Lens has also given us too many lines for one Phaleucian piece : the metre will admit but few advantageously : it is the very best for short poems. This might be broken into three or four, and almost in any place indifferently. Like the *seta equina*, by pushing out a head and a tail, each would go on as well as ever.

In how few authors of hendecasyllabics is there one fine cadence ! Such, for instance, as those in Catullus :

Soles occidere et redire possunt,
Nobis quum semel occidit brevis lux
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.¹

And those,

Quamvis candida millies puella
Euntem revocet, manusque collo
Ambas injiciens roget morari.²

And twenty more. In the former of these quotations, Catullus had before him the best passage in Moschus, which may be thus translated :

¹ v. 4.

² xxxv. 8.

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Ah ! when the mallow in the croft dies down,
Or the pale parsley or the crisped anise,
Again they grow, another year they flourish ;
But we, the great, the valiant, and the wise,
Once covered over in the hollow earth,
Sleep a long, dreamless, unawakening sleep.

The original verses are as harmonious as almost any in the language. But the epithet which the poet has prefixed to *parsley* is very undistinguishing. Greek poets more frequently than Latin, gave those rather which suited the metre than those which conveyed a peculiar representation. Neither the *χλωρά*, applied to parsley, is in any of its senses very appropriate, nor are the *εὐθαλής* and *οὔλον* to anise, but rather to burrage.

Catullus has had innumerable imitators in the Phaleucian, but the only dexterity displayed by them, in general, is in catching a verse and sending it back again like a shuttlecock. Until our own times, there is little thought, little imagination, no passion, no tenderness, in the modern Latin poets. Casimir shows most genius and most facility : but Casimir, in his best poem, writes

Sonora buxi filia *sutilis*.

Was ever allegory treated with such indignity ? What becomes of this tight-laced daughter of a box-tree ? She was hanged. Where ? On a high poplar. Wherefore ? That she might be the more easily come at by the poet. Pontanus too has been praised of late : but throughout his thick volume there is scarcely a glimpse of poetry. There are certain eyes which, seeing objects at a distance, take snow for sunshine.

Two verses of Joannes Secundus, almost the only two he has written worth remembering, outvalue all we have imported from the latter ages. They would have been quoted, even from Catullus himself, as among his best.

Non est suaviolum dare, lux mea, sed dare tantum
Est desiderium flebile suavioli.¹

The Six of Bembo on Venice are admirable also. And there are two from two French authors, each worth two Pontanuses. The first is on the Irish.²

Gens *ratione furens* et mentem pasta chimæris.

¹ *Basium*, iii.

² See *Poemata et Inscriptiones Questio*.

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The second (but this is stolen from Manilius) on Franklin, his discoveries in electricity, and his energy in the liberation of his country.

Eripuit cælo fulmen sceptrumque tyranno.

Another has been frequently quoted from a prize poem by Canning. Such as it is, it also is stolen; and with much injury (as stolen things often are) from the *Nutricia* of Politian, among whose poems one only, that on the death of Ovid, has any merit. This being the only one which is without metrical faults, and the rest abounding in them, a reasonable doubt may arise whether he could have written it: he who has written by the dozen such as the following:

Impedis amplexu,

intending *impedis* for a dactyl:

Quando expēdiret inseris hexametro,

for a pentameter:

Mutare domi-num dōm-us hæc nescit suum,

for an iambic:

Lucreti fuit hoc, et Euripīdis,

for a Phaleucian: and in whom we find *Plutarchus* short in the first syllable; *Bis-ve semelve*; and *Vaticani* long in the second syllable twice.

Milton has been thought like Politian in his hexameters and pentameters. In his Elegies he is Ovidian; but he is rather the fag than the playfellow of Ovid. Among his Latin poems the scazon *De Hominus Archetypo* is the best. In those of the moderns there is rarely more than one thing missing; namely, the poetry; which some critics seem to have held for a matter of importance. If we may hazard a conjecture, they are in the right. Robert Smith is the only one who has ascended into the higher regions. But even the best scholars, since they receive most of their opinions from tradition, and stunted and distorted in the crevices of a quadrangle, will be slowly brought to conclude that his poetry is better (and better it surely is) than the greater part of that which

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dazzles them from the luminaries of the Augustan age. In vigour and harmony of diction, in the selection of topics, in the rejection of little ornaments, in the total suppression of playful prettinesses, in solidity and magnitude of thought, sustained and elevated by the purest spirit of poetry, we find nothing in the Augustan age of the same continuity, the same extent. We refer to the poem entitled *Platonis Principia*,¹ in which there are a hundred and eleven such verses as are scarcely anywhere together in all the realms of poetry.

The alcaic ode of the same writer, *Mare Liberum*, is not without slight blemishes. For instance, at the beginning,

Primo Creator spiritus halitu
Caliginosi regna silentii
Turbavit.

In latinity there is no distinction between *spiritus* and *halitus*; and, if theology has made one, the *halitus* can never be said to proceed from the *spiritus*. In the second verse the lyric metre requires *silentj* for *silentii*. Cavilers may also object to the elision of *quà* at the conclusion.

Et rura *quà* ingentes Amazon
Rumpit aquas, violentus amnis.

It has never been elided unless at the close of a polysyllable; as, among innumerable instances,

Obliquà invidia stimulisque agitabat amaris.²

This fact is the more remarkable, since *quæ* and *præ* are elided; or, speaking more properly, coalesce.

Et tibi præ invidiâ Nereides increpitarent. PROPERTIUS (ii. 26, 15).
Quæ omnia bella devorastis. CATULLUS (iii. 14).
Quæ imbelles dant prælia cervi. VIRGIL (*Georg.*, iii. 265).
Quæ Asia circum. VIRGIL (*Georg.*, i. 383).

But what ode in any language is more animated or more sublime?

In reading the Classics we pass over false quantities, and defer to time an authority we refuse to reason. But never can time acquit Horace of giving us false measure in *palus aptaque remis*,

¹ Bobus Smith.

² Virg., *Æn.*, xi. 337.

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nor in *quomodo*. Whether you divide or unite the component parts of *quomodo*, *quo* and *modo*, the case is the same. And as *palus* is *paludis* in the genitive case, *salus salutis*, no doubt can exist of its quantity. Modern Latin poets, nevertheless, have written *saluber*. Thomas Warton, a good scholar, and if once fairly out of latinity, no bad poet, writes in a Phaleucian

Salüberrimis et herbis.

There is also a strange false quantity in one of the most accurate and profound grammarians, Menage. He wrote an inscription, in one Latin hexameter, for Mazarin's college, then recently erected.

Has Phæbo et Musis Mazarinus consecrat ædes.

Every vowel is long before z. He knew it, but it escaped his observation, as things we know often do. We return from one learned man to another, more immediately the object of our attention, on whom the same appellation was conferred.

Catullus has been called the *learned*: and critics have been curious in searching after the origin of this designation. Certainly both Virgil and Ovid had greatly more of archæology, and borrowed a great deal more of the Greeks. But Catullus was, what Horace claims for himself, the first who imported into Latin poetry any vast variety of their metres. Evidently he translated from the Greek his galliambic on Atys. The proof is, that

Tympanum tubam Cybeles (lxiii. 9)

would be opposite to, and inconsistent with, the metre. He must have written *Typanum*, finding *τύπανον* before him. But as, while he was in the army, he was stationed some time in Bithynia and Phrygia, perhaps he had acquired the language spoken in the highlands of those countries: in the lowlands it was Greek. No doubt, his curiosity led him to the temple of Cybele: and there he heard the ancient hymns in celebration of that goddess. Nothing breathes such an air of antiquity as his galliambic, which must surely have been translated into Greek from the Phrygian. Joseph Warton, in the intemperance of admiration, prefers it not only to every work of Catullus, but to every one in the language. There is indeed a gravity and solemnity in it, a fitness and propriety in every part, unequalled and unrivalled. Poetry can, however, rise

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higher than these "templa serena," and has risen higher with Catullus. No human works are so perfect as some of his, but many are incomparably greater. Among the works of the moderns, the fables of La Fontaine come nearest to perfection; but are there none grander and higher?

This intemperance of admiration has been less excusable in some living critics of modern Latin poetry. Yet when we consider how Erasmus, a singularly wise and learned man, has erred in his judgment on poetry, saying, while he speaks of Sidonius Apollinarius, "Let us listen to our Pindar," we are disposed to be gentle and lenient even in regard to one who has declared his opinion, that the elegies of Sannazar "may compete with Tibullus." * If they may, it can only be in the number of feet; and there they are quite on an equality. In another part of the volume which contains so curious a decision, some verses are quoted from the *Paradise Regained* as "perhaps the most musical the author ever produced." Let us pause a few moments on this assertion, and examine the verses referred to. It will not be without its use to exhibit their real character, because, in coming closer to the examination of Catullus, we shall likewise be obliged to confess that, elegant and graceful as he is, to a degree above all other poets in the more elaborate of his compositions, he too is by no means exempt from blemishes in his versification. But in Milton they are flatnesses; in Catullus they are asperities; which is the contrary of what might have been expected from the characters of the men.

There is many a critic who talks of harmony, and whose ear seems to have been fashioned out of the callus of his foot. "Quotus enim quisque est," as Cicero says, "qui teneat artem numerorum atque modorum!" The great orator himself, consummate master of the science, runs from rhetorical into poetical measure at this very place.

Numerorum atque modorum

is the same in time and modulation as the verses in Horace,

Miserarum est neque amori
Dare ludum neque dulci, etc.¹

* Mr. Hallam, in the first volume of his *Introduction to the Literature of Europe*, p. 597.---W. S. L.

¹ *Od.*, iii. 12.

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Well ; but what “ are perhaps the most musical verses Milton has ever produced ? ” They are these (*si diis placet* !) :

Such forces met not, nor so wide a camp,
When Agrican with all his northern powers
Besieged Albracca, as romances tell,
The city of Gallaphrone, from thence to win
The fairest of her sex Angelica
His daughter, sought by many provest knights,
Both Paynim and the peers of Charlemagne.¹

There is a sad hiatus in “ Albracca as.” On the whole, however, the verses, thus unluckily hit upon for harmony, are fluent ; too fluent ; they are feeble in the extreme, and little better than prose, either in thought or expression : still, it is better to praise accidentally in the wrong place than to censure universally. The passage which is before them leads us to that magnificent view of the cities and empires, the potentates and armies, in all their strength and glory, with which the Tempter would have beguiled our Redeemer. These appear to have left no impression on the critic, who much prefers what every schoolboy can comprehend, and what many undergraduates could have composed. But it is somewhat, no doubt, to praise that which nobody ever praised before, and to pass over that which suspends by its grandeur the footstep of all others.

There is prodigious and desperate vigour in the Tempter’s reply to our Saviour’s reproof :

All hope is lost
Of my reception into grace : what worse ?
For when no hope is left, is left no fear.
If there be worse, the expectation more
Of worse torments me than the feeling can.
I would be at the worst : worst is my port,*
My harbour, and my ultimate repose ;
The end I would attain, my final good.

Yet Milton, in this *Paradise Regained*, seems to be subject to strange hallucinations of the ear ; he who before had greatly excelled all poets of all ages in the science and display of harmony.

¹ *Par. Reg.*, iii. 337.

* A daring critic might suggest *fort* for *port*, since *harbour* makes that word unnecessary.—W. S. L.

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And if in his last poem we exhibit his deficiencies, surely we never shall be accused of disrespect or irreverence to this immortal man. It may be doubted whether the Creator ever created one altogether so great; taking into our view at once (as much indeed as can at once be taken into it) his manly virtues, his superhuman genius, his zeal for truth, for true piety, true freedom, his eloquence in displaying it, his contempt of personal power, his glory and exultation in his country's.

Warton and Johnson are of opinion that Milton is defective in the sense of harmony. But Warton had lost his ear by laying it down on low and swampy places, on ballads and sonnets; and Johnson was a deaf adder coiled up in the brambles of party prejudices. He was acute and judicious, he was honest and generous, he was forbearing and humane: but he was cold where he was overshadowed. The poet's peculiar excellence, above all others, was in his exquisite perception of rhythm, and in the boundless variety he has given it, both in verse and prose. Virgil comes nearest to him in his assiduous study of it, and in his complete success. With the poetical and oratorical, the harmony is usually in proportion to the energy of passion. But the numbers may be transferred: thus the heroic has been carried into the Georgics. There are many pomps and vanities in that fine poem, which we would relinquish unreluctantly for one touch of nature; such as

It tristis arator
Mœrentem abjungens fraterna morte juvenum.¹

In sorrow goes the ploughman, and leads off
Unyoked from his dead mate the sorrowing steer.

Here however the poet is not seconded by the language. The ploughman can not be going on while he is in the act of separating the dead ox from its partner, as the word *it* and *abjungens* signify.

We shall presently show that Catullus was the first among the Romans in whose heroic verse there is nothing harsh and dissonant. But it is not necessary to turn to the grander poetry of Milton for verses more harmonious than those adduced; we find them even in the midst of his prose. Whether he is to be censured for

¹ *Georg.*, iii. 518.

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giving way to his genius, in such compositions, is remote from the question now before us. But what magnificence of thought is here ! how totally free is the expression from the encumbrances of amplification, from the crutches and cushions of swollen feebleness !

When God commands to take the trumpet
And blow a shriller and a louder blast,
It rests not in Man's will what he shall do,
Or what he shall forbear.

This sentence in the *Treatise on Prelaty* is printed in prose : it sounds like inspiration. " It rested not in Milton's will " to crack his organ-pipe, for the sake of splitting and attenuating the gush of harmony.

We will now give the reason for the *falling sickness* with which several of his verses are stricken. He was too fond of showing what he had read : and the things he has taken from others are always much worse than his own. Habituated to Italian poetry, he knew that the verses are rarely composed of pure iambics, or of iambics mixed with spondees, but contain a great variety of feet, or rather of subdivisions. When he wrote such a line as

In the bosom of bliss and light of light,¹

he thought he had sufficient authority in Dante, Petrarca, Ariosto, and Tasso, who wrote

Questă selvă selvaggia. DANTE.

Tra le vanē speranze. PETRARCA.

Con lă gentē di Francia. ARIOSTO.

Cantō l' armī pietose. TASSO.

And there is no verse whatsoever in any of his poems for the metre of which he has not an Italian prototype.

The critic who knows any thing of poetry, and is resolved to select a passage from the *Paradise Regained*, will prefer this other far above the rest ; and may compare it, without fear of ridicule or reprehension, to the noblest in the nobler poem.

And either tropic now
'Gan thunder, and both ends of heaven : the clouds,

¹ *Par. Reg.*, iv. 597.

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From many a horrid rift, abortive poured
 Fierce rain with lightning mixt, water with fire,
 In ruin reconciled : nor slept the winds
 Within their stony caves, but rushed abroad
 From the four hinges of the world, and fell
 On the vast wilderness, whose tallest pines,
 Though rooted deep as high, and sturdiest oaks,
 Bowed their stiff necks, loaden with stormy blasts
 Or torn up sheer. Ill wast thou shrouded then,
 O patient son of God ! yet only stoodst
 Unshaken ! Nor yet stayed the terror there :
 Infernal ghosts and hellish furies round
 Environed thee : some howled, some yelled, some shrieked,
 Some bent at thee their fiery darts ; while thou
 Satst unappall'd in calm and sinless peace.¹

No such poetry as this has been written since, and little at any time before. But Homer would not have attributed to the *pine* what belongs to the *oak*. The tallest pines have superficial roots ; they certainly are never " deep as high " : oaks are said to be ; and if the saying is not phytologically true, it is poetically ; although the oak itself does not quite send

radicem ad Tartara.²

There is another small oversight.

Yet only *stoodst*
 Unshaken.

Below we find

Satst unappalled.*

¹ *Par. Reg.*, iv. 409.

² *Virg., Georg.*, ii. 292.

* But Milton's most extraordinary oversight is in *L'Allegro*.

Hence loathed Melancholy !
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born.

Unquestionably he meant to have written Erebus instead of Cerberus, whom no imagination could represent as the sire of a goddess. *Midnight* is scarcely to be converted into one, or indeed into any allegorical personage : and the word " *blackest* " is far from aiding it. Milton is singularly unfortunate in allegory ; but nowhere more so than here. The daughter of Cerberus takes the veil, takes the

Sable stole of *Cyprus* lawn,

and becomes, now her father is out of the way,

A nun devout and pure.

—W. S. L.

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But what verses are the following !

And made him bow to the gods of his wives.¹ . . .
Cast wanton eyes on the daughters of men. . . .
After forty days' fasting had remained. . . .
And with these words his temptation pursued. . . .
Nor difficult if thou hearken to me.

It is pleasanter to quote such a description as no poet, not even Milton himself, ever gave before, of Morning,

Who with her radiant finger stilled the roar
Of thunder, chased the clouds and laid the winds
And grisly spectres, which the Fiend had raised
To tempt the son of God with terrors dire.²

In Catullus we see morning in another aspect ; not personified : and a more beautiful description, a sentence on the whole more harmonious, or one in which every verse is better adapted to its peculiar office, is neither to be found nor conceived.

Heic qualis flatu placidum mare matutino
Horrificans zephyrus proclivas incitat undas,
Aurorâ exoriente vagi sub lumina solis,
Quæ tarde primum elementi flamine pulsæ
Procedunt, leni resonant plangore cachinni.
Post, vento crescente, magis magis increbescunt,
Purpureâque procul nantes a luce refulgent.³

Our translation is very inadequate :

As, by the Zephyr wakened, underneath
The sun's expansive gaze the waves move on
Slowly and placidly, with gentle plash
Against each other, and light laugh ; but soon,
The breezes freshening, rough and huge they swell,
Afar refulgent in the crimson east.

What a fall is there from these lofty cliffs, dashing back the waves against the winds that sent them ; what a fall is there to the " wracks and flaws " which Milton tells us

Are to the main as inconsiderable
And harmless, if not wholesome, as a *sneeze*.⁴

¹ ii. 171, 180, 243, 405, 428.

³ *Car.*, lxiv. 272.

² iv. 428.

⁴ iv. 457.

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In the lines below, from the same poem, the good and bad are strangely mingled : the poet keeping in his verse, however, the firmness and majesty of his march.

So saying, he caught him up, and, *without wing*
Of hippogrif, bore through the air sublime,
Over the wilderness—and o'er the plain :
Till underneath them fair Jerusalem,
The holy city, lifted high her towers,
And higher yet the glorious temple—*rear'd*
Her pile, far off appearing like a mount
Of alabaster, topt with golden *spires*.

Splendid as this description is, it bears no resemblance whatsoever to the temple of Jerusalem. It is like one of those fancies in which the earlier painters of Florence, Pisa, Lucca, and Siena, were fond of indulging ; not for similitude, but for effect. The poets of Greece and Rome allowed themselves no such latitude. The Palace of the Sun, depicted so gorgeously by Ovid, where imagination might wander unrestricted, contains nowhere an inappropriate decoration.

No two poets are more dissimilar in thought and feeling than Milton and Catullus ; yet we have chosen to place them in juxtaposition, because the Latin language in the time of Catullus was nearly in the same state as the English in the time of Milton. Each had attained its full perfection, and yet the vestiges of antiquity were preserved in each. Virgil and Propertius were, in regard to the one poet, what Dryden and Waller were in regard to the other. They removed the archæisms ; but the herbage grew up rarer and slenderer after those extirpations. If so consummate a master of versification as Milton is convicted of faults so numerous and so grave in it, pardon will the more easily be granted to Catullus. Another defect is likewise common to both ; namely the disposition or ordinance of parts. It would be difficult to find in any other two poets, however low their station in that capacity, two such signal examples of disproportion as are exhibited in *The Nuptials of Peleus and Thetis* and in *The Masque of Comus*. The better part of the former is the description of a tapestry ; the better part of the latter are three undramatic soliloquies. In other respects, the oversights of Catullus are fewer : and in *Comus* there is occasional extravagance of expression such as we never find in Catullus,

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or in the playful Ovid, or in any the least correct of the ancients. For example, we read of

The sea-girt isles,
That, like to rich and various gems, inlay
The unadorned bosom of the deep.¹

How *unadorned*, if inlaid with *rich and various gems*? This is a pendant to be placed exactly opposite :

The silken vest Prince Vortigern had on,
Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won.²

We come presently to

The sounds and *seas*.

Sounds are parts of seas. Comus, on the borders of North Wales, talks of

A green mantling vine,
That crawls along the side of yon small hill ;

and of

Plucking ripe clusters.

Anon we hear of "*stabled wolves*." What wolves can those be? The faults we find in the poet we have undertaken to review we shall at the same time freely show.

CARMEN I. *Ad Cornelium Nepotem*. In verse 4, we read

Jam tum cum ausus es.

We believe the poet, and all the writers of his age, wrote *quum*. *Quoi* for *cui* grew obsolete much earlier, but was always thus spelt by Catullus. The best authors at all times wrote the adverb *quum*.

CARMEN II. *Ad Passerem Lesbiæ*. In verse 8 we read "*acquiescat*"; the poet wrote "*adquiescat*," which sounds fuller.³

CARMEN III. *Luctus in Morte Passeris*. This poem, and the preceding, seem to have been admired, both by the ancients and the moderns, above all the rest. Beautiful indeed they are. Grammarians may find fault with the hiatus in

O factum male ! O miselle passer !

poets will not.

¹ *Comus*, 21.

² A parody of a couplet in Edward Howard's *The British Princes*. See *Spectator*, No. 43.

³ See my preliminary Note.

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We shall now, before we go farther, notice the metre. Regularly the Phaleucian verse is composed of four trochees and one dactyl: so is the Sapphic, but in another order. The Phaleucian employs the dactyl in the second place; the Sapphic employs it in the third. But the Latin poets are fonder of a spondee in the first. Catullus frequently admits an iambic; as in

Meas esse aliquid putare nugas.¹
Tuâ nunc operâ meæ puellæ,² &c.

CARMEN IV. *Dedicatio Phaseli*. This is a senarian, and composed of pure iambics. Nothing can surpass its elegance. The following bears a near resemblance to it in the beginning, and may be offered as a kind of paraphrase.

The vessel which lies here at last
Had once stout ribs and topping mast,
And, whate'er wind there might prevail,
Was ready for a row or sail.
It now lies idle on its side,
Forgetful o'er the waves to glide.
And yet there have been days of yore
When pretty maids their posies bore
To crown its prow, its deck to trim,
And freight it with a world of whim.
A thousand stories it could tell,
But it loves secrecy too well.
Come closer, my sweet girl! pray do!
There may be still one left for you.

CARMEN V. *Ad Lesbiam*. It is difficult to vary our expression of delight at reading the three first poems which Lesbia and her sparrow have occasioned. This is the last of them that is fervid and tender. There is love in many of the others, but impure and turbid, and the object of it soon presents to us an aspect far less attractive.

CARMEN VI. *Ad Flavium*. Whoever thinks it worth his while to peruse this poem, must enclose in a parenthesis the words "Nequicquam tacitum." *Tacitum* is here a participle: and the words mean, "It is in vain that you try to keep it a secret."³

CARMEN VII. Again to Lesbia. Here, as in all his hendecasyllabics, not only are the single verses full of harmony, a merit to

¹ *Car.*, i. 4.

² *Car.*, ii. 17.

³ See my preliminary Note.

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which other writers of them not unfrequently have attained, but the sentences leave the ear no "aching void," as theirs do.

CARMEN VIII. *Ad seipsum*. This is the first of the scazons. The metre in a long poem would perhaps be more tedious than any. Catullus, with admirable judgment, has never exceeded the quantity of twenty-one verses in it. No poet, uttering his own sentiments on his own condition in a soliloquy, has evinced such power in the expression of passion, in its sudden throbs and changes, as Catullus has done here.

In Doering's edition we read, verse 14,

At tu dolebis, cum rogaberis nullâ,
Scelesta ! nocte.

No such pause is anywhere else in the poet. In Scaliger the verses are,

At tu dolebis, quum rogaberis nulla.
Scelesta rere, quæ tibi manet vita.

The punctuation in most foreign books, however, and in all English, is too frequent : so that we have snatches and broken bars of tune, but seldom tune entire. Scaliger's reading is probably the true one, by removing the comma after *rere* :

Scelesta rere quæ tibi manet vita !¹
(Consider what must be the remainder of your life !)

Now certainly there were many words obliterated in the only copy of our author. It was found in a cellar, and under a wine-barrel. Thus the second word in the second line appears to have left no traces behind it ; otherwise, words so different as *nocte* and *rere* could never have been mistaken. Since the place is open to conjecture, therefore, and since every expression round about it is energetic, we might suggest another reading :

At tu dolebis quum rogaberis *nullo*,²
Scelesta ! *nullo*. Quæ tibi manet vita ?
Quis nunc te adibit ? quoi videberis bella ?
Quem nunc amabis ? quojus esse diceris ?
Quem basiabis ? quoi labella mordebis ?
At tu, Catulle ! destinatus obdura.

¹ See my preliminary Note.

² See Ellis, *Com. on Cat.*, for the case for reading " nullus."

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Which we will venture to translate :

But you shall grieve while none complains,
None, Lesbia ! None. Think, what remains
For one so fickle, so untrue !
Henceforth, O wretched Lesbia ! who
Shall call you dear ? shall call you his ?
Whom shall you love ? or who shall kiss
Those lips again ? Catullus ! thou
Be firm, be ever firm, as now.

The angry taunt very naturally precedes the impatient expostulation. The repetition of *nullo* is surely not unexpected. *Nullus* was often used absolutely in the best times of latinity. "Ab *nullo* repetere," and "*nullo* aut paucissimis præsentibus," by Sallust. "Qui scire possum ? *nullus* plus," by Plautus. "Vivis his in columibusque, liber esse *nullus* potest," by Cicero.

It may as well be noticed here that *basiare*, *basium*, *basiatio*, are words unused by Virgil, Propertius, Horace, Ovid, or Tibullus. They belonged to Cisalpine Gaul more especially, although the root has now extended through all Italy, and has quite supplanted *osculum* and its descendants. *Bellus* has done the same in regard to *formosus*, which has lost its footing in Italy, although it retains it in Spain, slightly shaken, in *hermoso*. The *saviari* and *savium* of Plautus, Terence, Cicero, and Catullus, are never found in the poets of the Augustan age, to the best of our recollection, excepting once in Propertius.

CARMEN IX. *Ad Verannium*. Nothing was ever livelier or more cordial than the welcome here given to Verannius on his return from Spain. It is comprised in eleven verses. Our poets, on such an occasion, would have spread out a larger table-cloth with a less exquisite desert upon it.

CARMEN X. *De Varri Scorto*. Instead of expatiating on this, which contains, in truth, some rather coarse expressions, but is witty and characteristic, we will subjoin a paraphrase, with a few defalcations.

Varrus would take me t'other day
To see a little girl he knew,
Pretty and witty in her way,
With impudence enough for two.

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Scarce are we seated, ere she chatters

(As pretty girls are wont to do)

About all persons, places, matters—

“ And pray, what has been done for *you* ? ”

“ Bithynia, lady ! ” I replied,

“ Is a fine province for a pretor,

For none (I promise you) beside,

And least of all am I her debtor.”

“ Sorry for that ! ” said she. “ However

You have brought with you, I dare say,

Some litter bearers : none so clever

In any other part as they.

“ Bithynia is the very place

For all that 's steady, tall, and straight ;

It is the nature of the race.

Could you not lend me six or eight ? ”

“ Why, six or eight of them or so,”

Said I, determined to be grand,

“ My fortune is not quite so low

But these are still at my command.”

“ You 'll send them ? ” “ Willingly ! ” I told her,

Altho' I had not here or there

One who could carry on his shoulder

The leg of an old broken chair.

“ Catullus ! what a charming hap is

Our meeting in this sort of way !

I would be carried to Serapis

To-morrow.” “ Stay, fair lady, stay !

“ You overvalue my intention.

Yes, there *are* eight—there may be nine . . .

I merely had forgot to mention

That they are Cinna's, and not mine.”

Catullus has added two verses which we have not translated,
because they injure the poem.

Sed tu insulsa male et molesta vivis
Per quam non licet esse negligentem.

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This, if said at all, ought not to be said to the lady. The reflection might be (but without any benefit to the poetry) made in the poet's own person. Among the ancients however, when we find the events of common life and ordinary people turned into verse, as here for instance, and in the *Praxinoë* of Theocritus, and in another of his where a young person has part of her attire torn, we never are bored with prolixity and platitude, in which a dull moral is our best relief at the close of a dull story.

CARMEN XI. *Ad Furium et Aurelium*. Furius and Aurelius were probably the comrades of Catullus in Bithynia. He appears to have retained his friendship for them not extremely long. Here he entrusts them with a message for Lesbia, which they were fools if they delivered, although there is abundant reason for believing that their modesty would never have restrained them. He may well call these

Non bona dicta.

But there are worse in reserve for themselves, on turning over the very next page. The last verses in the third strophe are printed

Gallicum Rhenum horribilesque ulti-
Mosque Britannos.

The enclitic *que* should be changed to *ad*, since it could not support itself without the intervention of an aspirate,

Gallicum Rhenum horribileis *ad* ulti-
mosque Britannos.¹

and the verse "Cæsar visens," &c., placed in a parenthesis. When the poet wrote these Sapphics, his dislike of Cæsar had not begun. Perhaps it was occasioned long afterward, by some inattention of the great commander to the Valerian family on his last return from Transalpine Gaul. Here he writes,

Cæsar visens monimenta *magni*.

Very different from the contemptuous and scurril language with which he addressed him latterly.

CARMEN XII. *Ad Asinium Pollionem*. Asinius Pollio and his

¹ See my preliminary Note.

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brother were striplings when this poem was written. The worst, but most admired of Virgil's Eclogues, was composed to celebrate the birth of Pollio's son, in his consulate. In this Eclogue, and in this alone, his versification fails him utterly. The lines afford one another no support. For instance, this sequence,

Ultima Cumæi venit jam carminis ætas.
Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo,
Jam redit et virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna.

Toss them in a bag and throw them out, and they will fall as rightly in one place as another. Any one of them may come first; any one of them may come last; any one of them may come intermediately; better that any one should never come at all. Throughout the remainder of the Eclogue, the ampulla of Virgil is puffier than the worst of Statius or Lucan.

In the poem before us it seems that Asinius, for whose infant the universe was to change its aspect, for whom grapes were to hang upon thorns, for whom the hardest oaks were to exude honey, for whom the rams in the meadows were to dye their own fleeces with murex and saffron—this Asinius picked Catullus's pocket of his handkerchief.¹ Catullus tells him he is a blockhead if he is ignorant that there is no wit in such a trick, which he says is a very dirty one, and appeals to the brother, calling him a smart and clever lad. He declares he does not mind so much the value of the handkerchief, as because it was a present sent to him out of Spain by his friends Fabullus and Verannius, who united (it seems) their fiscal forces in the investment. This is among the lighter effusions of the volume, and worth as little as Virgil's Eclogue, though exempt from such grave faults.

CARMEN XIII. *Ad Fabullum*. A pleasant invitation to dinner.

Verse 8. Plenus sacculus est araneorum.

It is curious that Doering, so sedulous in collecting scraps of similitudes, never thought of this in Plautus, where the idea and expression too are so alike.

Ita inaniis sunt oppietæ atque araneis.²

¹ Rather, snatched away his napkin at table.

² *Aul.*, i. ii. 6.

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Let us offer a paraphrase :

With me, Fabullus, you shall dine,
And gaudily, I promise you,
If you will only bring the wine,
The dinner, and some beauty too.

With all your frolic, all your fun,
I have some little of my own ;
And nothing else : the spiders run
Throughout my purse, now theirs alone.

He goes on rather too far, and promises his invited guest so sweet a perfume, that he shall pray the gods to become *all nosc* ; that is, we may presume, if no one should intervene to correct or divert in part a wish so engrossing.

CARMEN XIV. *Ad Calvum Licinium*. The poet seems in general to have been very inconstant in his friendships : but there is no evidence that he was ever estranged from Calvus. This is the more remarkable as Calvus was a poet, the only poet among his friends, and wrote in the same style. At the close of the poem here addressed to him, properly ending at the twenty-third verse, we find four others appended. They have nothing at all to do with it : they are a worthless fragment : and it is a pity that the wine-cask, which rotted off and dislocated so many pieces, did not leak on and obliterate this, and many similar, particularly the two next. We should then, it may be argued, have known less of the author's character. So much the better. Unless, by knowing the evil that is in any one, we can benefit him, or ourselves, or society, it is desirable not to know it at all.

CARMEN XVII. *Ad Coloniam*. Here are a few beautiful verses in a very indifferent piece of poetry. We shall transcribe them, partly for their beauty, and partly to remove an obscurity.

Quoi quum sit viridissimo nupta flore puella,
Et puella tenellulo delicatior hædo,
Asservanda nigerrimis diligentius uvis ;
Ludere hanc sinit ut lubet, nec pili facit uni,
Nec se sublevat ex suâ parte ; sed velut alnus
In fossâ Liguri jacet supernata securi,
Tantundem omnia sentiens quam si nulla sit usquam,
Talis iste meus stupor nil videt, nihil audit,
Ipse qui sit, utrum sit, an non sit, id quoque nescit.

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This is in the spirit of Aristophanes, and we may fancy we hear his voice in the cantilena. *Asservanda* should be printed *adservanda*; and *supper nata*, *subper nata*. *Liguri* is doubtful. *Liguris* is the genitive case of *Ligur*. The Ligurians may in ancient times, as in modern, have exercised their industry out of their own country, and the poorer of them may have been hewers of wood. Then *securis Liguris* would be the right interpretation. But there are few countries in which there are fewer *ditches*, or fewer *alders*, than in Liguria; we, who have travelled through the country in all directions, do not remember to have seen a single one of either. It would be going farther, but going where both might be found readily, if we went to the *Liger*, and read "In fossâ Ligeris."

CARMINA XVIII., XIX., XX. *Ad Priapum*. The first of these three is a Dedication to the God of Gardens. In the two following the poet speaks in his own person. The first contains only four lines. The second is descriptive, and terminates with pleasantry.

O pueri ! malas abstinete rapinas !
Vicinus prope dives est, negligensque Priapus ;
Inde sumite : semita hæc deinde vos feret ipsa

In the third are these exquisite verses :

Mihi corolla picta vere ponitur,
Mihi rubens arista sole fervido,
Mihi virente dulcis uva pampino.
Mihique glauca duro oliva frigore.
Meis capella delicata pascuis
In urbem adulta lacte portat ubera,
Meisque pinguis agnus ex ovilibus
Gravem domum remittit ære dexteram,
Teneraque matre mugiente vaccula
Deum profundit ante templa sanguinem.

We will attempt to translate them.

In spring the many-colour'd crown,
The sheafs in summer, ruddy-brown,
The autumn's twisting tendrils green,
With nectar-gushing grapes between,
Some pink, some purple, some bright gold,
Then shrivel'd olive, blue with cold,

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Are all for me : for me the goat
Comes with her milk from hills remote,
And fatted lamb, and calf pursued
By moaning mother, sheds her blood.

The third verse, as printed in this edition and most others, is contrary to the laws of metre in the pure iambic.

Agellulum hunc, sinistra, *tute* quam vides.

And *tute* is inelegant and useless. Scaliger proposed "*sinistera ante* quem vides." He was near the mark, but missed it; for Catullus would never have written "*sinistera*." It is very probable that he wrote the verse

Agellulum hunc sinistra, *inante* quem vides.
(On the left hand, just before you.)

Inante and *exante* were applied to time rather than place, but not exclusively.

CARMEN XXII. *Ad Varrum*. This may be advantageously contracted in a paraphrase.

Suffenus, whom so well you know,
My Varrus, as a wit and beau,
Of smart address and smirking smile,
Will write you verses by the mile,
You can not meet with daintier fare
Than title-page and binding are ;
But when you once begin to read
You find it sorry stuff indeed,
And you are ready to cry out
Upon this beau, *Ah ! what a lout !*
No man on earth so proud as he
Of his own precious poetry,
Or knows such perfect bliss as when
He takes in hand that nibbled pen.
Have we not all some faults like these ?
Are we not all Suffenuses ?
In others the defect we find,
But can not see our sack behind.

CARMEN XXV. *Ad Thallum*. It is hardly safe to steal a laugh here, and yet it is difficult to refrain from it. Some of the verses must be transposed. Those which are printed

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Thalle ! turbidâ rapacior procellâ,
Cum de vid mulier aves ostendit oscitantes,
Remitte pallium mihi, meum quod involâste,

ought to be printed

Thalle ! turbidâ rapacior procellâ,
Remitte pallium mihi, meum, quod involâste
Quum " *devias* " mulier aves ostendit oscitantes.¹

This shows that Thallus had purloined Catullus's cloak while he was looking at a nest of owls ; for such are *deviæ aves*, and so they are called by Ovid. It is doubtful whether the right reading is *oscitantes*, " opening their beaks," or *oscinentes*, which is applied to birds that do not sing ; by Valerius Maximus to crows, by Livy to birds of omen. In the present case we may believe them to be birds of augury, and inauspicious, as the word always signifies, and as was manifest in the disaster of Catullus and his cloak. In the eleventh verse there is a false quantity :

Inusta turpiter tibi flagella conscribillent.

Was there not such a word as *contribulo* ?

CARMEN XXIX. *Ad Cæsarem*. This is the poem by which the author, as Cicero remarks, affixes an eternal stigma on the name of Cæsar, but which the most powerful and the best tempered man in the world heard without any expression of anger or concern. The punctuation appears ill-placed in the sixteenth and seventeenth verses.

Quid est ? ait sinistra liberalitas :
Parum expatrativ. An parum helluatus est ?

We would write them,

Quid est ? ain ? Sinistra liberalitas
Parum expatrativ ? &c.

" Where is the harm ? do you ask ? What ! has this left-handed liberality of his," &c.

CARMEN XXX. *Ad Alphenum*. A poem of sobs and sighs, of complaint, reproach, tenderness, sad reflection, and pure poetry.

CARMEN XXXI. *Ad Sirmionem Peninsulam*. Never was a return

¹ See my preliminary Note.

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to home expressed so sensitively and beautifully as here. In the thirteenth line we find

Gaudete vosque Lydiæ lacûs undæ.

The "Lydian waves of the lake" would be an odd expression. Although, according to a groundless and somewhat absurd tradition,

Gens *Lyda* jugis insedit Etruscis,

yet no *gens Lyda* could ever have penetrated to these Alpine regions. One of the Etrurian nations did penetrate so far, whether by conquest or expulsion is uncertain. But Catullus here calls upon Sirmio to rejoice in his return, and he invites the waves of the lake to laugh. Whoever has seen this beautiful expanse of water, under its bright sun and gentle breezes, will understand the poet's expression; he will have seen the waves laugh and dance. Catullus, no doubt, wrote

Gaudete vosque "lydiæ" lacûs undæ!¹
(Ye revellers and dancers of the lake!)

If there was the word *ludius*, which we know there was, there must also have been *ludia*.

CARMEN XXXIV. *Ad Dianam*. A hymn, of the purest simplicity.

CARMEN XXXV. *Cæcilium invitat*. It appears that Cæcilius, like Catullus, had written a poem on Cybele. Catullus invites him to leave Como for Verona:

Quamvis candida millies puella
Euntem revocet, manusque collo
Ambas injiciens roget morari.

Which may be rendered:

Although so passing fair a maid
Call twenty times, be not delayed;
Nay, do not be delayed although
Both arms around your neck she throw.

For it appears she was desperately in love with him from the time

¹ See my preliminary Note.

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he had written the poem. Catullus says it is written so beautifully, that he can pardon the excess of her passion.

CARMEN XXXIX. *In Egnatium*. This is the second time he has ridiculed Egnatius, a Celtiberian, and overfond of displaying his teeth by continually laughing. Part of the poem is destitute of merit, and indelicate : the other part may be thus translated, or paraphrased rather :

Egnatius has fine teeth, and those
Eternally Egnatius shows.
Some criminal is being tried
For murder ; and they open wide ;
A widow wails her only son ;
Widow and him they open on.
'Tis a disease, I 'm very sure,
And wish' twere such as you could cure,
My good Egnatius ! for what 's half
So silly as a silly laugh ?

We can not agree with Doering that we should read

Aut *porcus* Umber aut *obesus* Etruscus. *Verse 11.*

First, because the *porcus* and *obesus* convey the same meaning without any distinction ; and secondly, because the distinction is necessary both for the poet and the fact. The Etrurians were a most luxurious people ; the Umbrians a pastoral and industrious one. He wishes to exhibit a contrast between these two nations, as he has done in the preceding verse between what is *urbane* and what is *Sabine*. Therefore he wrote,

Aut " *parcus* " Umber aut *obesus* Hetruscus.

CARMEN XL. *Ad Ravidum*. The sixth verse is printed improperly

Quid vis ? quâ lubet esse notus optas ?

Read

Quid vis ? qua lubet esse notus ? opta.

" *Opta*," make your *option*.

CARMEN XLII. *Ad Quendam*. We should not notice this "*Ad Quendam*" were it not to correct a mistake of Doering. "*Ridentem canis ore Gallicani*." His note on this expression is, "*Epitheton ornans, pro quovis cane venatico cujus rictus est latior*." No, the

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canis gallicus is the *greyhound*,¹ whose *ricтус* is indeed much *latior* than that of other dogs ; and Catullus always uses words the most characteristic and expressive.

CARMEN XLV. *De Acme et Septimio*. Perhaps this poem has been admired above its merit. But there is one exquisitely fine passage in it, and replete with that harmony which, as we have already had occasion to remark, Catullus alone has given to the Phaleucian metre.

At Acme leviter caput reflectens,
Et dulcis pueri ebrios ocellos
Isto purpureo ore suaviata,
" Sic," inquit, " mea vita Septimille !
Huic uni domino usque serviamus."

CARMEN XLVI. *De Adventu Veris*. He leaves Phrygia in the beginning of spring, and is about to visit the celebrated cities of maritime Asia. What beauty and vigour of expression is there in

Jam mens prætrepidans avet vagari,
Jam læti studio pedes vigescunt.

There is also much tenderness at the close in the short valediction to his companions, who set out together with him in the expedition, and will return (whenever they do return) by various roads into their native country.

CARMEN L. *Ad Licinium*. On the day preceding the composition of this poem, he and Licinius had agreed to write together in different metres, and to give verse for verse. Catullus was so delighted with the performances of Licinius, that he could never rest, he tells us, until he had signified it by this graceful little poem.

CARMEN LI. This is a translation from Sappho's ode, and perhaps is the first that had ever been attempted into Latin, although there is another which precedes it in the volume. Nothing can surpass the graces of this, and it leaves us no regret but that we have not more translations by him of Sappho's poetry. He has copied less from the Greek than any Latin poet had done before Tibullus.

The adonic at the close of the second strophe is lost. Many

¹ There were, it would seem, two varieties : one perhaps somewhat resembling the greyhound ; the other the beagle.

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critics have attempted to substitute one. In the edition before us we find,

Simul te
Lesbia ! adspexi, nihil est super mi
*Vocis in ore.*¹

A worse can not be devised.

Quod loquar amens

would be better. The ode ends, and always ended, with

Lumina nocte.

CARMEN LIII. *De Quodam et Calvo*. Calvus, as well as Cicero, spoke publicly against Vatinius. It will be requisite to write out the five verses of which this piece of Catullus is composed.

Risi nescio quem modo in coronâ
Qui quum mirifice Vatiniana
Meus crimina Calvus explicasset,
Admirans ait hæc manusque tollens,
Dî magni ! *salaputium* disertum !

Doering's note on the words is this : "Vox nova, ridicula et, ut videbatur, *plebeia* (*Salaputium*). Catullum ad hos versus scribendos impulit." He goes on to put into prose what Catullus had told us in verse, and adds, "Catullus a risu sibi temperare non potuit." Good Herr Doering does not *see where 's the fun*. It lies in the fact of Calvus being a very little man, and in the clown hearing a very little man so eloquent, and crying out, "Heavens above ! what a clever little *cocky* !" ² The word should not be written "*salaputium*," but "*salapusium*." The termination in *um* is a signification of endearment ; as *delicium* for *deliciæ* : and correspondently the *ov* in Greek ; *παῖδιον*, for instance, and *παῖδάριον*. It can not be *salepygium*, as some critics have proposed, because the third syllable in this word (supposing there were any such) would, according to its Greek origin, be short. Perhaps the best reading may be "*salipusium*," from *sal* and *pusius*. Rustic terms are unlikely to be compounded with accuracy. In old Latin the word, or words, would be *salî* (for *salis*) *pusium*. But *t* is equivalent to *s* : and the modern Italian, which is founded on the *most* ancient Latin, has *putto*.

¹ See my preliminary Note.

² See my preliminary Note.

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CARMEN LIV. *Ad Cæsarem.*

Fuffitio seni *recocto*.

On this is the note “Homo *recoctus* jam dicitur qui in rebus *agendis* diu multumque *agitatus*, versatus, exercitatus, et quasi *percoctus*, rerum naturam penitus perspexit,” &c.

Surely these qualities are not such as Catullus or Cæsar ought to be displeased with. But “senex *recoctus*” means an old dandy boiled up into youth again in Medea’s caldron. In this poem Catullus turns into ridicule no other than personal peculiarities and defects, first in Otho, then in Libo, lastly in Fuffitius.

CARMEN LVII. *In Mamurram et Cæsarem.* If Cæsar had hired a poet to write such wretched verses as these and swear them to Catullus, he could never in any other way have more injured his credit as a poet. The *Duo Cæsaris Anti-Catones*, which are remembered as having been so bulky, could never have fallen on Cato so fatally as this Anti-Catullus on Catullus.

CARMEN LXI. *De Nuptiis Juliæ et Manlii.* Never was there, and never will there be probably, a nuptial song of equal beauty. But in verse 129 there is a false quantity as now printed, and quite unnoticed by the editor.

Desertum domini audiens.

The metre does not well admit a spondee * for the second foot : it should be a trochee ; and this is obtained by the true reading, “Desitum.”

CARMEN LXII. Another nuptial song, and properly an Epithalamium, in heroic verse, and very masterly. It seems incredible however that the last lines, beginning

At tu ne pugna,

were written by Catullus. They are trivial : and beside, the young singing men never have sung so long together in the former parts assigned to them. The longest of these consists of *nine* verses, with the choral

Hymen, O Hymenæe !

and the last would contain *eleven* with it, even after rejecting these *seven* which intervene, and which, if admitted, would double the

* Yet here, in 235 verses, nine begin with it.—W. S. L.

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usual quantity. We would throw them out because there is no room for them, and because they are trash.

CARMEN LXIII. This has ever been, and ever will be, the admiration of all who can distinguish the grades of poetry.

The thirty-ninth verse is printed,

Piger his labantes languore oculos sopor operit.

The metre will not allow it. We must read, "labante languore," although the construction may be somewhat less obvious. The words are in the ablative absolute,¹ "Sleep covers their eyes, a languor dropping over them."

Verse 64 should be printed "gymnasj," not gymnasii. The seventy-fifth and seventy-sixth lines must be reversed, and instead of

Geminas "Deorum" ad aures nova nuncia referens
Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus
Lævumque pecoris hostem stimulans,

read

Ibi juncta juga resolvens Cybele leonibus,
Geminas "eorum" ad aureis nova nuncia referens, &c.

CARMEN LXIV. *Nuptiæ Pelei et Thetidis*. Among many excellences of the highest order, there are several faults and inconsistencies in this heroic poem.

Verse 15. Illâque haudque aliâ, &c.

It is incredible that Catullus should have written "haudque."

Verse 37. Pharsaliam coeunt, Pharsalia rura frequentant.

No objection can be raised against this reading. "Pharsaliam" is a trisyllable. The *i* sometimes coalesces with another vowel, as *a* and *o* do. In Virgil we find

Stellio et lucifugis.²
Auredâ composuit spondâ.
Unâ eâdemque viâ.
Uno eodemque igni.
Perque ærea scuta.

¹ See my preliminary Note.

² *Georg.*, iv. 243; *Æn.*, i. 698, x. 487; *Ec.*, viii. 81; *Æn.*, x. 313.

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Verses 58 and the following are out of their order. They stand thus :

Rura colit nemo : mollescunt colla juvencis :
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris :
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus :
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram :
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.

The proper and natural series is, together with the right punctuation,

Rura colit nemo : mollescunt colla juvencis,
Non glebam prono convellit vomere taurus ;
Squalida desertis robigo infertur aratris.
Non humilis curvis purgatur vinea rastris,
Non falx attenuat frondatorum arboris umbram.¹

Because here the first, the second, and the third, refer to the same labour, that of ploughing : the fourth and fifth to the same also, that of cultivating the two kinds of vineyard. In one kind the grapes are cut low, and fastened on poles with bands of withy, and raked between : in the other they are trained against trees : formerly the tree preferred was the elm ; at present it is the maple, particularly in Tuscany. The branches are lopt and thinned when the vines are pruned, to let in sun and air. By ignorance of such customs in agriculture, many things in the classics are mistaken. Few people know the meaning of the words in Horace,

Cum *duplice* ficu.²

Most fancy it must be the purple fig and the yellow. But there is also a green one. The Italians, to dry their figs the more expeditiously, cut them open and expose them on the pavement before their cottages. They then stick two together, and this is *duplex ficus*.

We now come to graver faults (and faults certainly the poet's) than a mere transposition of verses. In the palace of Peleus there is a piece of tapestry which takes up the best part of the poem.

Hæc vestis *priscis* hominum variata figuris,

exhibits the story of Theseus and Ariadne. Their adventures could not have happened five-and-twenty years before these nuptials.

¹ See my preliminary Note.

² *Sat.*, ii. 2, 122.

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Of the Argo, which carried Peleus when Thetis fell in love with him, the poet says, as others do,

Illa rudem cursu *prima* imbuit Amphitriten.

But, in the progress of sixty lines, we find that vessels had been sailing to Crete every year, with the Athenian youths devoted to the Minotaur. Castor and Pollux sailed in the Argo with Peleus; and Helen, we know, was their sister: she was about the same age as Achilles, and Theseus had run away with her before Paris had. But equal inconsistencies are to be detected in the *Æneid*, a poem extolled, century after century, for propriety and exactness. An anachronism quite as strange as this of Catullus, is in the verses on Acragas, Agrigentum.

Arduus inde Acragas ostentat maxima longe
Mœnia, magnanimum *quondam* generator equorum.¹

Whether the city itself was built in the age of Æneas is not the question; but certainly the breed of horses was introduced by the Carthaginians, and improved by Hiero and Gelon. The breed of the island is small, as it is in all mountainous countries, where the horses are never found adapted to chariots, any more than chariots are adapted to surfaces so uneven.

Verse 83, for "*Funera Cecropiæ*," &c., we must read "*Pubis Cecropiæ*."²

Verse 119. "*Quæ misera*," &c., is supposititious.

Verse 178. *Idomeneos-ne* petam montes? at gurgite lato, &c.

Idomeneus was unborn in the earlier days of Theseus. Probably the verses were written,

Idam ideone petam? Montes (ah gurgite vasto
Discernens!) ponti truculentum dividit æquor.

Verse 191. Nothing was ever grander or more awful than the adjuration of Ariadne to the Eumenides.

Quare facta virûm multantes vindice pœnâ
Eumenides! quarum angueo redimita capillo
Frons expirantes præportat pectoris iras,
Huc, huc adventate!

¹ *Æn.*, iii. 703.

² No; see my preliminary Note.

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Verse 199. Doering explains,

Vos nolite pati nostrum *vanescere* luctum,

“*Impunitum* manere.” What? her grief? Does she pray that her grief may not remain *unpunished*? No, she implores that the prayers that arise from it may not be in vain.

Verse 212. Namque ferunt olim [classi cum mœnia Divæ]
Linquentem, natum, ventis concrederet Ægeus,
Talia complexum juveni mandata dedisse.

The mould of the barrel has been doing sad mischief there. We must read

Namque ferunt, natum ventis quum crederat Ægeus.

Verse 250. At parte ex aliâ.

This scene is the subject of a noble picture by Titian, now in the British Gallery. It has also been deeply studied by Nicolas Poussin. But there is a beauty which no painting can attain in

*Plangebant alii proceris tympana palmis,
Aut tereti tenues tinnitus ære ciebant.*

Soon follows that exquisite description of morning on the sea-side, already transcribed, and placed by the side of Milton's personification.

Verse 340. Nascetur vobis expers terroris Achilles,
Hostibus haud tergo sed forti pectore notus,
Qui persæpe vagi victor certamine cursûs
Flammea prævertet celeris vestigia cervi.

It is impossible that Catullus, or any poet whatever, can have written the second of these. Some stupid critic must have done it, who fancied that the “*expers terroris*” was not clearly and sufficiently proven by urging the car over the field of battle, and had little or nothing to do in outstripping the stag.

Verse 329. Rarely have the Fates sung so sweetly as in these to Peleus.

Adveniet tibi jam portans optata maritis
Hesperus, adveniet fausto cum sidere conjux,
Quæ tibi flexanimo mentem perfundat amore
Languidulosque paret tecum conjungere somnos,
Lævia substernens robusto brachia collo.

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CARMEN LXV. *Ad Hortalum*. He makes his excuse to Hortalus for delaying a compliance with his wishes for some verses. This delay he tells him was occasioned by the death of his brother, to whom he was most affectionately attached, and whose loss he laments in several of his poems. In this he breaks forth into a very pathetic appeal to him :

Alloquar ? audiero numquam tua facta loquentem ?
Nunquam ego te, vitâ frater amabilior,
Adspiciam posthac ! At certe semper amabo,
Sempermæsta tuâ carmina morte canam.

The two following lines are surely supposititious. Thinking with such intense anguish of his brother's death, he could find no room for so frigid a conceit as that about the Daulian bird and Itylus. This is almost as much out of place, though not so bad in itself, as the distich which heads the epistle of *Dido to Æneas* in Ovid.

Sic, ubi Fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis
Ad vada Mœandri concinit *albus olor*.¹

As if the Fates were busied in "calling white swans !" Ovid never composed any such trash. The epistle in fact begins with a verse of consummate beauty, tenderness, and gravity.

Verse 21. Quod miseræ oblitæ molli sub veste locatum,
Dum adventu matris prosilit, excutitur.

These require another punctuation.

Quod miseræ (oblitæ molli sub veste locatum).

The Germans, to whom we owe so much in every branch of learning, are not always fortunate in their punctuation : and perhaps never was any thing so subversive of harmony as that which Heyne has given us in a passage of Tibullus.

Blanditiis vult esse locum Venus ipsa.

Who could ever doubt this fact ? that even Venus herself will admit of blandishments ! But Tibullus laid down no such truism. Heyne writes it thus, and proceeds,

querelis
Supplicibus, miseris fletibus, illa favet.

¹ *Her.*, vii. 1.

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The tender and harmonious poet wrote not "Blanditiis" but "Blanditis."

Blanditis vult esse locum Venus ipsa querelis ;
Supplicibus, miseris, flentibus, illa favet.¹

Here the "blanditiæ" are quite out of the question ; but the "*blanditæ querelæ*" are complaints softly expressed and *coaxingly* preferred.

To return to Catullus. The following couplet is,

Atque illud prono præceps agitur decursu ;
Huic manat tristi conscius ore rubor.

Manat can hardly be applicable to *rubor*. We would prefer,

Huic manet in tristi conscius ore rubor

the opposite to "*agitur*" *decursu*.

They whose ears have been accustomed to the Ovidian elegiac verse, and have been taught at school that every pentameter should close with a dissyllable, will be apt to find those of Catullus harsh and negligent. But let them only read over, twice or thrice, the twelve first verses of this poem, and their ear will be cured of its infirmity. By degrees they may be led to doubt whether the worst of all Ovid's conceits is not his determination to give every alternate verse this syllabic uniformity.

CARMEN LXVI. *De Comâ Berenices*. This is imitated from a poem of Callimachus, now lost. Probably it was an early exercise of our poet, corrected afterward, but insufficiently. The sixth verse, however, is exquisite in its cadence.

Ut Triviam furtim sub Latmia saxa relegans
Dulcis amor gyro devocat ærio.

Verse 27. *Anne bonum oblita es facinus, quo regium adepta es
Conjugium, quod non fortior ausit alis.*

Berenice is said to have displayed great courage in battle. To render the second verse intelligible, we must admit *alis* for *alius*, as *alid* is used for *aliud* in Lucretius. Moreover, we must give *fortior* the expression of *strength*, not of *courage*, as *forte* throughout Italy at the present time expresses never courage, always strength. The sense of the passage then is, "Have you forgotten the great

¹ I. iv. 71.

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action by which you won your husband? an action which one much stronger than yourself would not have attempted." For it would be nonsense to say, "You have performed a brave action which a *braver* person would not have dared." In the sense of Catullus are those passages of Sallust and Virgil,

Neque a "fortissimis" *infirmissimo* generi resisti posse.
"Forti" fidis equo.¹

Verse 65. Virginis, *et sævi contingens namque* Leonis Lumina.

Namque may be the true reading. The editor has adduced two examples from Plautus to show the probability of it, but fails.

Quando hæc innata est nam tibi. *Pers.*, ii. 5, 13.
Quid tibi ex filio nam agre est. *Bacch.*, v. l. 20.

He seems unaware that *nam*, in the first, is only a part of *quidnam*, the *quid* being separated; *quando-nam*, the same for *ecquando* (*edc quando*) "tell me when," *quianam*, &c.: but *namque* is not in the like condition, and in this place it is awkward. The *nam* added to the above words is always an interrogative.

CARMEN LXVII. *Ad Januam*, &c.

Verse 31. Atqui non solum se dicit cognitum habere
Brixia, Cynææ supposita speculæ,
Flavus quam molli percurrit flumine Mela,
Brixia Veronæ mater amata meæ.

Why should the sensible Marchese Scipione Maffei have taken it into his head that the last couplet is spurious? What a beautiful verse is that in italics!

CARMEN LXVIII. *Ad Manlium*. A rambling poem quite unworthy of the author. The verses from the beginning of the twenty-sixth to the close of the thirtieth appertain to some other piece, and break the context. Doering has given a strange interpretation to

Veronæ turpe Catullo, &c.

The true meaning is much more obvious and much less delicate. In the sixty-third we must read "*At*" for "*Ac*": this helps the continuity. After the seventy-third, we must omit, as belonging to another place, all, until we come to verse 143. Here we catch the thread again. The intermediate lines belong to *two* other

¹ *Æn.*, xi. 705.

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poems ; both perhaps addressed to Manlius ; one relating to the death of the poet's brother, the other on a very different subject : we mean the fragment just now indicated,

Quare quod scribis, Veronæ turpe Catullo, &c.
Verse 145. Sed furtiva dedit mirâ munuscula nocte,
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio.

The verses are thus worded and punctuated in Doering's edition and others, but improperly. "*Mirâ nocte*" is nonsense. We must read the lines thus :

Sed furtiva dedit *mirè* munuscula nocte
Ipsius ex ipso, &c.¹

Or thus :

Sed furtiva dedit *mediâ* munuscula nocte
Ipsius ex ipso demta viri gremio.

Verse 147. Quare illud satis est, si nobis is datur unus,
Quem lapide illa diem candidiore notat,

Doering thus interprets :

Quare jam illud mihi satis est, si illa vel *unum diem, quem mecum vivit,*
ut diem faustum felicemque albo lapide insigniat.

That the verses have no such meaning is evident from the preceding :

Quæ tamen etsi uno non est contenta Catullo
Rara verecundæ furta feremus heræ.

This abolishes the idea of one single day contenting him, contented as he professes himself to be with little aberrations and infidelities. Scaliger has it :

Quare illud satis est, si nobis *id* datur *unis* :
Quod lapide illa dies candidiore notat.

And it appears to us that Scaliger has given the first line correctly ; but not the punctuation. We should prefer,

Quare illud satis est, si nobis *id* datur *unis*
Quo lapide illa *diem* candidiore notet.
" Quo," *ob quod*.

Verses 69, 70. Trito fulgentem in limine plantam
Innisa argutâ constitit *in soled*.

¹ See my preliminary Note.

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The slipper could not be *arguta* while she was standing in it. Scaliger reads “*constituit* soleâ.” The one is not sense : the other is neither sense nor Latin, unless the construction is *constituit plantam* ; and then all the other words are in disarray. The meaning is, “she placed her foot against the door, and, *without speaking*, rapped it with her sounding slipper ” : then the words would be “*argutâ conticuit* soleâ.”

Verse 78. Nil mihi tam valde placeat, Rhamnusia virgo,
Quod temere invitis suscipiatur heris.

In Scaliger it is :

Quàm temere, &c.

The true reading is neither, but

Quàm *ut* temere.

Such elisions are found in this very poem and the preceding :

Ne amplius a misero.

and,

Qui ipse sui gnati.

CARMEN LXXI. *Ad Virronem*. Doering thinks, as others have done, that the poem is against *Virro*. On the contrary, it is a facetious consolation to him on the punishment of his rival.

Mirifice est *a te* nactus utrumque malum,

means only “*for his offence against you*.” We have a little more to add on this in CXV.

CARMEN LXXV. *Ad Lesbiam*. Here are eight verses, the rhythm of which plunges from the ear into the heart. Our attempt to render them in English is feeble and vain.

None could ever say that she,
Lesbia ! was so loved by me.
Never all the world around
Faith so true as mine was found :
If no longer it endures
(Would it did !) the fault is yours.
I can never think again
Well of you : I try in vain :

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But . . be false . . do what you will . .
Lesbia ! I must love you still.

CARMEN LXXVI. *Ad seipsum*. They whose ears retain only the sound of the hexameters and pentameters they recited and wrote at school, are very unlikely to be greatly pleased with the versification of this poem. Yet perhaps one of equal earnestness and energy was never written in elegiac metre. *Sentences* must be read at once, and not merely distichs ; then a fresh harmony will spring up exuberantly in every part of it, into which many discordant verses will sink and lose themselves, to produce a part of the effect. It is, however, difficult to restrain a smile at such expressions as these from such a man.

Si vitam puriter egi,
O Dii ! reddite mī hoc pro pietate meā !

CARMEN LXXXV. *De Amore suo*.

Odi et amo. *Quare id faciam, fortasse requiris :*
Nescio, sed fieri sentio et excrucior.

The words in italics are flat and prosaic : the thought is beautiful, and similar to that expressed in LXXV.

I love and hate. Ah ! never ask why so !
I hate and love—and that is all I know.
I see 'tis folly, but I feel 'tis woe.

CARMEN XCII. *De Lesbia*. The fourth verse is printed,

Quo signo ? quasi non totidem *mox* deprecor illi
Assidue.

Mox and *assidue* can not stand together. Jacobs has given a good emendation.¹

Quasi non totidem *mala* deprecor, illi, &c.

CARMEN XCIII. *In Cæsarem*. Nothing can be imagined more contemptuous than the indifference he here affects toward a name destined in all after ages to be the principal jewel in the highest crowns : and, thinking of Cæsar's genius, it is difficult to see without derision the greatest of those who assume it. Catullus must have

¹ See my preliminary Note.

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often seen, and we have reason to believe he personally knew, the conqueror of Gaul when he wrote his epigram.

I care not, Cæsar, what you are,
Nor know if ye be brown or fair.

CARMEN XCV. *De Smyrnâ Cinnae Poetae*. There is nothing of this poem, in which Cinna's *Smyrna* is extolled, worth notice, excepting the last line ; and that indeed not for what we read in it, but for what we have lost.

Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta—

The word “monumenta” is spelt improperly : it is “monimenta.” The last word in the verse is wanting : yet we have seen quoted, and prefixed to volumes of poetry :

Parva mei mihi sunt cordi monumenta laboris.

But Catullus is not speaking of himself : he is speaking of Cinna : and the proper word comes spontaneously “sodalis.”¹

CARMEN XCIX. *Ad Juventium*.

Multis diluta labella
Guttis abstersisti omnibus articulis.

How few will this verse please ! but how greatly those few !

CARMEN CI. *Inferiæ ad Frateris Tumulum*. In these verses there is a sorrowful but a quiet solemnity, which we rarely find in poets on similar occasions. The grave and firm voice, which has uttered the third, breaks down in the fourth.

Multas per gentes et multa per aequora vectus
Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias,
Ut te postremo donarem munere mortis
Et mutum nequidquam alloquerer cinerem.

Unusual as is the cadence, the cæsure, who would wish it other than it is ? If there were authority for it, we would read, in the sixth, instead of

Heu miser indigne frater ademte mihi !
Heu nimis, &c.²

Because just above we have,

Adveni has miseras, frater, ad inferias.

¹ See my preliminary Note.

² See my preliminary Note.

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CARMEN CX. *Ad Aufilenam*. Doering says, "Utrum poetæ an scribarum *socordiae* tribuenda sit, qua ultimi hujus carminis versus laborant, obscuritas, pro suo quisque statuatur arbitrio. Tolle quidem potest hæc obscuritas, sed *emendandi genere liberrimo*." We are not quite so sure of that : we are only sure that we find no obscurity at all in them. The word *factum* is understood, and would be inelegant if it could have found for itself a place in the verse.

CARMEN CXV. It is requisite to transcribe the verses here to show that Doering is mistaken in two places : he was, at LXXI. in one only.

Prata arva, ingentes sylvas saltusque paludesque
Usque ad Hyperboreos et mare ad Oceanum.
Omnia magna hæc sunt, tamen ipse est *maximus ultor*.

He quotes LXXI., forgetting that that poem is addressed to Virro, and this to Mamurra, under his old nickname : Mamurra, whatever else he might be, was no *maximus ultor* here. The context will show what the word should be. Mamurra, by his own account, is possessor of meadow ground and arable ground, of woods, forests, and marshes, from the Hyperboreans to the Atlantic. "These are great things," says Catullus, "but he himself is great *beyond them all*" ; "ipse est maximus, ultra" : sc. Hyperboreas et Oceanum.

In how different a style, how artificially, with what infinite fuss and fury, has Horace addressed Virgil on the death of Quintilius Varus ! Melpomene is called from a distance, and several more persons equally shadowy are brought forward ; and then Virgil is honestly told that, if he could sing and play more blandly than the Thracian Orpheus, he never could reanimate an empty image which Mercury had drawn off among his "black flock."

In selecting a poet for examination, it is usual either to extol him to the skies, or to tear him to pieces and trample on him. Editors in general do the former : critics on editors more usually the latter. But one poet is not to be raised by casting another under him. Catullus is made no richer by an attempt to transfer to him what belongs to Horace, nor Horace by what belongs to Catullus. Catullus has greatly more than he ; but he also has much ; and let him keep it. We are not at liberty to indulge in forwardness and caprice, snatching a decoration from one and

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tossing it over to another. We will now sum up what we have collected from the mass of materials which has been brought before us, laying down some general rules and observations.

There are four things requisite to constitute might, majesty, and dominion, in a poet : these are creativeness, constructiveness, the sublime, the pathetic. A poet of the first order must have formed, or taken to himself and modified, some great subject. He must be creative and constructive. Creativeness may work upon old materials : a new world may spring from an old one. Shakespeare found Hamlet and Ophelia ; he found Othello and Desdemona : nevertheless he, the only universal poet, carried this, and all the other qualifications, far beyond the reach of competitors. He was creative and constructive, he was sublime and pathetic, and he has also in his humanity condescended to the familiar and the comic. There is nothing less pleasant than the smile of Milton ; but at one time Momus, at another the Graces, hang upon the neck of Shakespeare. Poets whose subjects do not restrict them, and whose ordinary gait displays no indication of either greave or buskin, if they want the facetious and humorous, and are not creative, nor sublime, nor pathetic, must be ranked by sound judges in the secondary order, and not among the foremost even there.

Cowper, and Byron, and Southey, with much and deep tenderness, are richly humorous. Wordsworth, grave, elevated, observant, and philosophical, is equidistant from humour and from passion. Always contemplative, never creative, he delights the sedentary and tranquillizes the excited. No tear ever fell, no smile ever glanced, on his pages. With him you are beyond the danger of any turbulent emotion, as terror, or valour, or magnanimity, or generosity. Nothing is there about him like Burns's *Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled*, or Campbell's *Battles of Copenhagen and Hohenlinden*, or those exquisite works which, in Hemans, rise up like golden spires among broader but lower structures, *Ivan* and *Casabianca*. Byron, often impressive and powerful, never reaches the heroic and the pathetic of these two poems : and he wants the freshness and healthiness we admire in Burns. But an indomitable fire of poetry, the more vivid for the gloom about it, bursts through the crusts and crevices of an unsound and hollow mind. He never chatters with chilliness, nor falls overstrained into languor ; nor do metaphysics ever muddy his impetuous and precipitate stream.

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It spreads its ravishes in some places, but it is limpid and sparkling everywhere. If no story is well told by him, no character well delineated, if all resemble one another by their beards and Turkish dresses, there is however the first and the second and the third requisite of eloquence, whether in prose or poetry, vigour. But no *large* poem of our days is so animated, or so truly of the heroic cast, as *Marmion*. Southey's *Roderick* has less nerve and animation but what other living poet has attempted, or shown the ability, to erect a structure so symmetrical and so stately? It is not enough to heap description on description, to cast reflection over reflection: there must be development of character in the development of story; there must be action, there must be passion; the end and the means must alike be great.

The poet whom we mentioned last is more studious of classical models than the others, especially in his *Inscriptions*. Interest is always excited by him, enthusiasm not always. If his elegant prose and harmonious verse are insufficient to excite it, turn to his virtues, to his manliness in defence of truth, to the ardour and constancy of his friendships, to his disinterestedness, to his generosity, to his rejection of title and office, and consequently of wealth and influence. He has laboured to raise up merit in whatever path of literature he found it; and poetry in particular has never had so intelligent, so impartial, and so merciful a judge. Alas! it is the will of God to deprive him of those faculties which he exercised with such discretion, such meekness, and such humanity.

We digress; not too far, but too long: we must return to the ancients, and more especially to the author whose volume lies open before us.

There is little of the creative, little of the constructive, in him: that is, he has conceived no new varieties of character; he has built up no edifice in the intellectual world; but he always is shrewd and brilliant; he often is pathetic; and he sometimes is sublime. Without the sublime, we have said before, there can be no poet of the first order: but the pathetic may exist in the secondary, for tears are more easily drawn forth than souls are raised. So easily are they on some occasions, that the poetical power needs scarcely be brought into action; while on others the pathetic is the very summit of sublimity. We have an example

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of it in the *Ariadne* of Catullus : we have another in the *Priam* of Homer. All the heroes and gods, debating and fighting, vanish before the father of Hector in the tent of Achilles, and before the storm of conflicting passions his sorrows and prayers excite. But neither in the spirited and energetic Catullus, nor in the masculine and scornful and stern Lucretius, no, nor in Homer, is there anything so impassioned, and therefore so sublime, as the last hour of Dido in the *Æneid*. Admirably as two Greek poets have represented the tenderness, the anguish, the terrific wrath and vengeance of Medea, all the works they ever wrote contain not the poetry which Virgil has condensed into about a hundred verses : omitting, as we must, those which drop like icicles from the rigid lips of Æneas ; and also the similes which, here as everywhere, sadly interfere with passion. In this place Virgil fought his battle of Actium, which left him poetical supremacy in the Roman world, whatever mutinies and conspiracies may have arisen against him in Germany or elsewhere.

The *Ariadne* of Catullus has greatly the advantage over the *Medea* of Apollonius : for what man is much interested by such a termagant ? We have no sympathies with a woman whose potency is superhuman. In general, it may be apprehended, we like women little the better for excelling us even moderately in our own acquirements and capacities. But what energy springs from her weaknesses ! what poetry is the fruit of her passions ! once perhaps in a thousand years bursting forth with imperishable splendour on its golden bough. If there are fine things in the *Argonautics* of Apollonius, there are finer still in those of Catullus. In relation to Virgil, he stands as Correggio in relation to Raffael : a richer colourist, a less accurate draughtsman ; less capable of executing grand designs, more exquisite in the working-out of smaller. Virgil is depreciated by the arrogance of self-sufficient poets, nurtured on coarse fare, and dizzy with home-brewed flattery. Others, who have studied more attentively the ancient models, are able to show his relative station, and readier to venerate his powers. Although we find him incapable of contriving, and more incapable of executing, so magnificent a work as the *Iliad*, yet there are places in his compared with which the grandest in that grand poem lose much of their elevation. Never was there such a whirlwind of passions as Virgil raised on those African shores, amid

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those rising citadels and departing sails. When the vigorous verses of Lucretius are extolled, no true poet, no sane critic, will assent that the seven or eight examples of the best are equivalent to this one : even in force of expression, here he falls short of Virgil.

When we drink a large draught of refreshing beverage, it is only a small portion that affects the palate. In reading the best poetry, moved and excited as we may be, we can take in no more than a part of it. Passages of equal beauty are unable to raise enthusiasm. Let a work in poetry or prose, indicating the highest power of genius, be discoursed on ; probably no two persons in a large company will recite the same portion as having struck them the most forcibly. But when several passages are pointed out and read emphatically, each listener will to a certain extent doubt a little his own judgment in this one particular, and hate you heartily for shaking it. Poets ought never to be vexed, discomposed, or disappointed, when the better is overlooked, and the inferior is commended. Much may be assigned to the observer's point of vision being more on a level with the object. And this reflection also will console the artist, when really bad ones are called more simple and natural, while in fact they are only more ordinary and common. In a palace we must look to the elevation and proportions ; whereas a low grotto may assume any form and almost any deformity. Rudeness is here no blemish ; a shell reversed is no false ornament ; moss and fern may be stuck with the root outward ; a crystal may sparkle at the top or at the bottom ; dry sticks and fragmentary petrifications find everywhere their proper place ; and loose soil and plashy water show just what nature delights in. Ladies and gentlemen who at first were about to turn back, take one another by the hand, duck their heads, enter it together, and exclaim, " What a charming grotto ! "

In poetry, as in architecture, the Rustic Order is proper only for the lower story.

They who have listened, patiently and supinely, to the catarrhal songsters of goose-grazed commons will be loth and ill-fitted to mount up with Catullus to the highest steepes in the forests of Ida, and will shudder at the music of the Corybantes in the temple of the Great Mother of the Gods.

